

THE AMERICAN TRADITION



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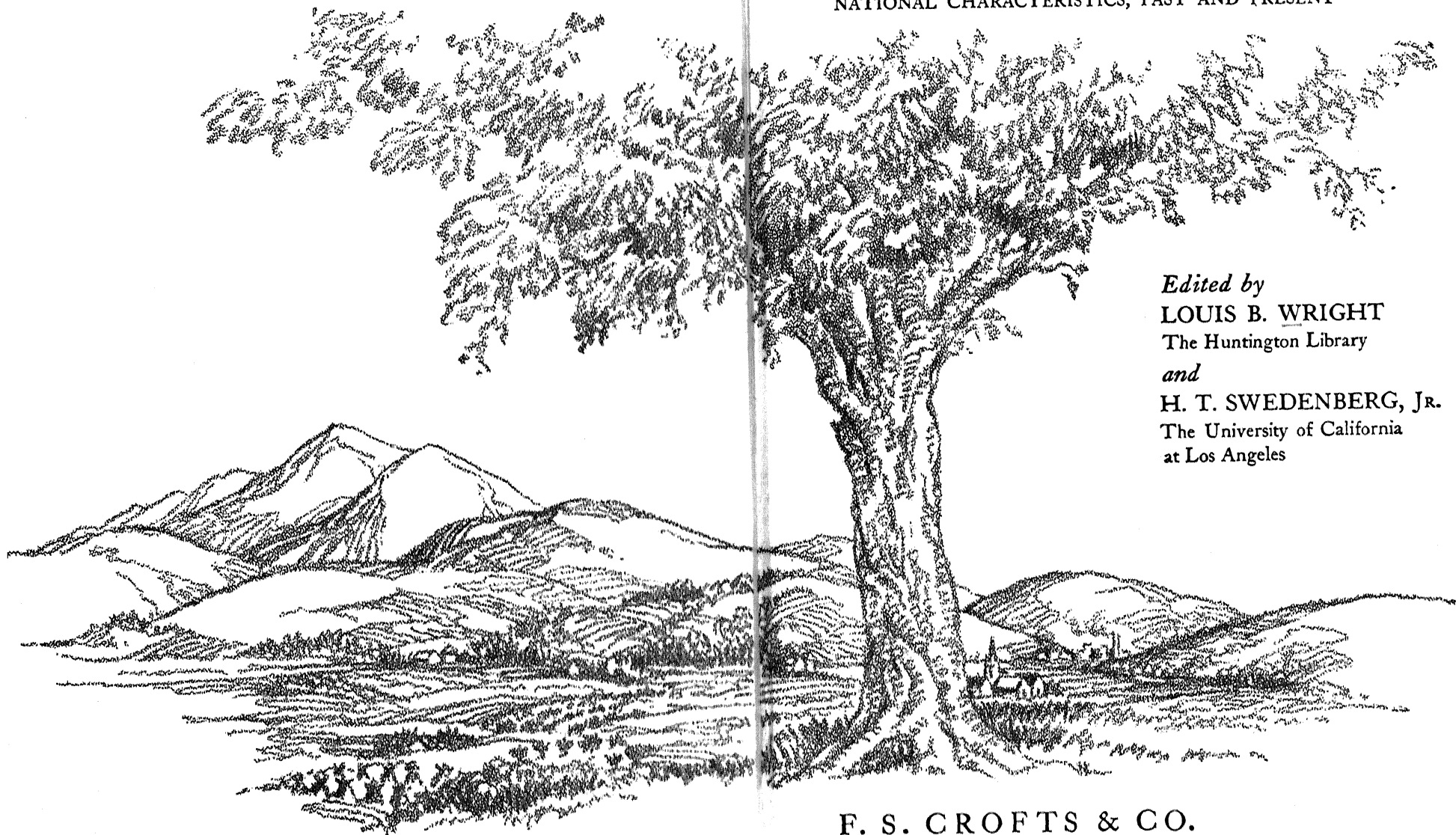
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THE AMERICAN TRADITION

THE AMERICAN

TRADITION

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS, PAST AND PRESENT



Edited by
LOUIS B. WRIGHT
The Huntington Library
and
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The University of California
at Los Angeles

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To

ELIZABETH LILLY SWEDENBERG

PREFACE

THE PURPOSE of this book is to suggest something of the qualities that have given to the United States strength and the elements of greatness. Since the beginning of the Second World War, the American public has turned its attention anxiously to a consideration of our place in the world, of our capacities to survive the processes of disintegration evident all around us, and of the traditions that have given us our particular pattern of life. The selections in this book have been chosen to help answer some of the questions that a new interest in the backgrounds of the country has aroused. The compilers have included some of the important documents that helped to establish our tradition of liberty, and they have brought together essays, descriptions, narratives, factual articles, and a few stories that illustrate qualities important in the development of America. Although the limitations of space have prevented complete representations of all phases of American life, the editors have tried to provide a selection sufficiently diversified to stimulate the reader to pursue further investigations for himself.

The editors wish to thank the authors and publishers whose generosity made possible this anthology. Specific acknowledgments will be found in the text.

L. B. W.
H. T. S.

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Part I

INTRODUCTION

LOUIS B. WRIGHT

Faith in the Land

SINCE that day in May, 1607, when Captain Newport's little company of Virginia settlers went ashore at Jamestown, enticed by the scent of meadow flowers and the fragrance of ripe strawberries, sweeter than any they had ever known in England, this country has been a land of promise and achievement. The pioneers who came in Newport's three frail ships were the forerunners of a mighty host who would push through the wilderness of the seaboard, cross mountains, rivers, plains, and deserts, and at last reach the utmost verge of the continent. The hospitable shores of America became a haven for men of all creeds and nations who sought freedom and opportunity for a better life. For more than three hundred years, the oppressed of Europe found a refuge on this continent, and, because they had faith in the land, they gave up old allegiances and created a new nation possessed of the strength and vigor of youth.

With prophetic wisdom, as early as 1782, Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, a Frenchman naturalized in New York, perceived the process by which America would become a powerful nation. "He is an American," de Crèvecoeur observed in one of his essays, "who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle."

These words were written in the year before the victory at Yorktown assured the independence of the thirteen colonies, but they anticipated the destiny of the United States. The "western pilgrims" have indeed carried into far places the culture and civilization of the Old World, but, more than that, they have created a civilization that is characteristic of themselves and no one else. The genius of this country has been its independence and its capacity to assimilate other cultures and at the same time develop characteristics distinctly American.

One quality that has always impressed observers of American life has

been the belief, firmly fixed in the consciousness of the average American, that this country is destined to provide its citizens with every good thing, both material and spiritual. Only in the past two decades have the rank and file of citizens shown evidence of doubt in the future of the country. Sensitive spirits, it is true, at various times have been oppressed by American gaucherie and have sought more congenial climates abroad, but, for the most part, we Americans have believed that we were the greatest nation on earth. Sometimes naïvely, sometimes bumptiously, we have asserted our confidence in the country and our optimism about its future in terms a little less than modest; but the very exuberance of our enthusiasm has been a national asset. What we have believed, we have sometimes achieved.

The pride that Americans have shown in their country is warranted by traditions of courage, resourcefulness, persistence in the face of hardships, and achievement in spite of obstacles. The physical and spiritual development of the United States has not been an easy process, nor has it been accomplished without struggle, sometimes hard and bitter. But the travail of our ancestors brought forth a sturdy nation that has grown in greatness. We are not without faults, to be sure, faults so grave that no citizen has the right to be complacent, but, as nations go, we are strong and self-reliant and just. We have placed a great premium on personal liberty and the rights of the individual. Oppression and injustice we have hated, and indignation quickly flares when the public learns of tyranny at home or abroad. Politicians and propagandists have understood this characteristic and have often played on the emotions of the electorate. But another quality has maintained the country's balance through most of its history—a quality of common sense, dictated by practical wisdom learned through experience. Hence, impatient reformers sometimes complain that Americans are prone to tolerate abuses and social injustice; the truth is that we have a deep-seated skepticism of theoretical remedies untried by American experience. In our democracy we have been offered many visionary schemes to bring about Utopia, but it is significant that we have experimented with few schemes that promised paradise overnight. Americans are a hard-headed race who have created a practical, working government and society where there has been as much liberation of the human spirit as can be found anywhere else in the modern world. If we have too blatantly boasted of the glories of this country, our pride may be attributed to the enthusiasm—perhaps at times to the doubts—of youth.

But during the last two decades there came a change in the spirit of many Americans, especially in the generation that grew to maturity after the World War of 1914-1918. Doubts and distrust of our way of life arose and, for a time, threatened to destroy the stabilizing traditions of the nation.

The end of the First World War saw a reaction from perfervid patriotism to unashamed materialism and cynicism. An era of speculation and money-making began. This was the period of real-estate booms, of

stock-market inflation, of false values and shady finance. When favoritism, greed, and thievery in office were traced to the very doors of the White House, men merely shrugged. The goal of nearly everyone was to get rich if he could. Great bankers risked the credit of respectable houses in wildcat investments, and lowly janitors gambled their savings on oil stocks. The First World War, we were soon taught to believe, had been engineered by international bankers, munition makers, and ambitious politicians. The notion of sacrifice and suffering for one's country became a subject for scornful laughter. The very word "patriotism" fell into disrepute, associated with political pressure for soldiers' bonuses. Money, material prosperity, became the obsession of the whole nation.

The complacency and the smug self-satisfaction of the country aroused the bitter commentary of satirists like H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis and of a few other rebellious souls, who soon found disciples among the intelligentsia. The *American Mercury* produced a cult contemptuous of the reigning gods; *Main Street* became a guidebook to the spiritual desert that was America. The brightest young men in college modeled their style on Mr. Mencken's; hopeful writers in many a provincial town received a vision of literary opportunity from Mr. Lewis; teachers were inoculated with the spirit of revolt; and by tens and by hundreds they went forth into the cultural wilderness to do battle against the Hosts of Darkness.

By the time the crash of 1929 came, it had become fashionable among intellectuals to hold up to scorn the shoddiness of American life and institutions. The collapse of the stock market and the subsequent damage to our economic structure focused a glaring light upon a field that had already been exposed by the satirists. All the mean disclosures of the depression seemed to confirm a growing suspicion that we were on the way to moral and social decay.

The writing profession saw its duty and set about doing it with the zest of experimental surgeons who gather about a sick man and glory in operations that reveal interesting diseased tissues. The early critics could now say with some satisfaction that they had long ago diagnosed a mortal ailment; the younger penmen wrote realistically, ironically, at times almost lyrically, of the sad mess they saw. We began to wonder how such an imperfect social body had ever crept to maturity; we began to despair of normal curative measures; we heard many nostrums proposed, and saw much political laying on of hands.

We were told that Americans from the beginning had been a naïve, gullible, simple-minded race, who had succeeded only because they possessed an expanding frontier and infinite natural resources to exploit. Now the frontier was gone and a crisis had come, and the country was on the verge of stagnation and ruin.

We learned that the so-called heroes of the past were sorry fellows, sometimes uncouth poltroons, sometimes grasping opportunists, occasionally

mere freaks of chance, usually devoid of the stuff of heroism until romancers went to work. Debunking biographers fell to their task with glee. Of all the great men in our history, scarcely one except Robert E. Lee escaped discreditable interpretation by smart biographical clinicians.

Serious historians, convinced that economic determinism was the key to the explanation of the development of our institutions, interpreted the Constitution in terms of the self-interest of the delegates and the class which they represented. The notion that idealism, apart from materialistic self-interest, played a conspicuous part in our history was thoroughly discounted. Economic determinism was invoked to explain not only historical movements but even literary and artistic creation.

Writers and scholars had reacted violently against complacency and were bent upon purging away error as they saw it and arousing the public to a realization of the true state of the nation, past and present. And no honest observer can say that they did not have ample provocation for their indignation and scorn of tolerated abuse, or for their objection to the acceptance of hoary and misleading myths of biography and history. If they went too far and multiplied other misconceptions, they did it through excessive zeal for what they believed a worthy cause.

In the train of the professional writers and scholars came a host of other folk inspired by a great urge to reform the country. Among these were swarms of habitual viewers-with-alarm, congenital rebels against things as they are, organizers of societies to keep us from making our previous mistakes, and an army of well-intentioned preachers and teachers. They reviewed the shortcomings of the country until it sounded as if the only good thing in us was an age-old stubbornness in surviving folly. The *New Republic* gloomily anticipated our social disintegration; and Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard in the *Nation*, with the voice of Cassandra, invoked the wrath of the gods because of our social and political iniquities, past, present, and future.

The constant iteration of the theme of national weakness—combined with obvious economic and social maladjustments that touched every man, woman, and child—produced a widespread skepticism of the validity of American institutions. A movement which had its beginning and its voice among the intellectuals soon made itself felt in the lay public. No longer were even the Babbitts self-satisfied and pleased over what they had once believed the best of all possible worlds. They knew that something was wrong; their pocketbooks had felt it; their hearts were heavy; and the old rallying cries sounded hollow. The country seemed to be irreconcilably divided in its political views. We indulged in bitter name-calling, and various groups accused each other of being communist or fascist. Although a few patriotic societies raised a cry for "Americanism" and "American democracy," the public remained skeptical. Patriotism was so unfashionable that one half-apologized for standing when the national anthem was

played, and sophisticated folk smiled tolerantly, as one might pass over the prattling of a child, if someone confessed to being stirred by the sight of the national flag.

The military establishment, the army and the navy, came in for a share of the popular disfavor. March of Time pictures of army and navy maneuvers were hissed in more than one theater. A dozen well-meaning, if somewhat confused, peace societies contributed to bringing the military services into disrepute. Politicians, attempting to capitalize upon whatever trend seemed to promise ballots, added to the confusion by voting against defense measures and by mouthing loudly about war-mongering generals and admirals. The implication was that the military services were sinister organizations, bloodthirsty for war on any pretext.

After a long barrage of debunking and a heavy fire from the critics of every department of our national life, we grew cynical and temporarily lost faith in our institutions. Our complacency disappeared. Not even the secretaries of chambers of commerce could now sing the glories of the commonwealth with their old unction. Everywhere there were doubt and distrust of the future. A note of defeatism was beginning to rise. In certain quarters, an appeal to the ways of American democracy produced only scoffing, and a few apostles of a new order insisted that the true salvation would come only from Moscow or Berlin, according to their taste in totalitarianism. The apparent success of totalitarian countries in solving economic ills while the democracies pursued a fumbling policy that seemed to get nowhere became the theme of an incessant propaganda that played on the increasing doubt of Americans in the soundness of their social order. The old confidence and the self-assurance of Americans were shaken.

That the nation needed to be stirred out of its self-satisfaction and materialistic acceptance of a Panglossian philosophy is obvious to anyone with half an eye for history or the slightest social conscience. Not in our generation has the country been in greater moral or spiritual danger than it was in the self-satisfied twenties. The vitriol of Mr. Mencken and the sarcasm of Mr. Lewis were deserved, as was the scourging that came from the young intellectuals who followed in their steps. These writers were disgusted with what they saw, and they applied such medicines as they knew. Mr. Archibald MacLeish with some justice may now rebuke writers and teachers for failing to provide a positive philosophy, but nevertheless they performed a public service in waking the nation from a drugged dream of contentment with institutions that required re-examination and criticism.

The trouble is that our intellectuals, continuing their task too zealously, injured where they sought to heal. The self-appointed physicians induced an artificial fever to burn out old diseases, and the fever got out of control and threatened to destroy the patient.

In our zeal for criticism, in our dissatisfaction with the body politic and the economic order, we lost our sense of historical perspective. Converts

to various systems of social reform, impatient of the slow processes of evolution, sought salvation in quicker but hazardous measures of revolution. Some reformers, convinced that American institutions have lent themselves to abuse and injustice, were inclined to throw away our heritage from the past and import some new system, glittering with foreign tinsel and bright with the attraction of novelty.

As we probed into our maladies, we forgot the normal vigor of the country, the positive and prevailing qualities of greatness that have dominated our national life despite periods of moral sickness such as the post-war reactions during the administrations of President Grant and President Harding.

With our eyes intently focused upon our shortcomings, we grew too nearsighted to observe that in the country as a whole there is still a vast amount of unselfish idealism, sometimes manifested in astonishingly naïve ways, but nevertheless an indication of a healthy capacity to combat political and social injustice. We still have a strong sense of fair play and an ingrained sympathy for the underdog.

Though we still send up lamentations because we have not arrived at Utopia, we would do well to take stock of our relative position in a world that is distinctly unhappy. We cannot afford again to become complacent, but it would improve our critical judgments if we did more thinking about the United States in comparison with other countries. We need to have a far more realistic knowledge of our social and political system, for our ignorance is often profound, and we glibly compare our system with other systems which we also imperfectly understand and accept on the flimsiest of hearsay evidence.

Grievous as are our national faults, there are creditable facts that should be remembered.

In no country in the world has the individual more personal liberty than he has in America today. We can still think as we please, believe any creed that suits us, read what we like, swear at the government, vote against any candidate who offends us, and lead just about any sort of life we choose so long as we do not violate fundamental decencies and trespass on the rights of our neighbors. As the shadow of totalitarianism has spread over the world, the area where such liberties prevail has steadily dwindled, until not even England remains a free country. It may come to pass that we too shall have to surrender these liberties in moments of crisis; but there is a difference between the surrender of liberties as a temporary expedient in an emergency and the deliberate adoption of a philosophy of government which scorns personal liberty. The essence of American democracy is respect for the rights of the individual, and that quality will remain dominant so long as we are a free nation.

Economic opportunities for the average man are still greater in the United States than in any other country. Or, to put it another way, a man

born poor has here a better chance of improving his condition, accumulating money, and rising in the social scale. We have no hard and fast class distinctions. Although we have suffered under an unintelligent agricultural economy, a faulty system of distribution, and a wasteful industrial organization, our citizens by and large are better off in this world's goods than any other people.

Much has been written about the sad state of American labor and the greed of the industrialists. Although it is true that industrialists have often been greedy, and frequently stupid, in their labor relations, it should be remembered that the hourly wage rates in industry in the United States have increased approximately 300 per cent in the twentieth century, and that industrial workers not only draw higher wages and work shorter hours, but get more for their pay in food, clothes, and conveniences than do workers anywhere else in the world. Bitter as have been the struggles over unionization, the conflict between capital and labor has not crystallized into a class war, and, if American industry can withstand the devastating competition of forced labor in totalitarian states, there is hope of a peaceful solution without destruction of private enterprise or injustice to the workers.

Farmers and agricultural workers have had many afflictions during the past decade, but their average standard of living remains far above that of agricultural producers in the rest of the world. The American farmer, even the tenant, does not yet feel that he is a peasant. There is a danger that world conditions may eventually force small farmers into a virtual peasantry, but that time has not yet arrived. The dust-bowlers fortunately are not typical, and the average farmer can hope to own a new car now and then and to send his sons and daughters to college. Approximately half of the agricultural land in the United States is farmed by the owners of the soil. During the past ten years, the farms of this country have produced on an average nearly seven billion dollars a year in cash income. Although there has been a great outcry about the plight of the tenant farmer and the agricultural worker, we should not forget that they receive more in cash income and actual wages than similar workers elsewhere in the world.

The United States is still enormously strong in material resources, a fact obscured in recent years by the depression and unemployment. For example, we produce more than 60 per cent of the world's supply of crude petroleum and have large surpluses of refined gasoline and other oils for export, a situation of immense strategic importance in a mechanized world. In the essential minerals, we have nearly everything we need except tin and manganese, and in most of these minerals we have a surplus. Our farm products so far exceed our domestic consumption that a disturbance of foreign markets seriously affects commodity prices at home. In 1938 we exported more than 86,000,000 bushels of wheat, 147,000,000 bushels of

corn, 8,000,000 bushels of oats, and 16,000,000 bushels of barley. Our farms, mines, timber lands, and fisheries supply more of the necessities of life than our own population can consume.

But greater than the value of the physical wealth of the United States is the spirit that has made liberty, independence, and justice ideals for which the average citizen has always been willing to fight. Politicians have never failed to whip up enthusiasm in the electorate by invoking these ideals. The public profoundly believes that liberty and independence must be maintained and that both political and social justice must be extended to every citizen. Although the definition of liberty, freedom, and justice varies widely, and the concrete manifestation of these abstractions is often conducive to misunderstanding and dissension, no good citizen questions the ideal. Throughout our history the nation has struggled to preserve its liberties and a way of life that offers the greatest freedom to its citizens.

Now, faced with a great crisis, the American public is taking stock of its assets, its opportunities, its rights and privileges, and it has suddenly come to see the nation in a perspective clearer than usual. It is judging America in relation to a desperate and despairing world and is learning to appreciate anew the value of American traditions and the pattern of life that we have worked out. Citizens of this land have gained a new appreciation of their country as they have seen privileges, long taken for granted, about to disappear from the face of the earth. Individual liberty and freedom of speech, conscience, and action—these rights which once seemed so inalienable, which have been treated so long as a matter of course, we now recognize as the greatest heritage we possess. In many citizens a new patriotism has been born, a patriotism that does not spend itself merely in the waving of flags and outward shows; this patriotism is less an expression than a quiet faith in the integrity of the country, a firm belief in the opportunities yet before us, and a steadfast purpose to defend our civilization against the forces of disintegration and chaos.

Part II

THE HERITAGE OF LIBERTY

AMERICAN liberties and democratic processes of government are based on a long tradition derived from an English background. During the struggle for independence from the mother country in the eighteenth century, and a little later in the early years of the federal government, the utterances of American statesmen crystallized into a body of opinion that influenced democratic ideas in succeeding generations.

PATRICK HENRY

*Liberty or Death **

MR. PRESIDENT: No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subjects in different lights; and, therefore, I hope that it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth *my* sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, *I* am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious

* This speech was delivered in the Virginia Convention of Delegates on March 23, 1775. It was not written down at the time but was reconstructed by William Wirt and was published in his life of Patrick Henry in 1817. Wirt based his reconstruction on verbal reports of men who heard the speech.

reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir,

we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The Declaration of Independence
(1776)

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world. . . .

[The enumeration of grievances is omitted.]

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by authority

of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

THOMAS PAINE

After Crisis, Peace and Union *

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated....

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is that, had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys, a year ago, would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world and given us up to the care of devils; and, as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a housebreaker has as good a pretense as he.

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Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardor of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand, the matter out:

* The first four paragraphs are from *The Crisis*, I, written in 1776; the remainder of the selection is from *The Crisis*, XIII, written in 1783.

I call not upon a few, but upon all: not on *this* state or *that* state, but on *every* state: up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel; better have too much force than too little when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but "*show your faith by your works*," that God may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold; the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now is dead: the blood of his children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole and made *them* happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light.

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"The times that tried men's souls" are over—and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew, gloriously and happily accomplished.

But to pass from the extremes of danger to safety, from the tumult of war to the tranquillity of peace, though sweet in contemplation, requires a gradual composure of the senses to receive it. Even calmness has the power of stunning when it opens too instantly upon us. The long and raging hurricane that should cease in a moment would leave us in a state rather of wonder than enjoyment; and some moments of recollection must pass before we could be capable of tasting the felicity of repose. There are but few instances in which the mind is fitted for sudden transitions: it takes in its pleasures by reflection and comparison, and those must have time to act before the relish for new scenes is complete.

In the present case, the mighty magnitude of the object, the various uncertainties of fate it has undergone, the numerous and complicated dangers we have suffered or escaped, the eminence we now stand on, and the vast prospect before us must all conspire to impress us with contemplation.

To see it in our power to make a world happy, to teach mankind the art of being so, to exhibit, on the theater of the universe, a character hitherto unknown, and to have, as it were, a new creation entrusted to our hands, are honors that command reflection and can neither be too highly estimated nor too gratefully received.

In this pause, then, of recollection, while the storm is ceasing, and the long agitated mind vibrating to a rest, let us look back on the scenes we have passed and learn from experience what is yet to be done. . . .

With the blessings of peace, independence, and a universal commerce, the states, individually and collectively, will have leisure and opportunity to regulate and establish their domestic concerns and to put it beyond the power of calumny to throw the least reflection on their honor. Character is much easier kept than recovered, and that man, if any such there be, who, from sinister views, or littleness of soul, lends unseen his hand to injure it contrives a wound it will never be in his power to heal.

As we have established an inheritance for posterity, let that inheritance descend with every mark of an honorable conveyance. The little it will cost, compared with the worth of the states, the greatness of the object, and the value of the national character, will be a profitable exchange.

But that which must more forcibly strike a thoughtful, penetrating mind, and which includes and renders easy all inferior concerns, is the UNION OF THE STATES. On this our great national character depends. It is this which must give us importance abroad and security at home. It is through this only that we are, or can be, nationally known in the world; it is the flag of the United States which renders our ships and commerce safe on the seas or in a foreign port. Our Mediterranean passes must be obtained under the same style. All our treaties, whether of alliance, peace, or commerce, are formed under the sovereignty of the United States, and Europe knows us under no other name or title.

The division of the empire into states is for our own convenience, but abroad this distinction ceases. The affairs of each state are local. They can go no further than to itself. And were the whole worth of even the richest of them expended in revenue, it would not be sufficient to support sovereignty against foreign attack. In short, we have no other national sovereignty than as United States. It would even be fatal for us if we had—too expensive to be maintained, and impossible to be supported. Individuals, or individual states, may call themselves what they please; but the world, and especially the world of enemies, is not to be held in awe by the whistling of a name. Sovereignty must have power to protect all the parts that compose and constitute it: and as UNITED STATES we are equal to the importance of the title, but otherwise we are not. Our union, well and wisely regulated and cemented, is the cheapest way of being great—the easiest way of being powerful, and the happiest invention in government which the circumstances of America can admit of—because it collects from each state that which, by being inadequate, can be of no use to it, and forms an aggregate that serves for all.

The states of Holland are an unfortunate instance of the effects of individual sovereignty. Their disjointed condition exposes them to numerous intrigues, losses, calamities, and enemies; and the almost impossibility of

bringing their measures to a decision, and that decision into execution, is to them, and would be to us, a source of endless misfortune.

It is with confederated states as with individuals in society; something must be yielded up to make the whole secure. In this view of things we gain by what we give, and draw an annual interest greater than the capital. I ever feel myself hurt when I hear the union, that great palladium of our liberty and safety, the least irreverently spoken of. It is the most sacred thing in the constitution of America, and that which every man should be most proud and tender of. Our citizenship in the United States is our national character. Our citizenship in any particular state is only our local distinction. By the latter we are known at home, by the former to the world. Our great title is AMERICANS; our inferior one varies with the place.

JOEL BARLOW

*The Science of Liberty in the United States **

IN THE United States of America the science of liberty is universally understood, felt, and practiced as much by the simple as the wise, the weak as the strong. Their deep-rooted and inveterate habit of thinking is that *all men are equal in their rights*, that *it is impossible to make them otherwise*; and, this being their undisturbed belief, they have no conception how any man in his senses can entertain any other. This point once settled, everything is settled. Many operations which in Europe have been considered as incredible tales or dangerous experiments are but the infallible consequences of this great principle. The first of these operations is the *business of election*, which, with that people, is carried on with as much gravity as their daily labor. There is no jealousy on the occasion, nothing lucrative in office; any man in society may attain to any place in the government, and may exercise its functions. They believe that there is nothing more difficult in the management of the affairs of a nation than the affairs of a family, that it only requires more hands. They believe that it is the juggle of keeping up impositions to blind the eyes of the vulgar that constitutes the intricacy of state. Banish the mysticism of inequality, and you banish almost all the evils attendant on human nature.

The people being habituated to the election of all kinds of officers, the *magnitude* of the office makes no difficulty in the case. The President of the United States, who has more power while in office than some of the kings of Europe, is chosen with as little commotion as a churchwarden. There is a public service to be performed, and the people say who shall do it. The servant feels honored with the confidence reposed in him and generally expresses his gratitude by a faithful performance.

Another of these operations is making every citizen a soldier, and every soldier a citizen; not only *permitting* every man to arm, but *obliging* him to arm. This fact, told in Europe previous to the French Revolution, would have gained little credit; or at least it would have been regarded as a mark of an uncivilized people, extremely dangerous to a well-ordered society.

* This selection is taken from Barlow's *Advice to the Privileged Orders in the Several States of Europe*, first published in 1792. Barlow's *Advice* was in effect a reply to Edmund Burke's pamphlet attacks on the French Revolution. The passage quoted here is an eloquent defense of the republican form of government.

Men who build systems on an inversion of nature are obliged to invert everything that is to make part of that system. It is *because the people are civilized that they are safely armed*. It is an effect of their conscious dignity, as citizens enjoying equal rights, that they wish not to invade the rights of others. The danger (where there is any) from armed citizens is only to the *government*, not to the *society*; and as long as they have nothing to revenge in the government (which they cannot have while it is in their own hands), there are many advantages in their being accustomed to the use of arms, and no possible disadvantage.

Power, habitually in the hands of a whole community, loses all the ordinary associated ideas of power. The exercise of power is a relative term; it supposes an opposition—something to operate upon. We perceive no exertion of power in the motion of the planetary system, but a very strong one in the movement of a whirlwind; it is because we see obstructions to the latter, but none to the former. Where the government is *not* in the hands of the people, there you find opposition, you perceive two contending interests, and get an idea of the exercise of power; and whether this power be in the hands of the government or of the people, or whether it change from side to side, it is always to be dreaded. But the word *people*, in America, has a different meaning from what it has in Europe. It there means the whole community and comprehends every human creature; here it means something else, more difficult to define.

Another consequence of the habitual idea of equality is the *facility of changing the structure of their government*, whenever and as often as the society shall think there is anything in it to amend. As Mr. Burke has written no “reflections on the revolution” in America, the people there have never yet been told that they have no *right* “to frame a government for themselves”; they have therefore done much in this business without ever affixing to it the idea of “sacrilege” or “usurpation,” or any other term of rant to be found in that gentleman’s vocabulary.

Within a few years the fifteen states have not only framed each its own state constitution and two successive federal constitutions, but, since the settlement of the present general government in the year 1789, three of the states, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Georgia, have totally new-modeled their own. And all this is done without the least confusion, the operation being scarcely known beyond the limits of the state where it is performed. Thus they are in the habit of “*choosing their own governors*,” of “*cashiering them for misconduct*,” of “*framing a government for themselves*,” and all those abominable things, the mere naming of which, in Mr. Burke’s opinion, has polluted the pulpit in the Old Jewry [a London street. Dr. Richard Price, the liberal preacher, was the object of Burke’s scorn.].

But it is said, “These things will do very well for America where the people are less numerous, less indigent, and better instructed, but they will not apply to Europe.” This objection deserves a reply, not because it is

solid, but because it is fashionable. It may be answered that some parts of Spain, much of Poland, and almost the whole of Russia, are less peopled than the settled country in the United States; that poverty and ignorance are *effects* of slavery rather than its *causes*; but the best answer to be given is the example of France. To the event of that revolution I will trust the argument. Let the people have time to become thoroughly and soberly grounded in the doctrine of *equality*, and there is no danger of oppression either from government or from anarchy. Very little instruction is necessary to teach a man his rights; and there is no person of common intellect, in the most ignorant corner of Europe, but receives lessons enough, if they were of the proper kind. For writing and reading are not indispensable to the object; it is *thinking* right which makes them act right. Every child is taught to repeat about fifty Latin prayers, which set up the Pope, the Bishop, and the King as the trinity of his adoration; he is taught that *the powers that be are ordained of God*, and therefore the soldier quartered in the parish has a right to cut his throat. Half this instruction upon opposite principles would go a great way; in that case, nature would be assisted, while here [in Europe] she is counteracted. Engrave it on the heart of a man, *that all men are equal in rights*, and that *the government is their own*, and then persuade him to sell his crucifix and buy a musket—and you have made him a good citizen.

Another consequence of a settled belief in the equality of rights is that under this belief *there is no danger from anarchy*. This word has likewise acquired a different meaning in America from what we read of it in books. In Europe it means confusion, attended with mobs and carnage, where the innocent perish with the guilty. But it is very different where a country is *used* to a representative government, though it should have an interval of no government at all. Where the people at large feel and know that they *can do everything* by themselves personally, they really do nothing by themselves personally. In the heat of the American revolution, when the people in some states were for a long time without the least shadow of law or government, they always acted by committees and representation. This they must call anarchy, for they know no other.

These are materials for the formation of government which need not be dreaded, though disjointed and laid asunder to make some repairs. They are deep-rooted habits of thinking, which almost change the moral nature of man; they are principles as much unknown to the ancient republics as to the modern monarchies of Europe.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

*Farewell Address**

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but act under and am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this previous to the last election had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

* The advice contained in this message, published on September 19, 1796, and read before the House of Representatives, has influenced American policy ever since.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous task were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free Constitution which is the work of your hands may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States under the auspices of liberty may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present to offer to you solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom as you can only

see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsels. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence: the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity in every shape, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to foresee that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow

and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation enervated; and, while it contributes in different ways to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength to which itself is unequally adapted. The East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds—and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find—a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest, as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined in the united mass of means and efforts cannot fail to find greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same government, which their own rivalry alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments which under any form of government are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the UNION as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head. They have seen, in the negotiation by the executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute. They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associa-

tions, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation the will of a party—often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community—and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils and modified by mutual interests. However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people and to usurp for themselves the reins of government, destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your Government and the permanency of your present happy state it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the Constitution alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root

in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms, kindles the animosity of one part against another, foment occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the doors to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast patriotism may look with indulgence if not with favor upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power and proneness to abuse it which predominates in the human heart is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political

power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If in the opinion of the people the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this in one instance may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'Tis substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate

to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often—sometimes perhaps the liberty—of nations has been the victim.

So likewise a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation

of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions: by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practice the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak towards a great and powerful nation dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent na-

tions, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by our justice shall counsel.

Why forgo the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it, for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. (I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy.) I repeat it, therefore: let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed—in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them—conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that 'tis folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another, that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character, that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. 'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good, that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pre-

tended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself the assurance of my own conscience is that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice and by that of your representatives in both houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take and was bound in duty and interest to take a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance, and firmness.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred without anything more from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence, and that after forty-five years of my life, dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize

without alloy the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow-citizens the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

*A Plea for Unity and Toleration **

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: Called upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow-citizens which is here assembled to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look towards me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire. A rising nation spread over a wide and fruitful land, traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right, advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye—when I contemplate these transcendent objects, and see the honor, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking.

Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many whom I here see remind me that in the other high authorities provided by our constitution I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal on which to rely under all difficulties. To you then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amidst the conflicting elements of a troubled sea.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely and to speak and to write what they think. But this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law and unite in common efforts for the common good. All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that, though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal

* Jefferson was elected President in 1800 after a campaign of singular bitterness. The speech reprinted here is the first inaugural address, delivered March 4, 1801.

rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression. Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some and less by others; and should divide opinions as to measures of safety. But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this Government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this Government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law; would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, pursue with courage and confidence our own federal and republican principles, our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the hundredth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed indeed and practiced in various forms yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which by all its dispensations proves that it delights in the

happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter: with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principle of this government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them in the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against antirepublican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people; a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person, under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and, should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

I repair then, fellow-citizens, to the post which you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate stations to know the difficulties of

this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation and the favor which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose pre-eminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love and had destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional, and your support against the errors of others who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying then on the patronage of your good-will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choice it is in your power to make. And may that Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

On Religious Toleration *

... OUR RULERS can have no authority over such natural rights, only as we have submitted to them. The rights of conscience we never submitted, we could not submit. We are answerable for them to our God. The legitimate powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. But it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods, or no god. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg. If it be said his testimony in a court of justice cannot be relied on, reject it then, and be the stigma on him. Constraint may make him worse by making him a hypocrite, but it will never make him a truer man. It may fix him obstinately in his errors, but will not cure them. Reason and free inquiry are the only effectual agents against error. Give a loose to them: they will support the true religion by bringing every false one to their tribunal, to the test of their investigation. They are the natural enemies of error, and of error only. Had not the Roman government permitted free inquiry, Christianity could never have been introduced. Had not free inquiry been indulged at the era of the Reformation, the corruptions of Christianity could not have been purged away. If it be restrained now, the present corruptions will be protected, and new ones encouraged. Was the government to prescribe to us our medicine and diet, our bodies would be in such keeping as our souls are now. Thus in France the emetic was once forbidden as a medicine, and the potato as an article of food. Government is just as infallible, too, when it fixes systems in physics. Galileo was sent to the Inquisition for affirming that the earth was a sphere; the government had declared it to be as flat as a trencher, and Galileo was obliged to abjure his error. This error, however, at length prevailed, the earth became a globe, and Descartes declared it was whirled round its axis by a vortex. The government in which he lived was wise enough to see that this was no question of civil jurisdiction, or we should all have been involved by authority in vortices. In fact the vortices have been exploded, and the Newtonian principle of gravitation is now more firmly established on the basis of reason, than it would be were the government to step in and to make it an article of necessary faith. Reason and experiment have been indulged, and error has fled before them. It is error alone which needs the support

* From *Notes on the State of Virginia* (1784).

of government. Truth can stand by itself. Subject opinion to coercion: whom will you make your inquisitors? Fallible men; men governed by bad passions, by private as well as public reasons. And why subject it to coercion? To produce uniformity. But is uniformity of opinion desirable? No more than of face and stature. Introduce the bed of Procrustes, then, and, as there is danger that the large men may beat the small, make us all of a size, by lopping the former and stretching the latter. Difference of opinion is advantageous in religion. The several sects perform the office of a *censor morum* over each other. Is uniformity attainable? Millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch towards uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half the world fools, and the other half hypocrites. To support roguery and error all over the earth. Let us reflect that it is inhabited by a thousand millions of people. That these profess probably a thousand different systems of religion. That ours is but one of that thousand. That if there be but one right, and ours that one, we should wish to see the nine hundred and ninety-nine wandering sects gathered into the fold of truth. But against such a majority we cannot effect this by force. Reason and persuasion are the only practicable instruments. To make way for these, free inquiry must be indulged; and how can we wish others to indulge it while we refuse it ourselves?

THOMAS JEFFERSON

*An Aristocracy of Intelligence **

... I AGREE with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents. Formerly, bodily powers gave place among the *aristoi*. But, since the invention of gunpowder has armed the weak as well as the strong with missile death, bodily strength, like beauty, good humor, politeness, and other accomplishments, has become but an auxiliary ground for distinction. There is also an artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents; for with these it would belong to the first class. The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature, for the instruction, the trusts, and government of society. And, indeed, it would have been inconsistent in creation to have formed man for the social state, and not to have provided virtue and wisdom enough to manage the concerns of the society. May we not even say that that form of government is the best which provides the most effectually for a pure selection of these natural *aristoi* into the offices of government? The artificial aristocracy is a mischievous ingredient in government, and provision should be made to prevent its ascendancy. On the question what is the best provision, you and I differ; but we differ as rational friends, using the free exercise of our own reason, and mutually indulging its errors. You think it best to put the pseudo *aristoi* into a separate chamber of legislation, where they may be hindered from doing mischief by their co-ordinate branches, and where, also, they may be a protection to wealth against the agrarian and plundering enterprises of the majority of the people. I think that to give them power in order to prevent them from doing mischief is arming them for it, and increasing instead of remedying the evil. For, if the co-ordinate branches can arrest their action, so may they that of the co-ordinates. Mischief may be done negatively as well as positively. Of this a cabal in the Senate of the United States has furnished many proofs. Nor do I believe them necessary to protect the wealthy, because enough of these will find their way into every branch of the legislation to protect themselves. From fifteen to twenty legislatures of our own, in action for thirty years past, have proved that no fears of an equalization of property are to be apprehended from them. I think the best remedy is exactly that provided by all our constitutions,

* From a letter to John Adams, Jefferson's political rival, dated October 28, 1813.

to leave to the citizens the free election and separation of the *aristoi* from the pseudo *aristoi*, of the wheat from the chaff. In general they will elect the really good and wise. In some instances, wealth may corrupt, and birth blind them; but not in sufficient degree to endanger the society.

It is probable that our difference of opinion may, in some measure, be produced by a difference of character in those among whom we live. From what I have seen of Massachusetts and Connecticut myself, and still more from what I have heard, and the character given of the former by yourself, who know them so much better, there seems to be in those two States a traditionary reverence for certain families, which has rendered the offices of the government nearly hereditary in those families. I presume that from an early period of your history members of those families, happening to possess virtue and talents, have honestly exercised them for the good of the people and by their services have endeared their names to them. In coupling Connecticut with you, I mean it politically only, not morally. For, having made the Bible the common law of their land, they seemed to have modeled their morality on the story of Jacob and Laban. But, although this hereditary succession to office with you may, in some degree, be founded in real family merit, yet in a much higher degree it has proceeded from your strict alliance of Church and State. These families are canonized in the eyes of the people on common principles: "you tickle me, and I will tickle you." In Virginia we have nothing of this. Our clergy, before the revolution, having been secured against rivalry by fixed salaries, did not give themselves the trouble of acquiring influence over the people. Of wealth there were great accumulations in particular families, handed down from generation to generation, under the English law of entails. But the only object of ambition for the wealthy was a seat in the King's Council. All their court, then, was paid to the crown and its creatures; and they philippized in all collisions between the King and the people. Hence they were unpopular, and that unpopularity continues attached to their names. A Randolph, a Carter, or a Burwell must have great personal superiority over a common competitor to be elected by the people even at this day. At the first session of our legislature after the Declaration of Independence, we passed a law abolishing entails. And this was followed by one abolishing the privilege of primogeniture and dividing the lands of intestates equally among all their children or other representatives. These laws, drawn by myself, laid the ax to the foot of pseudo aristocracy. And had another which I prepared been adopted by the legislature, our work would have been complete. It was a bill for the more general diffusion of learning. This proposed to divide every county into wards of five or six miles square, like your townships; to establish in each ward a free school for reading, writing, and common arithmetic; to provide for the annual selection of the best subjects from these schools, who might receive, at the public expense, a higher degree of education at a district school; and from these dis-

strict schools to select a certain number of the most promising subjects, to be completed at an university, where all the useful sciences should be taught. Worth and genius would thus have been sought out from every condition of life and completely prepared by education for defeating the competition of wealth and birth for public trusts. My proposition had, for a further object, to impart to these wards those portions of self-government for which they are best qualified, by confiding to them the care of their poor, their roads, police, elections, the nomination of jurors, administration of justice in small cases, elementary exercises of militia; in short, to have made them little republics, with a warden at the head of each, for all those concerns which, being under their eye, they would better manage than the larger republics of the county or State. A general call of ward meetings by their wardens on the same day through the State would at any time produce the genuine sense of the people on any required point and would enable the State to act in mass, as your people have so often done, and with so much effect, by their town meetings. The law for religious freedom, which made a part of this system, having put down the aristocracy of the clergy and restored to the citizen the freedom of the mind, and those of entails and descents nurturing an equality of condition among them, this on education would have raised the mass of the people to the high ground of moral respectability necessary to their own safety and to orderly government, and would have completed the great object of qualifying them to select the veritable *aristoi* for the trusts of government, to the exclusion of the pseudalists. . . .

Although this law has not yet been acted on but in a small and inefficient degree, it is still considered as before the legislature, with other bills of the revised code, not yet taken up, and I have great hope that some patriotic spirit will, at a favorable moment, call it up, and make it the keystone of the arch of our government.

With respect to aristocracy, we should further consider that before the establishment of the American States nothing was known to history but the man of the old world, crowded within limits either small or overcharged, and steeped in the vices which that situation generates. A government adapted to such men would be one thing; but a very different one, that for the man of these States. Here everyone may have land to labor for himself, if he chooses; or, preferring the exercise of any other industry, may exact for it such compensation as not only to afford a comfortable subsistence, but wherewith to provide for a cessation from labor in old age. Everyone, by his property, or by his satisfactory situation, is interested in the support of law and order. And such men may safely and advantageously reserve to themselves a wholesome control over their public affairs and a degree of freedom which, in the hands of the *canaille* of the cities of Europe, would be instantly perverted to the demolition and destruction of everything public and private. The history of the last twenty-five years of

France, and of the last forty years in America, nay of its last two hundred years, proves the truth of both parts of this observation.

But even in Europe a change has sensibly taken place in the mind of man. Science had liberated the ideas of those who read and reflect, and the American example had kindled feelings of right in the people. An insurrection has consequently begun, of science, talents, and courage, against rank and birth, which have fallen into contempt. It has failed in its first effort because the mobs of the cities, the instrument used for its accomplishment, debased by ignorance, poverty, and vice, could not be restrained to rational action. But the world will recover from the panic of this first catastrophe. Science is progressive, and talents and enterprise on the alert. Resort may be had to the people of the country, a more governable power from their principles and subordination; and rank, and birth, and tinsel aristocracy will finally shrink into insignificance, even there. This, however, we have no right to meddle with. It suffices for us if the moral and physical condition of our own citizens qualifies them to select the able and good for the direction of their government, with a recurrence of elections at such short periods as will enable them to displace an unfaithful servant before the mischief he meditates may be irremediable.

I have thus stated my opinion on a point on which we differ, not with a view to controversy, for we are both too old to change opinions which are the result of a long life of inquiry and reflection; but on the suggestions of a former letter of yours, that we ought not to die before we have explained ourselves to each other. We acted in perfect harmony through a long and perilous contest for our liberty and independence. A constitution has been acquired, which, though neither of us thinks perfect, yet both consider as competent to render our fellow-citizens the happiest and the securest on whom the sun has ever shone. If we do not think exactly alike as to its imperfections, it matters little to our country, which, after devoting to it long lives of disinterested labor, we have delivered over to our successors in life, who will be able to take care of it and of themselves.

Of the pamphlet on aristocracy which has been sent to you, or who may be its author, I have heard nothing but through your letter. If the person you suspect, it may be known from the quaint, mystical, and hyperbolical ideas, involved in affected, newfangled, and pedantic terms, which stamp his writings. Whatever it be, I hope your quiet is not to be affected at this day by the rudeness or intemperance of scribblers, but that you may continue in tranquillity to live and to rejoice in the prosperity of our country until it shall be your own wish to take your seat among the *aristoi* who have gone before you. Ever and affectionately yours.

*Freedom of the Press in the United States **

I CONFESS that I do not entertain that firm and complete attachment to the liberty of the press which things that are supremely good in their very nature are wont to excite in the mind; and I approve of it more from a recollection of the evils it prevents than from a consideration of the advantages it ensures.

If anyone could point out an intermediate and yet a tenable position between the complete independence and the entire subjection of the public expression of opinion, I should perhaps be inclined to adopt it; but the difficulty is to discover this position. If it is your intention to correct the abuses of unlicensed printing and to restore the use of orderly language, you may in the first instance try the offender by a jury; but, if the jury acquits him, the opinion which was that of a single individual becomes the opinion of the country at large. Too much and too little has therefore hitherto been done. If you proceed, you must bring the delinquent before a court of permanent judges. But even here the cause must be heard before it can be decided; and the very principles which no book would have ventured to avow are blazoned forth in the pleadings, and what was obscurely hinted at in a single composition is then repeated in a multitude of other publications. The language in which a thought is embodied is the mere carcass of the thought, and not the idea itself; tribunals may condemn the form, but the sense and spirit of the work is too subtle for their authority. Too much has still been done to recede, too little to attain your end; you must therefore proceed. If you establish a censorship of the press, the tongue of the public speaker will still make itself heard, and you have only increased the mischief. The powers of thought do not rely, like the powers of physical strength, upon the number of their mechanical agents, nor can a host of authors be reckoned like the troops which compose an army; on the contrary, the authority of a principle is often increased by the smallness of the number of men by whom it is expressed. The words of a strong-minded man, which penetrate amidst the passions of a listening assembly, have more power than the vociferations of a thousand orators; and, if it be allowed to speak freely in any public place, the consequence is the same as if free speaking was allowed in every village. The liberty of discourse

* From Part I, Chapter XI, of *Démocratie en Amérique*, first published in 1835.

must therefore be destroyed as well as the liberty of the press; this is the necessary term of your efforts; but, if your object was to repress the abuses of liberty, they have brought you to the feet of a despot. You have been led from the extreme of independence to the extreme of subjection without meeting with a single tenable position for shelter or repose.

There are certain nations which have peculiar reasons for cherishing the liberty of the press, independently of the general motives which I have just pointed out. For in certain countries which profess to enjoy the privileges of freedom every individual agent of the government may violate the laws with impunity, since those whom he oppresses cannot prosecute him before the courts of justice. In this case the liberty of the press is not merely a guarantee, but it is the only guarantee, of their liberty and their security which the citizens possess. If the rulers of these nations propose to abolish the independence of the press, the people would be justified in saying: "Give us the right of prosecuting your offenses before the ordinary tribunals, and perhaps we may then waive our right of appeal to the tribunal of public opinion."

But in the countries in which the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people ostensibly prevails, the censorship of the press is not only dangerous, but it is absurd. When the right of every citizen to co-operate in the government of society is acknowledged, every citizen must be presumed to possess the power of discriminating between the different opinions of his contemporaries and of appreciating the different facts from which inferences may be drawn. The sovereignty of the people and the liberty of the press may therefore be looked upon as correlative institutions, just as the censorship of the press and universal suffrage are two things which are irreconcilably opposed and which cannot long be retained among the institutions of the same people. Not a single individual of the twelve millions who inhabit the territory of the United States has as yet dared to propose any restrictions to the liberty of the press. The first newspaper over which I cast my eyes, upon my arrival in America, contained the following article:

In all this affair the language of Jackson has been that of a heartless despot, solely occupied with the preservation of his own authority. Ambition is his crime, and it will be his punishment too: intrigue is his native element, and intrigue will confound his tricks, and will deprive him of his power: he governs by means of corruption, and his immoral practices will redound to his shame and confusion. His conduct in the political arena has been that of a shameless and lawless gamester. He succeeded at the time, but the hour of retribution approaches, and he will be obliged to disgorge his winnings, to throw aside his false dice, and to end his days in some retirement, where he may curse his madness at his leisure; for repentance is a virtue with which his heart is likely to remain forever unacquainted.

It is not uncommonly imagined in France that the virulence of the press originates in the uncertain social conditions, in the political excitement, and

the general sense of consequent evil which prevail in that country; and it is therefore supposed that, as soon as society has resumed a certain degree of composure, the press will abandon its present vehemence. I am inclined to think that the above causes explain the reason of the extraordinary ascendancy it has acquired over the nation, but that they do not exercise much influence upon the tone of its language. The periodical press appears to me to be actuated by passions and propensities independent of the circumstances in which it is placed, and the present position of America corroborates this opinion.

America is perhaps, at this moment, the country of the whole world which contains the fewest germs of revolution; but the press is not less destructive in its principles than in France, and it displays the same violence without the same reasons for indignation. In America, as in France, it constitutes a singular power, so strangely composed of mingled good and evil that it is at the same time indispensable to the existence of freedom and nearly incompatible with the maintenance of public order. Its power is certainly much greater in France than in the United States, though nothing is more rare in the latter country than to hear of a prosecution having been instituted against it. The reason of this is perfectly simple: the Americans, having once admitted the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, apply it with perfect consistency. It was never their intention to found a permanent state of things with elements which undergo daily modifications; and there is consequently nothing criminal in an attack upon the existing laws, provided it be not attended with a violent infraction of them. They are, moreover, of opinion that courts of justice are unable to check the abuses of the press; and that, as the subtlety of human language perpetually eludes the severity of judicial analysis, offenses of this nature are apt to escape the hand which attempts to apprehend them. They hold that to act with efficacy upon the press it would be necessary to find a tribunal, not only devoted to the existing order of things, but capable of surmounting the influence of public opinion; a tribunal which should conduct its proceedings without publicity, which should pronounce its decrees without assigning its motives, and punish the intentions even more than the language of an author. Whosoever should have the power of creating and maintaining a tribunal of this kind would waste his time in prosecuting the liberty of the press, for he would be the supreme master of the whole community, and he would be as free to rid himself of the authors as of their writings. In this question, therefore, there is no medium between servitude and extreme license; in order to enjoy the inestimable benefits which the liberty of the press ensures, it is necessary to submit to the inevitable evils which it engenders. To expect to acquire the former and to escape the latter is to cherish one of those illusions which commonly mislead nations in their times of sickness, when, tired with faction and exhausted

by effort, they attempt to combine hostile opinions and contrary principles upon the same soil. . . .

The personal opinions of the editors have no kind of weight in the eyes of the public: the only use of a journal is that it imparts the knowledge of certain facts, and it is only by altering or distorting those facts that a journalist can contribute to the support of his own views.

But, although the press is limited to these resources, its influence in America is immense. It is the power which impels the circulation of political life through all the districts of that vast territory. Its eye is constantly open to detect the secret springs of political designs and to summon the leaders of all parties to the bar of public opinion. It rallies the interests of the community round certain principles, and it draws up the creed which factions adopt; for it affords a means of intercourse between parties which hear, and which address, each other without ever having been in immediate contact. When a great number of the organs of the press adopt the same line of conduct, their influence becomes irresistible; and public opinion, when it is perpetually assailed from the same side, eventually yields to the attack. In the United States each separate journal exercises but little authority, but the power of the periodical press is only second to that of the people.

DANIEL WEBSTER

*The Preservation of the Constitution and the Union **

MR. PRESIDENT: I wish to speak today, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States. It is fortunate that there is a Senate of the United States, a body not yet moved from its propriety, not lost to a just sense of its own dignity and its own high responsibilities, and a body to which the country looks, with confidence, for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing counsels. It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations and are surrounded by very considerable dangers to our institutions and government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the North, and the stormy South combine to throw the whole sea into commotion, to toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths. I do not affect to regard myself, Mr. President, as holding, or as fit to hold, the helm in this combat with the political elements; but I have a duty to perform, and I mean to perform it with fidelity, not without a sense of existing dangers, but not without hope. I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of all; and there is that which will keep me to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear, or shall not appear for many days. I speak today for the preservation of the Union. "Hear me for my cause." I speak today, out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessing of this Union so rich and so dear to us all. These are the topics that I propose to myself to discuss; these are the motives, and the sole motives, that influence me in the wish to communicate my opinions to the Senate and the country; and, if I can do anything, however little, for the promotion of these ends, I shall have accomplished all that I expect.

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Then, sir, there are the abolition societies, of which I am unwilling to

* Reprinted here is a portion of the famous Seventh of March Speech (1850), in which Webster sought to conciliate the advocates of states' rights and unite all factions in defense of the Union. The speech did not succeed in its purpose, and Webster alienated abolitionists in the North without winning friends in the South. The speech is a good example of the oratory for which Webster was famous.

speak, but in regard to which I have very clear notions and opinions. I do not think them useful. I think their operations for the last twenty years have produced nothing good or valuable. At the same time, I believe thousands of their members to be honest and good men, perfectly well-meaning men. They have excited feelings; they think they must do something for the cause of liberty; and, in their sphere of action, they do not see what else they can do than to contribute to an abolition press, or an abolition society, or to pay an abolition lecturer. I do not mean to impute gross motives even to the leaders of these societies, but I am not blind to the consequences of their proceedings. I cannot but see what mischiefs their interference with the South has produced. And is it not plain to every man? Let any gentleman who entertains doubts on this point recur to the debates in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1832, and he will see with what freedom a proposition made by Mr. Jefferson Randolph for the gradual abolition of slavery was discussed in that body. Everyone spoke of slavery as he thought; very ignominious and disparaging names and epithets were applied to it. The debates in the House of Delegates on that occasion, I believe, were all published. They were read by every colored man who could read, and to those who could not read, those debates were read by others. At that time Virginia was not unwilling or afraid to discuss this question and to let that part of her population know as much of the discussion as they could learn. That was in 1832. As has been said by the honorable member from South Carolina, these abolition societies commenced their course of action in 1835. It is said—I do not know how true it may be—that they sent incendiary publications into the slave States; at any rate, they attempted to arouse, and did arouse, a very strong feeling; in other words, they created great agitation in the North against Southern slavery. Well, what was the result? The bonds of the slaves were bound more firmly than before; their rivets were more strongly fastened. Public opinion, which in Virginia had begun to be exhibited against slavery, and was opening out for the discussion of the question, drew back and shut itself up in its castle. I wish to know whether anybody in Virginia can now talk openly as Mr. Randolph, Governor McDowell, and others talked openly, and sent their remarks to the press, in 1832? We all know the fact, and we all know the cause; and everything that these agitating people have done has been, not to enlarge, but to restrain, not to set free, but to bind faster, the slave population of the South. That is my judgment. Sir, as I have said, I know many abolitionists in my own neighborhood, very honest, good people, misled, I think, by strange enthusiasm; but they wish to do something, and they are called on to contribute, and they do contribute; and it is my firm opinion this day that within the last twenty years as much money has been collected and paid to abolition societies, abolition presses, and abolition lectures as would purchase the freedom of every slave, man, woman, and child, in the State of Maryland, and send them to Liberia. But I have yet to learn that the

benevolence of these abolition societies has at any time taken that particular turn.

Again, sir, the violence of the Northern press is complained of. The press violent! Why, sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outrageous reproaches in the North against the South, and there are reproaches as vehement in the South against the North. Sir, the extremists of both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest reasons best. And this we must expect when the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be; for, with all its licentiousness and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists there will be foolish and violent paragraphs in the newspapers, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish and violent speeches in both houses of Congress. In truth, sir, I must say that, in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and corrupted by the style of our Congressional debates. And, if it were possible for those debates to vitiate the principles of the people as much as they have depraved their tastes, I should cry out, "God save the Republic!"

Well, in all this I see no solid grievance, no grievance presented by the South, within the redress of the government, but the single one to which I have referred; and that is the want of a proper regard to the injunction of the Constitution for the delivery of fugitive slaves.

There are also complaints of the North against the South. I need not go over them particularly. The first and gravest is that the North adopted the Constitution, recognizing the existence of slavery in the States and recognizing the right, to a certain extent, of the representation of slaves in Congress, under a state of sentiment and expectation which does not now exist; and that, by events, by circumstances, by the eagerness of the South to acquire territory and extend her slave population, the North finds itself, in regard to the relative influence of the South and the North, of the free States and the slave States, where it never did expect to find itself when they agreed to the compact of the Constitution. They complain, therefore, that instead of slavery being regarded as an evil, as it was then, an evil which all hoped would be extinguished gradually, it is now regarded by the South as an institution to be cherished, and preserved, and extended; an institution which the South has already extended to the utmost of her power by the acquisition of new territory.

Well, then, passing from that, everybody in the North reads; and everybody reads whatsoever the newspapers contain; and the newspapers, some of them, especially those presses to which I have alluded, are careful to spread about among the people every reproachful sentiment uttered by any Southern man bearing at all against the North, everything that is cal-

culated to exasperate and to alienate; and there are many such things, as everybody will admit, from the South, or some portion of it, which are disseminated among the reading people; and they do exasperate, and alienate, and produce a most mischievous effect upon the public mind at the North. Sir, I would not notice things of this sort appearing in obscure quarters; but one thing has occurred in this debate which struck me very forcibly. An honorable member from Louisiana addressed us the other day on this subject. I suppose there is not a more amiable and worthy gentleman in this chamber, nor a gentleman who would be more slow to give offense to anybody, and he did not mean in his remarks to give offense. But what did he say? Why, sir, he took pains to run a contrast between the slaves of the South and the laboring people of the North, giving the preference, in all points of condition and comfort and happiness, to the slaves of the South. The honorable member, doubtless, did not suppose that he gave any offense, or did an injustice. He was merely expressing his opinion. But does he know how remarks of that sort will be received by the laboring people of the North? Why, who are the laboring people of the North? They are the whole North. They are the people who till their own farms with their own hands: freeholders, educated men, independent men. Let me say, sir, that five sixths of the whole property of the North is in the hands of the laborers of the North; they cultivate their farms, they educate their children, they provide the means of independence; if they are not freeholders, they earn wages; these wages accumulate, are turned into capital, into new freeholds, and small capitalists are created. That is the case, and such the course of things, among the industrious and frugal. And what can these people think when so respectable and worthy a gentleman as the member from Louisiana undertakes to prove that the absolute ignorance and the abject slavery of the South are more in conformity with the high purposes and destiny of immortal, rational human beings than the educated, the independent, free labor of the North?

There is a more tangible and irritating cause of grievance at the North. Free blacks are constantly employed in the vessels of the North, generally as cooks or stewards. When the vessel arrives at a Southern port, these free colored men are taken on shore, by the police or municipal authority, imprisoned, and kept in prison till the vessel is again ready to sail. This is not only irritating, but exceedingly unjustifiable and oppressive. Mr. Hoar's mission, some time ago, to South Carolina, was a well-intended effort to remove this cause of complaint. The North thinks such imprisonments illegal and unconstitutional; and, as the cases occur constantly and frequently, they regard it as a great grievance.

Now, sir, so far as any of these grievances have their foundation in matters of law, they can be redressed, and ought to be redressed; and, so far as they have their foundation in matters of opinion, in sentiment, in mutual

crimination and recrimination, all that we can do is to endeavor to allay the agitation, and cultivate a better feeling and more fraternal sentiments between the South and the North.

Mr. President, I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by anybody that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world, for their political services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States now revolving in harmony around a common center, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live, covering this whole country—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved and run off? No, sir! No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, *in its twofold character*.

Peaceable secession! peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on one side and on the other! Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other house of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? Or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors—our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living amongst us with prolonged lives—would rebuke and reproach us; and our children and our grandchildren would cry out shame upon us if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the Government and the harmony of that Union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude. What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is each of the thirty States to defend itself? I know, although

the idea has not been stated distinctly, there is to be, or it is supposed possible that there will be, a Southern Confederacy. I do not mean, when I allude to this statement, that anyone seriously contemplates such a state of things. I do not mean to say that it is true, but I have heard it suggested elsewhere, that the idea has been entertained, that, after the dissolution of this Union, a Southern Confederacy might be formed. I am sorry, sir, that it has ever been thought of, talked of, or dreamed of, in the wildest flights of human imagination. But the idea, so far as it exists, must be of a separation, assigning the slave States to one side and the free States to the other. Sir, I may express myself too strongly, perhaps, but there are impossibilities in the natural as well as in the physical world, and I hold the idea of a separation of these states, those that are free to form one government, and those that are slaveholding to form another, as such an impossibility. We could not separate the States by any such line, if we were to draw it. We could not sit down here today and draw a line of separation that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together, and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break if we would, and which we should not if we could. Sir, nobody can look over the face of this country at the present moment, nobody can see where its population is the most dense and growing without being ready to admit, and compelled to admit, that ere long the strength of America will be in the valley of the Mississippi.

Well, now, sir, I beg to inquire what the wildest enthusiast has to say on the possibility of cutting that river in two, and leaving free States at its source and on its branches, and slave States down near its mouth, each forming a separate government? Pray, sir, let me say to the people of this country that these things are worthy of their pondering and of their consideration. Here, sir, are five millions of freemen in the free States north of the river Ohio. Can anybody suppose that this population can be severed by a line that divides them from the territory of a foreign and an alien government, down somewhere, the Lord knows where, upon the lower banks of the Mississippi? What would become of Missouri? Will she join the *arondissement* of the slave States? Shall the man from the Yellowstone and the Platte be connected, in the new republic, with the man who lives on the southern extremity of the Cape of Florida? Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it; I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up! to break up this great government, to dismember this glorious country, to astonish Europe with an act of folly such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government or any people! No, sir! no, sir! There will be no secession! Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession. . . .

And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in those caverns of darkness, instead of groping

with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of liberty and union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pygmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the whole people. No monarchical throne presses the States together; no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand upon a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles—

Now the broad shield complete, the artist crown'd
With his last band, and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

FRANCIS LIEBER

American Liberty *

AMERICAN liberty belongs to the great division of Anglican liberty. It is founded upon the checks, guarantees, and self-government of the Anglican race. The trial by jury, the representative government, the common law, self-taxation, the supremacy of the law, publicity, the submission of the army to the legislature, and whatever else has been enumerated, form part and parcel of our liberty. There are, however, features and guarantees which are peculiar to ourselves, and which, therefore, we may say constitute American liberty. They may be summed up, perhaps, under these heads: republican federalism, strict separation of the state from the church, greater equality and acknowledgment of abstract rights in the citizen, and a more popular or democratic cast of the whole polity.

The Americans do not say that there can be no liberty without republicanism, nor do they, indeed, believe that, wherever a republican or kingless government exists, there is liberty. The founders of our own independence acknowledged that freedom can exist under a monarchical government in the very act of their declaration of independence. Throughout that instrument the Americans are spoken of as freemen whose rights and liberties England had unwarrantably invaded. It rests all its assertions and all the claimed rights on the liberty that had been enjoyed, and, after a long recital of deeds of misrule ascribed to the king, it says: "A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people." It broadly admits, therefore, that a free people may have a monarch, and that the Americans were, and considered themselves, a free people before they claimed to form a separate nation.

Nevertheless, it will be denied by no one that the Americans believe that to be the happiest political state of things in which a republican government is the fittest; nor that republicanism has thoroughly infused itself into all their institutions and views. This republicanism, though openly pronounced at the time of the revolution only, had been long and historically prepared by nearly all the institutions and the peculiarly fortunate situation of the colonies, or it may be said that the republican elements of British self-

* From Chapter XXII of Lieber's *On Civil Liberty and Self-Government*, first published in 1853.

government found a peculiarly favorable soil in America from the first settlements.

A fault of England, to speak from an English point of view, was of great service to American republicanism. England never created a colonial aristocracy. Had she sprinkled this country with a colonial peerage and put this peerage in some vital connection with the peerage of Great Britain—for instance, had she allowed the colonial peers to elect representative peers to sit in the British House of Lords, as is the case with Scottish peers, and had she given some proportionate precedence to American noblemen, *e.g.*, had she allowed an American duke to take rank with a British earl—she would have had a strong support in this country at the time of the revolution. Possibly we would have had not only a simple war of independence, but a civil war, and our so-called revolution, which was no revolution in the sense in which we take the word when we apply it to the revolutions of England and France, and which in German is called an *Abfall* (severance), must have had a far different character. It was one of our great blessings that we were not obliged to pass through an internal convulsion in order to establish independence and republican freedom. It was a blessing, a fortune, vouchsafed us, not made by us—a fact which we must never forget when we compare our struggle, or that of the Netherlands, with the real revolutions of other countries, if we desire to be just.

But it is not only republicanism that forms one of the prominent features of American liberty; it is representative republicanism and the principle of confederation or federalism,¹ which must be added in order to express this principle correctly. We do not only consider the representative principle necessary in all our states in their unitary character, but the framers of our constitution boldly conceived a federal republic, or the application of the representative principle, with its two houses, to a confederacy. It was the first instance in history. The Netherlands, which served our forefathers as models in many respects, even in the name bestowed on our confederacy, furnished them with no example for this great conception. It is the chief American contribution to the common treasures of political civilization. It is that by which America will influence other parts of the world more than by any other political institution or principle. Already are voices heard in Australia for a representative federal republic like ours. Switzerland, so far as she has of late reformed her federal constitution, has done so in avowed imitation of the federal pact of our Union. I consider the mixture of wisdom and daring shown in the framing of our constitution as one of the remarkable facts in all history. Our frame of government, then, is justly called a federal republic, with one chief magistrate elected by what the Greeks called, in politics, the *Koinon*, the Whole, with a complete representative government for that whole, a common army, a judiciary of the

¹ Federalism is taken here, of course, in its philosophical and not in its party sense.

Union, and with the authority of taxing the whole. It is called by no one a league.

Of the strict separation of the church from the state, in all the federated states, I have spoken already. The Americans consider it as a legitimate consequence of the liberty of conscience. They believe that the contrary would lead to disastrous results with reference to religion itself, and it is undeniable that another state of things could not by possibility have been established here. We believe, moreover, that the great mission which this country has to perform, with reference to Europe, requires this total divorce of state and church (not religion). Doubtless, this unstinted liberty leads to occasional inconvenience; even the multiplicity of sects itself is not free from evils; but how would it be if this divorce did not exist? The Americans cling with peculiar fervor to this very principle.

We carry the principle of political equality much farther than any free nation. We had no colonial nobility, although some idea of establishing it was entertained in England when the revolution broke out, and the framers of the Constitution took care to forbid every state, and the United States collectively, from establishing any nobility. Even the establishment of the innocent Cincinnati Society gave umbrage to many. We have no right of primogeniture. This equality has more and more developed itself, and all states I believe have adopted the principle of universal suffrage. Property qualification for voting does not exist any longer, and for being elected it exists in very few states. The Constitution of the United States provides for representation in the lower house according to numbers, except that slave property is represented.

But here it must be observed that, however unqualifiedly the principle of political equality is adopted throughout the whole country with reference to the white population, it stops short with the race. Property is not allowed to establish any difference, but color is. Socially the colored man is denied equality in all states, and politically he is so in those states in which the free colored man is denied the right of voting, and where slavery exists. I believe I may state as a fact that the staunchest abolitionist, who insists upon immediate manumission of all slaves, does not likewise insist upon an immediate admission of the whole manumitted population to a perfect political equality. In this, however, I may be mistaken.

Two elements constitute all human progress, historical development and abstract reasoning. It results from the very nature of man, whom God has made an individual and a social being. His historical development results from the continuity of society. Without it, without traditional knowledge and institutions, without education, man would no longer be man; without individual reasoning, without bold abstraction, there would be no advancement. Now, single men, entire societies, whole periods, will incline more to the one or to the other element, and both present themselves occa-

sionally in individuals and entire epochs as caricatures. One-sidedness is to be shunned in this as in all other cases; perfection, wisdom, results from the well-balanced conjunction of both, and I do not know any nobler instance of this wisdom than that which is presented by the men of our revolution. They were bold men, as I have stated already; they went fearlessly to work, and launched upon a sea that had as yet been little navigated, when they proposed to themselves the establishment of a republic for a large country. Yet they changed only what imperatively required change; what they retained constituted an infinitely greater portion than that which they changed. It does not require an extraordinary power of abstraction, nor very profound knowledge, to imagine what must have been the consequence had they upset the whole system in which they lived, and allowed their ill will toward England, or a puerile vanity, to induce them to attempt an entirely new state of things.

They, on the contrary, adopted every principle and institution of liberty that had been elaborated by the English. They acted like the legislators of antiquity. Had they acted otherwise, their constitution must have proved a stillborn child, as so many other constitutions proclaimed since their days have done. Their absence of all conceit, and their manly calmness, will forever redound to their honor.

It seems to me that, while the English incline occasionally too much to the historical element, we, in turn, incline occasionally too much toward abstraction.

However this may be, it is certain that we conceive of the rights of the citizen more in the abstract and more as attributes of his humanity, so long as this means our own white race. Beyond it the abstraction ceases, so much so that the Supreme Court lately decided that people of color (although they were unquestionably subjects to the King of England before the independence of the United States) are not citizens in the sense of the Constitution, and that several free states have enacted laws against the ingress of people of color, which seem to be founded exclusively on the power which the white race possesses over the colored, and which elicit little examination because the first basis of all justice, sympathy, is wanting between the two races.

From this conception of the citizenship—this carrying of the ancient *jus ante omnia jura natum*, so long as it relates to our own race, much farther than the English do—arises the fact that in nearly all states universal suffrage has been established, while in England the idea of class representation much more prevails. The Americans do not know, I believe, in a single case the English rate-paying suffrage, since universal suffrage, applied to city governments, gives to the great majority, that do not own houses or land, the right to raise and dispose of the taxes solely levied on real property.

On the other hand, it appears to Americans a flagrant act to disfranchise entire corporate constituencies for gross pervading bribery, as has been

repeatedly done in English history. Indeed, the right of voting has been often pronounced in England a vested right of property.

I have also stated that our whole government has a more popular cast than that of England, and with reference to this fact, as well as to the one mentioned immediately before it, I would point out the following farther characteristics of American liberty.

We have established everywhere voting by ballot. There is an annually increasing number of members voting in the English commons for the ballot. It is desired there to prevent intimidation. Probably it would have that effect in England, but certainly not in such a degree as the English seem to expect. The ballot does not necessarily prevent the vote of a person from being known. Although the ballot is so strongly insisted upon in America, it is occasionally entirely lost sight of.

"Tickets" printed on paper whose color indicates the party which has issued it are the most common things; and in the place of my former residence it happened some years ago that party feeling ran to such a height that, in order to prevent melancholy consequences, the leaders came to an agreement. It consisted in this: that alternate hours should be assigned to the two parties, during which the members of one party only should vote. This open defeat of the ballot was carried out readily and in good faith.

The Constitution of the United States, and those of all the states, provide that the houses of the legislatures shall keep their journals, and that on the demand of a certain, not very large, number of members, the ayes and noes shall be recorded. The ayes and noes have sometimes a remarkable effect. It is recorded of Philip IV of Spain that he asked the opinion of his council on a certain subject. The opinion was unanimously adverse; whereupon the monarch ordered every counselor to send in his vote signed with his name, and every vote turned out to be in favor of the proposed measure. The ayes and noes have unfortunately sometimes a similar effect with us. Still, this peculiar voting may operate upon the timid as often beneficially as otherwise; at any rate, the Americans believe that it is proper thus to oblige members to make their vote known to their constituents.

We never give the executive the right of dissolving the legislature, nor to prorogue it.

We have never closed the list of the states composing the Union, in which we differ from most other confederacies, ancient or modern; we admit freely to our citizenship those who are foreigners by birth, and we do not believe in inalienable allegiance.

We allow, as it has been seen, no attainder of blood.

We allow no *ex post facto* laws.

American liberty contains as one of its characteristic elements the enacted or written constitution. This feature distinguishes it especially from the English polity with its accumulative constitution.

We do not allow, therefore, our legislatures to be politically "omnipotent,"

as, theoretically at least, the British parliament is. This characteristic, again, naturally led to the right and duty of our supreme courts in the states, and of the Supreme Court of the United States, to decide whether a law passed by the legislature or by Congress is in conformity with the superior law—the Constitution—or not; in other words, on the constitutionality of a law. It has been stated already that the courts have no power to decide on the law in general; but they decide, incidentally, on the whole law when a specific case of conflict between a certain law and the Constitution is brought before them.

I may add as a feature of American liberty that the American impeachment is, as I have stated before, a political and not a penal institution. It seems to me that I am borne out in this view by the *Federalist*.

In conclusion, I would state as one of the characteristics of American liberty the freedom of our rivers. The unimpeded navigation of rivers belongs to the right of free locomotion and intercommunication, of which we have treated; yet there is no topic of greater interest to the historian, the economist, and the statesman than the navigation of rivers, because, though the rivers are nature's own highways, and ought to be as efficient agents of civilization as the road or the mail, their agency has been thwarted by the oppressive force of man in almost all periods of our history. The Roman Empire, doing little indeed for commerce by comprehensive statesmanship, effected at least a general freedom of the rivers within its territory, as a natural consequence of its unity. The Danube became free, from the interior of Germany to the Black Sea. But the barbarous times which succeeded reduced, once more, the rivers to the state of insecurity in which they had been before the imperial arm had warded off intrusion and interruption. Free navigation had not even been re-established in all the larger empires of the European continent when the first French Revolution broke out. It was one of the most important provisions of the act of confederation agreed upon at Vienna, in 1815, between the Germanic states, that immediate steps should be taken to make the river navigation in Germany free, but the desired object had not been obtained as late as in 1848. The long dispute about the navigation of the river Scheldt has become famous in the history of law and of human progress. In this case, however, a foreign power, the Netherlands, denied free navigation to those in whose country the river rises and becomes navigable. Magna Charta declares, indeed, what has been called "the freedom of the rivers"; but, on the one hand, English rivers are, comparatively speaking, of little importance to navigation, and, on the other hand, England had not to overcome the difficulty which arises out of the same river passing through different states. It was therefore a signal step in the progress of our species when the wise framers of our Constitution enacted that vessels bound to or from one state shall not be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another, and everyone who cherishes his country and the essential interests of our species must be grateful that subsequent legis-

lation, and decisions by courts, have firmly established the inestimable right of free navigation in a country endowed with a system of rivers more magnificent and more benign, if left free and open, than that of any other country.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Gettysburg Address *

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

* Delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, November 19, 1863.

FRANK MURPHY

In Defense of Democracy *

IN MY settled conviction the finest contribution which America has made to civilization is our loyalty to the idea of civil liberty. Now, when much of the Western World is torn by a fierce and bloody war, I want very heartily to emphasize that conviction.

It is true that in certain parts of the world might for the moment appears to be triumphant over right. It is true that in many countries the traditional civil and religious rights of the individual are no longer recognized. These are realistic facts that we must realistically face.

Common sense dictates that with virility and courage we must prepare ourselves to guard all the magnificent physical and spiritual resources that make up our national heritage. To let our defenses weaken—to be soft or infirm in our attitude toward national security—would be a faithless and unworthy thing. But, while we must be strong to protect our democratic heritage, we can and must still recognize that the heart and soul of our heritage is the civil liberty of the individual, and that in protecting our physical wealth we must not destroy our spiritual wealth of freedom. For civil liberty is still the finest possession of the American people. It is still that priceless thing without which life loses its dignity and becomes only a hopeless form of spiritual slavery. And, by the same measure that civil liberty is precious to us, we must be willing and determined to defend it against the forces that threaten to destroy it.

In a world filled with many uncertainties there are some things that are certain. We know that in the hearts of the American people there is a great, steadfast desire to keep out of war. It is a desire for peace that no public servant or political leader in this land can afford to underestimate. But we also know that in a world where force has been unleashed the mere desire for peace is not a guaranty that a peace-loving nation can remain at peace.

It is not enough for us merely to say that we want peace and that we abhor war—that we will have no part of war. When the world is aflame with war, or gravely threatened by war, it is the duty of a responsible government to do something more than talk peace. First, it must take active steps to prevent unnecessary involvement. Second, it should make itself ready to resist attack,

* Mr. Justice Murphy's essay first appeared as a pamphlet published by the American Council on Public Affairs, Washington, D.C. It is reprinted by permission of the author.

not only attack from without, but attack from within as well—attack by sabotage and subversive activities.

I am especially concerned with our defense from internal aggression. For we cannot be unmindful of the fact that the present attack on peace and liberty in Europe originated in the internal aggression of powerful groups against the democratic authority of their own lawfully established governments. But in our zeal to protect ourselves from internal aggression we must be on guard that we ourselves are not guilty of aggression against the civil liberties of our own citizens. We must not fall victim to the infection of despotism that in recent years has been sweeping the world. For, if we suppress civil liberty, we suppress democracy itself. In our own land this generation has seen a little of what happens when a crisis develops and the government is not prepared to protect its people against internal attack. I have in mind the period of the World War and some of the wrongs against liberty that were done in the name of patriotism. Let me make it plain that I am not assuming the role of the "second-guesser" who always knows afterwards what should have been done in a particular situation. I am speaking only as a citizen and public servant who earnestly hopes and confidently believes that we, the American people, will profit by our own wartime mistakes and, even more, by the mistakes of other democracies that no longer live to tell the story.

I believe we all should recognize that, however tragic the wrongs that were done, they sprang from misdirected zeal rather than evil intent. We should remember that in the feverish wartime atmosphere (an atmosphere which inevitably is dangerous to liberty) average citizens, normally calm and reasonable, became so imbued with the rightness of their cause that opposition or criticism was intolerable to them. Not only could they brook no open disagreement with national policy, but the failure of others to share their own attitude became in their eyes evidence of lack of patriotism.

From suspicion and distrust it was for some people an easy step to violence and vigilante activities. In some communities irresponsible extralegal organizations assumed functions that belonged properly to the civil authorities. And in some cases the civil authorities themselves were carried away by a hysteria of fear. Defenseless men and women were mistreated by such groups on mere suspicion. On many occasions the constitutional right of peaceful assembly was violated, and homes were invaded and searched in the dark of night for evidence of disaffection and disloyalty. In their zeal to help defend their country, well-meaning people resorted to methods which in the calm of peacetime would not be considered.

Even if we recognize—as we must—that this condition was not general, it is a picture that friends of democracy have every reason to regret. But I want to emphasize how much I believe that, instead of viewing it with rancor toward anyone, we should keep two things carefully in mind. First, we should remember that much of this was done sincerely in the name of

patriotism and national defense. Second, we should keep in our minds and hearts a firm resolution that, while making the security of the country our first and greatest concern in this troubled hour, we will injure not one of the qualities that have made this nation the strongest haven of democracy and freedom on earth.

I know there are sincere individuals who earnestly believe that in a period like the present, when the country is seeking ways to avoid war but yet must prepare its defenses, it is not possible to maintain both civil liberty and a strong defense against internal attack at one and the same time. They are convinced that we must choose between the temporary suppression of civil rights and a weak and ineffective internal defense. I do not believe that we face any such choice. I do not believe that a democracy must necessarily become something other than a democracy in order to protect its national interests. I am convinced that, if the job is done right—if the defense against internal aggression is carefully prepared—our people need not suffer the tragic things that have happened elsewhere in the world and that we have seen, in less degree, even in this land of freedom. We can prevent and punish the abuse of liberty by sabotage, disorder, and violence without destroying liberty itself.

At the time of the World War the country's defense against internal attack was not fully prepared, and events took their natural course. The civil authorities were not trained for their new responsibilities. The door was wide open for irresponsible organizations to set themselves up as agencies of law enforcement. That is precisely what happened. Today the picture is quite different. The delicate business of combating espionage has been co-ordinated under the Department of Justice. Under responsible direction, it will be carried on, as it is today, not by overzealous, inexperienced laymen, but by men who have been equipped for the work by careful training—training that includes instruction in the rights of the citizen as well as in methods of crime suppression. And we have every reason to expect them to be worthy of their training and instruction.

This work should be done and will be done by responsible employees of the Federal Government, acting in co-operation with the duly constituted law-enforcing agencies of state and local governments. There will be no alignment with agents of vigilante groups or private industrial organizations which are concerned primarily with industrial disputes and labor problems. Enforcement officials will themselves obey the law of the land.

I believe that in this way we can eliminate at least the occasion for many of the wrongs that were done under the stress and strain of the World War. But, at the same time, I recognize that preparedness on the part of the Federal Government is not by itself a guaranty that these things will not happen again. To meet the double responsibility of self-defense and preservation of civil liberty, we need from every state and local government and,

pre-eminently, from every citizen, an equal determination that this responsibility shall be met.

We need, and we earnestly ask, from every citizen and every government an unswerving resolve that, for as long as this crisis endures, we will keep our heads—that we will not abandon our Bill of Rights—that, whatever measures we may adopt for our defense against subversive activities, we will use them just as calmly and judiciously as we do firmly and resolutely.

But, given a thoroughly prepared internal defense, given the proper mental attitude of calmness and cool reasoning, we need something more. We need a sound sense of direction—a clear understanding of our own policy and our own position.

First, we need to remember that in an emergency it is right and just for our democracy to be on guard not only against internal attack by foreign agents but obstructive activities by people in our own ranks as well. We have a right to expect that, once a policy has been formulated and adopted by constitutional, democratic procedure, it will be accepted and observed by all as an expression of the sovereign will of the people, until such time as the policy is changed by constitutional methods. Even those who disagree with it should do their part to make it effective. This is the democratic way in peacetime; it is the democratic way in time of war.

Finally, we have a right to expect that attempts to prevent the fulfillment of a policy by sabotage, violence, or subversive activities can and will be dealt with vigorously and according to law. And here we can take our lesson from those democracies abroad that failed to deal vigorously with illegal activities against the democratic process and that now are only memories in the minds of men.

The second thing we need to remember is that an emergency does not abrogate the Constitution or dissolve the federal Bill of Rights. That is not only good sense; it is good constitutional law.

Seventy-three years ago, one year after the Civil War, the Supreme Court declared in the famous *Milligan* case that "The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and in peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times, and under all circumstances." I want to give emphatic assurance that in this emergency, as well as in time of peace, the Department of Justice embraces that policy without reservation. And, because we are convinced that it represents the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the American people, we are determined to apply it and to practice it as thoroughly and intelligently as men are capable of doing.

We are aware, and the people should also be aware, that this will be no simple task. It is a problem of steering an even course that will invade neither of the two boundaries that I have mentioned. In brief, it is a problem of finding a sound basis for maintaining public safety without encroaching on the Bill of Rights.

In enforcing some laws, we must not violate other laws. In upholding the Constitution, we must not infringe on the priceless heritage of civil liberty which the Constitution guarantees. To do that—to suppress or suspend the Bill of Rights—would be to destroy the very democratic principles that we are seeking to preserve. It would be to yield to the same autocratic psychology that we want to keep out of this country. We must not let that come to pass. We must have it understood that, while we will oppose firmly and vigorously any illegal activities, we will do so in a responsible manner and within the orbit of the Constitution. That is the American way.

The immortal Justice Holmes laid down a formula which I believe will help us to keep a true course. In a celebrated wartime case involving the very things discussed here, he wrote these lines:

When men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas. . . . While that experiment is part of our system, I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe—unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country.

The willingness, the determination, the ability, to follow that democratic principle, so ably stated by a great friend and interpreter of democracy, will be, in my estimation, a real test of patriotism in this or any future crisis.

The true citizen of America will remember that loyalty to our tradition of civil liberty is as much a part of patriotism as defense of our shores and a hatred for treason. He will never forget that civil liberty under the American system is a legal right in time of war as well as in time of peace—that, whatever the time, it is liberty for all, irrespective of the accident of birth. The true American will remember that, whether it be peacetime or wartime, there could be nothing more unpatriotic in this land of many peoples and many creeds than the persecution of minorities and the fomenting of hatred and strife on the basis of race or religion. He will realize that, if, in the atmosphere of war, we allow civil liberty to slip away from us, it may not be long before our recent great gains in social and economic justice will also have vanished. For a nation that is calloused in its attitude toward civil rights is not likely to be sensitive toward the many grave problems that affect the dignity and security of its citizens. We must not let this crisis destroy what we have so dearly won.

Many years ago, in the midst of another great emergency, Abraham Lincoln put this question to the Congress of the United States: "Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" Let us, in this troubled hour, answer that question as befits a great and enlightened democracy. Let us

prove for all time that ours is a twofold strength—the physical strength of self-defense and the moral strength of unflinching devotion to our own ideals.

This is a time to strengthen our civil liberties—to freshen our understanding of them and to redouble our efforts to extend them in full to every member of our democracy. This is a time to renew our determination that civil liberty must be protected, with fine impartiality, without prejudice or favor, for everyone—from the poorest laborer to the wealthiest man in the land. That is the American way. It is—this idea that liberty must be for all—the finest thing that America has given to civilization.

In material things, of course, our contribution has been vast and wonderful. To us and our fathers before us, mankind owes inventions by the score that have transformed the character of human living. And justly we are proud of these achievements. Justly we erect a “World of Tomorrow” and a “Golden Gate Exposition” to demonstrate what we have achieved in years gone by and what we hope to achieve in years to come. But, recognizing the splendor of these accomplishments, and without detracting in the slightest from their significance, I venture to suggest that in our faith in the idea of individual liberty we have given to the world something even finer, something more priceless, something so precious, in fact, that dollars cannot buy it.

It is an idea that men—some of them consciously and the vast majority unconsciously—have reached out for all through the ages, seeing in it the realization of their fondest hopes. But never did they see its actual fulfillment until a group of fugitives from Old World tyranny established that idea, like a jewel, in a framework of government, a pattern of social living, that we today call the American democracy.

In all our public discussions, I suppose there is no word we use more often than that term “democracy.” It is fine that we do. I hope that in untold ages to come the American people will still be using that word, and using it with the devotion that men give to their most priceless possession.

But I wonder sometimes if we do not too often use the word “democracy” without thinking what it means. I wonder if we have not become a little numb to the significance of the idea of individual liberty that is the secret of democracy. How often do we profess our faith in democracy and forget to associate it with the things in our own lives that are democracy?

What, exactly, is this idea of individual liberty? What do we mean when we talk about the beauty and the dignity of the human personality?

Why, we mean that unknown fellow, mounted on his soap box in the city street, speaking his piece about the way he thinks the country and the government ought to be run. We mean that editor or author, writing as he pleases, condemning or commending the Administration as his opinions dictate. We mean that little group of Mennonites or Mormons or Quakers worshiping in their own churches in the way that their consciences tell

them is right. We mean the ordinary citizen expressing his frank opinions to his mayor or congressman or President, and getting consideration of them. We mean the businessman setting up shop for the kind of business and in the kind of community that he prefers, with nothing but the public welfare to say him nay. We mean the workingman at liberty to choose his own occupation and to move when he pleases into another. We mean the scientist free to search for truth, and the educator free to teach it, unhampered by the fear of some "superman" who makes his own truth and allows no competition.

These are ordinary things to a people that has done them pretty much without interruption for a century and a half. They seem elementary and commonplace—so simple that it seems unnecessary to speak of them. But actually they are not ordinary things. They are the hallmarks of civilization. They stand for the gracious way of living that humanity has always been groping for, through even the blackest nights of tyranny and barbarism that history has recorded. Looking at it that way, we have a powerful, positive argument why we in America must cling to these things with all our strength, no matter how great the cost. In a very definite sense we are trustees of civilization. We are guardians of the idea without which civilization is a hollow shell—the idea that every man, no matter how meek and humble and inconspicuous, shall have his place in the sun.

But, if we want a stronger argument, there are many close at hand. They are negative arguments, but they strike home with the force of a thunderbolt.

What exactly does it mean when a people gives up the idea that the individual's freedom to live his own life is, after all, the most priceless possession of any society? It means the suppression of every one of the "simple, ordinary" things that we are so prone to take for granted. It means, for any man who presumes to speak unkindly of the powers that rule, a concentration camp at hard labor, or perhaps something worse. It means a cringing, servile press that writes not as it pleases, but as some Great Man at Headquarters directs. It means the suppression of religion or the steady, demoralizing persecution of those who refuse to embrace some barbaric creed that makes a god of an all-powerful state. It means the ruthless conscription of industry and labor and business alike, all dancing like marionettes at the direction of the state, for the greater glory of a political doctrine that sees human beings only as nameless cogs in a great machine. It means the debasement of science and education and the arts to the level of tools of an arrogant minority that happens to hold the key to the gun room. Worst of all, it means the enslavement of the human mind and spirit—a slavery that undermines self-respect and slowly destroys moral integrity.

There is no doubt in my mind that, should the American people ever have to choose between these alternatives, they would make the right choice. I believe the habit of a hundred and fifty years is bound to win over

any momentary loss of direction. But the unmistakable fact is that the seeds of barbarism have been sown among us, and there are those who would like to see them sprout and grow.

Civil liberty is simply the idea that I have mentioned—the idea of human dignity—translated into actuality. And measurably as we safeguard civil liberty, we enrich human dignity. Measurably as we make real to every member of our democracy the spirit of the Bill of Rights, we demonstrate that we are qualified to be the trustees of civilization.

I do not mean to exaggerate the danger. I do not mean to erect a straw man. I am eager only that we should be on guard against the tendencies and practices that corrode democracy and sap its strength. These things do happen here. They happen every day.

Ever since the Department of Justice established a new unit for the specific purpose of increasing the Federal Government's ability to protect civil rights, it has received a steady deluge of letters complaining that civil liberties have been abridged. Some of the complaints, of course, are unwarranted, but many are not. They indicate clearly that some public officials have used their power arbitrarily; that ordinances have been passed and invoked that are oppressive and unjust and violate common right; that citizens have been denied the right to express freely their opinions and to worship as they please; and that some have been prevented from petitioning their government for the redress of grievances.

We are a tolerant people; yet it has been estimated that some eight hundred organizations in the United States are carrying on definite anti-Jewish propaganda. All told, they claim in the neighborhood of six million followers—no doubt a considerable overstatement. But, even if we reduce the figure by half or more, we face the fact of a large number of our people who subscribe to the philosophy that has reduced the Jews of central Europe to a condition of misery seldom equaled in the world's history.

Almost daily we hear from one quarter or another the familiar suggestion that always accompanies periods of stress and uncertainty—the suggestion that we solve our problems by suppressing those whose talk is out of line with the majority, or by “taking steps” against some group that is supposed to be the source of our troubles. It has been said before, and I believe should be said plainly many times again, that in the last analysis the remedy for that kind of attitude lies in the people themselves. For that attitude will have a very slim chance of survival in the face of a public opinion that will have no traffic with it.

But it is not entirely a matter of public opinion. It is far from that. Public opinion crystallizes slowly, and in times like this, when there is so much that is confusing and misleading, the process is abnormally slow. And, until public opinion does reach the point where it will not tolerate violation of civil liberties, there can and will be such violation—unless government takes a hand and refuses to permit it.

In a sense, the part that government can play is purely negative. But it would be a serious mistake to conclude that it is therefore of little significance. Let government play its part vigorously, and with a clear understanding of its responsibility, and it is bound to be a powerful bulwark of civil liberty, not only as an agency that imposes penalties but as an influence on public thinking.

Each of the states is equipped to protect civil liberties through its own constitution and bill of rights. The Fourteenth Amendment of the federal Constitution and the federal civil rights statutes, all products of the Civil War, have enabled the Federal Government to take a much more vigorous part than it could formerly under the federal Bill of Rights alone. I believe the new Civil Liberties Unit of the Department of Justice will make that part more significant than ever before.

Today every dweller in our land, no matter how humble, can look to the state for defense of his liberties, and, if that should fail, then to the Constitution and laws of the United States.

But it is an inescapable fact—and one that no one knows better than mayors and municipal law officers—that the first battleground of civil liberties is the local communities. It is they who man the front-line trenches. It is they who decide, in the first instance, whether to suppress the individual who criticizes the mayor or the President, or who wants to hire a hall, or who walks up and down the street with a sign on his back, or who spreads some alien doctrine in his newspaper, or who preaches some strange and unorthodox religion. It is they who decide whether to silence him or let the democratic process run its course.

I have been a mayor myself during three of the bitterest years that the American people have ever suffered. I know that this responsibility is often a heavy one. I know that sometimes the pressure to turn one's back on the democratic faith in civil liberty for all seems to be almost irresistible. In moments of great tension, well-meaning people, gripped by hysteria, are likely to insist that the "realistic" way to meet the threat of extremist philosophies is to deny to their advocates the liberty that they themselves, given the power, would take away from all others.

Superficially, it is an appealing argument. It seems to be a common-sense method of fighting fire with fire. But it will quickly lose its appeal if we remember this simple truth: You do not and cannot strengthen or protect democracy by undermining it. And you begin to undermine democracy the moment you begin to draw the line and say that this or that person or group shall not have civil liberty. Draw the line against one group, and it is an easy step to draw it against another and then another.

And every such step is another attack on the concept through which democracy functions—the concept that Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke of as "free trade in ideas." Simply stated, that concept means that democracy gives a hearing to every idea. It gives every philosophy the

opportunity to get itself accepted in the competition of the market. And ultimately—as our history shows—the true idea, the right policy, comes out on top.

I do not mean to say that we should not be on guard against dangerous and extremist notions that get into the market place. We should and must be on guard, and not just some of the time, but all of the time.

We have criminal laws that protect us against violence and incitement to violence. We should be ready and able to use them. We have legitimate methods of bringing propaganda groups into the open and exposing their nature and their origin to the light of day. We ought to know not only what they preach but who their sponsors are and where they get their funds. But as devotees of democracy we cannot crush them and deny them a place in the market. We need not do this. We have no reason to fear their competition. We have a better article to sell. And, because we have a better article, we can do a better job of salesmanship—a job of salesmanship that will endure long after the terrorism and the coercion of the autocrats have been proved the futile methods that they are.

It may seem that I have stressed the evils that will come to us if we fail to meet our duty of preserving civil liberty. But we do not owe it merely to ourselves. We owe it to the generation after ours and to unborn generations yet to come. And we owe it to the generations past that did fulfill their trusteeship. Especially we owe it to that small band of inspired men who forged a state on a foundation of civil liberty out of the raw materials of a wilderness and a people who knew liberty mainly in their hopes and aspirations. We owe it to Roger Williams, whose courage was equal to his conviction that freedom of thought was not freedom of thought until it was shared by all. We owe it to men of the stamp of Patrick Henry and the noble Jefferson, who fathered the Bill of Rights.

They fought to gain civil liberty, confident that those who followed, seeing its pricelessness, would never let it go. It is for us to prove ourselves worthy of that trust.

One hundred and fifty-one years ago, a group of American citizens, meeting in the colonial community of Concord, New Hampshire, voted by fifty-seven to forty-seven to ratify the federal Constitution which had been written at Philadelphia one year before. We do not formally celebrate the day, but it was an event of tremendous significance. It meant that the required majority of nine states had ratified, and that the Constitution was in full legal effect. It meant that the American people had cast their lot together under the guidance of a document that Gladstone once described as the most remarkable political work produced by the human intellect in modern times.

That document—our federal Constitution—is remarkable in many ways. But there is one thing, above all, that makes it remarkable—one quality on which all the others depend—and that is the singular emphasis it places on

personal liberty. In the very first sentence we read that the American people established the Constitution to secure, among other things, "the blessings of liberty" to themselves and their posterity. And the history books tell us that they were so very concerned about their liberties that many of the states refused flatly to ratify the Constitution unless they were assured that a bill of rights would be added. When that assurance was given, they ratified, but not before.

Obviously, the Bill of Rights was not an accident. It was not the product of a whim or a passing fancy. The people were in deadly earnest about it. They had shed blood and suffered hardship to gain liberty, and they were determined to give it the best protection they could devise. And so, when it came to the job of framing the Bill of Rights, they did not mince words. They did not hedge it around with restrictions or weaken it with qualifications and conditions. They said in plain English: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for redress of grievances."

In virtually every one of the forty-eight state constitutions we find the same bold guarantees of civil and religious liberty, expressed in the same blunt language. The constitution of New Jersey, for example, declares with beautiful simplicity: "No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press." Recently the Supreme Court declared that the federal courts would protect the fundamental rights of the individual from encroachment not only on the part of the Federal Government but on the part of the state and local governments as well. In his opinion, Mr. Justice Stone reminded us again how much the Bill of Rights means to our democracy. "No more grave and important issue," he said, "can be brought to this Court than that of freedom of speech and assembly."

Why is this so? Why this remarkable emphasis on freedom of speech and assembly and religion?

Because the wise men who wrote the federal Bill of Rights and the New Jersey Bill of Rights were doing more than stating legal prohibitions on the legislature. They were expressing a philosophy of human living. They were defining the spirit of a free and sovereign people. They were putting into words the meaning of democracy itself. They were determined to put an end in this country to the kind of government that tells the individual he may not speak as he pleases; that tells the newspapers what they may or may not print; that denies the citizen the right to practice whatever religion his conscience chooses; and that, in general, treats the individual as the servant of an all-powerful state. They were so bent on ending that kind of government that they started a revolution and never gave it up until their objective was won.

We could destroy all their work if we wanted to do it. We could uproot

this whole democratic structure overnight simply by going back to the ancient notion that government knows what is best for the people and that the people must not question the wisdom of what the government does for them or to them or with them. But, if we did that, we would be striking a heavier blow at civilization than it has ever suffered in the history of mankind. What, after all, is civilization? Is it our great skyscrapers and our long bridges? Is it our huge factories and marvelous automobiles? Is it the radio and the airplane and all the rest of the wonderful inventions that make life easier and smoother and faster? Those things are part of it, of course—an important part of it. But they aren't all of it.

The heart of civilization, the thing that gives it a soul, is exactly that spirit of freedom that runs all through our Bill of Rights. It is the idea that the individual has a natural right to be free up to that point where he injures the interests of the people as a whole. Take that idea away from our government, or build a government without it, and you have a government that is something less than civilized.

It may seem that I have constructed a straw man so that I might have the satisfaction of pushing it down. It may seem pointless to talk about the Bill of Rights when obviously the overwhelming majority of our people believe the Bill of Rights is a good thing and want it kept in our Constitution. I wish that the problem were as simple as that, but it isn't.

It is one thing to believe in civil liberty and another thing to practice it in all the daily relationships of man to man. And I am afraid the facts are that some of us have been for civil liberty in theory but not very careful about practicing it in our daily lives.

Some of us, under the tension of political and economic conflicts, have let ourselves forget that civil liberty is not just for those whom we agree with but also for those whose ideas are hateful to us. We have forgotten that civil liberty is not just a problem for the federal and state governments, but something that must be protected first of all by every individual citizen. The Federal Government, for example, cannot effectively protect the civil liberty of the individual unless public-spirited citizens in every community have the courage to come forward and co-operate with the Federal Government in seeing that the rights of the humblest and most unpopular minority are scrupulously protected.

Because some of us have at times forgotten these things, we have condoned infractions of the Bill of Rights that Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry and Benjamin Franklin would never have condoned.

What is the evidence? It comes to the Department of Justice every day in a steady stream. Every day the newly created Civil Liberties Unit reads the tragic story in letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. We hear of municipal officials aiding in the provocation of race conflict, even though government in a democracy is intended to be for all and not just some of the people. We hear of arbitrary ordinances and arbitrary police

action that deny workmen the right of peaceful picketing, even though our courts have recognized that peaceful picketing is a just and proper right of working people. We hear of local authorities and private citizens manhandling union organizers, even though the Supreme Court long ago recognized that it is proper and desirable for labor to unite in organizations. We hear of groups arbitrarily denied the right to distribute literature, even though the Bill of Rights leaves no doubt that freedom of speech and of the press are fundamental to our political system.

But there is no need to go to the Department of Justice for proof. The citizen who looks carefully can see it all around him, near at hand. He can see it in the type of mind that believes labor or industry, as the case may be, ought to be punished for its sins by terrorism and coercion; in that distorted mentality that blames the Jew for all our troubles; and in the discrimination practiced against those who happened to be born with a darker skin than most people possess.

What are these tendencies and practices, after all, but forms of intolerance? And what is there more completely opposed to the Bill of Rights and to all our American traditions than intolerance? It is the most un-American, unconstitutional, un-Christian, and undemocratic thing in our life today.

There is no room for intolerance in the America that our fathers planned. It belongs in those other countries where freedom has been all but forgotten and where human slavery is the common lot. It belongs in those other lands where men hardly dare to whisper their thoughts and where they hold meetings by stealth under cover of the night. It belongs in those places on earth where fine literature and art and music have been destroyed and where the schools spread propaganda for those in power.

Intolerance has no place here, and those who embrace it are following not the fathers but someone else. They are not following Jefferson, for it was he who sponsored the Bill of Rights. They are not following Benjamin Franklin, for it was Franklin who deliberately wrote into the Declaration of Independence the phrase "*one* people." Such individuals forget that America became great because it was created and has remained spiritually one people.

Go down in the subway of the great metropolis, walk the crowded streets and the market places, stand near the factory gates at closing time, and what do you see? Not Englishmen or Italians alone, or Gentiles or Jews alone, or white people or black alone, or conservatives or progressives alone. You see the children of every race and every nation and every creed under the sun. You see America and America's future. If you are disheartened by what you see, if these people of other races and national origins seem alien to you, then America's future and your own will not be happy. But, if you see them all as being of the stock that built this great nation from a wilderness, if you look at them as fellow servants of democracy, then our future is bright and full of hope.

America is not one hundred per cent Puritan or one hundred per cent Cavalier. America is an amalgam of men and women of different kin with a common passion for liberty and tolerance. And with them all rests the future of American democracy.

In many ways the period we live in is like the period that followed the Civil War. There has been no Gettysburg or Bull Run, but, in the manner of war, the depression has inflicted wounds and brought hardship to many. Today, as in 1865, the nation faces a tremendous job of reconstruction.

We need to place the economic system in such order that men may have the chance to work and to earn a living wage. We need to find ways to bring health and decent shelter to those who lack them. We must take care that the aged are adequately insured against want and the worker against unemployment. We must protect the quality of government service by weeding out the incompetent, and protect its integrity by eliminating those who violate their public trust. We must cut the alliances between politics and corruption wherever they exist.

Just as it was with Lincoln in 1865, we need "to bind up the nation's wounds"; to care for those who have borne the modern battle; "to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." And now, as never before, we need to do our work, as Lincoln advised, "with malice toward none, with charity for all." We need to do it with tolerance for those with whom we disagree; with compassion for those who are less fortunate than we; with sympathy and understanding for those who speak a different tongue or whose background is in a different land. We need to do it with a constant understanding that the things we have in common are far bigger and more important than any difference that may seem to keep us apart.

It is in such a spirit, and such a spirit alone, that peace is won, justice achieved, and the sons of men made free.

WALTER LIPPMANN

Our Squandered Inheritance of Freedom *

UPON the standard to which the wise and honest will now repair it is written: "You have lived the easy way; henceforth, you will live the hard way." It is written: "You came into a great heritage made by the insight and the sweat and the blood of inspired and devoted and courageous men; thoughtlessly and in utmost self-indulgence you have all but squandered this inheritance. Now only by the heroic virtues which made this inheritance can you restore it again." It is written: "You took the good things for granted. Now you must earn them again." It is written: "For every right you cherish you have a duty which you must fulfill. For every hope that you entertain you have a task that you must perform. For every good that you wish to preserve you will have to sacrifice your comfort and your ease. There is nothing for nothing any longer."

For twenty years the free peoples of the Western World have taken the easy way, ourselves more light-heartedly than any others. That is why the defenses of Western civilization have crumbled. That is why we find ourselves tonight knowing that we here in America may soon be the last stronghold of our civilization—the isolated and beleaguered citadel of law and of liberty, of mercy and of charity, of justice among men, and of love and of good will.

We mean to defend that citadel; we mean, I believe, to make it the center of the ultimate resistance to the evil which is devastating the world, and, more than that, more than the center of resistance, we mean to make it the center of the resurrection, the source of the energies by which the men who believe as we do may be liberated, and the lands that are subjugated redeemed, and the world we live in purified and pacified once more. This is the American destiny, and, unless we fulfill that destiny, we shall make our own future meaningless, chaotic, and low.

But we shall not resist the evil that has come into the world, not prepare the resurrection in which we believe, if we continue to take as we have so persistently the easy way in all things. Let us remind ourselves how in these twenty years we have at the critical junctures taken always the road

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of least effort and the method of the cheapest solution and of the greatest self-indulgence.

We participated in a war which ended in the victory of the free peoples. It was hard to make a good and magnanimous peace. It was easier to make a bad and unworkable peace. We took the easiest way.

Having sacrificed blood and treasure to win the war, having failed to establish quickly and at the first stroke a good and lasting peace, it was too hard, it was too much trouble, to keep on trying. We gave up. We took the easy way, the way that required us to do nothing, and we passed resolutions and made pious declarations saying that there was not going to be any more war, that war was henceforth outlawed.

Thus we entered the twenties, refusing to organize the peace of the world because that was too much trouble, believing, because that was no trouble at all, that peace would last by declaring that it ought to last. So enchanted were we with our own noble but inexpensive sentiments that, though the world was disorganized and in anarchy, we decided to disarm ourselves and the other democracies. That was also the easy way. It saved money. It saved effort.

In this mood we faced the problems of reconstruction from the other war. It was too much trouble to make a workable settlement of reparations and of the war debts. It was easier to let them break down and wreck the finances of the world. We took the easier way. It was too much trouble to work out arrangements for the resumption of trade because it was too much trouble to deal with the vested interests and the lobbyists and the politicians. It was easier to let the trade of the world be strangled by tariffs, quotas, and exchange controls. And we took the easy way. It was easier to finance an inflationary boom by cheap money than it was to re-establish trade based upon the exchange of goods. We indulged ourselves in the inflationary boom and let it run, because it was too much trouble to check it, into a crash that threw about twenty-five million here and abroad out of work and destroyed the savings of a large part of the people of all countries.

Having got to that, it was too hard to liquidate the inflation. It was easier to cover the inflation up and pretend that it did not exist. So we took the easier way: we maintained the tariffs, we maintained the wage rates, we maintained the costs and expenditures of the boom, and thus made it impossible to recover from the crash. And the failure of the recovery produced at the foundations of Western civilization a revolutionary discontent. It was easy to be frightened by the discontent. So we were properly frightened. But it was hard to make the effort and sacrifice to remedy the discontent. And, because it was hard, we did not do it. All that we did was to accuse one another of being economic royalists on the one hand, economic lunatics on the other. It was easier to call names than it was to do anything else, and so we called names.

Then out of this discontent there was bred in the heart of Europe from

the Rhine to the Urals an organized rebellion against the whole heritage of Western civilization. It was easy to disapprove, and we disapproved. It was hard to organize and prepare the resistance: that would have required money and effort and sacrifice and discipline and courage. We watched the rebellion grow. We heard it threaten the things we believe in. We saw it commit, year after year, savage crimes. We disliked it all. But we liked better our easygoing ways, our jobs, our profits, and our pleasures, and so we said: It is bad, but it won't last; it is dangerous, but it can't cross the ocean; it is evil, but, if we armed ourselves, and disciplined ourselves, and acted with other free peoples to contain it and hold it back, we should be giving up our ease and our comfort, we should be taking risks, and that is more trouble than we care to take.

So we are where we are today. We are where we are because, whenever we had a choice to make, we have chosen the alternative that required the least effort at the moment. There is organized mechanized evil loose in the world. But what has made possible its victories is the lazy, self-indulgent materialism, the amiable, lackadaisical, footless, confused complacency of the free nations of the world. They have dissipated, like wastrels and drunkards, the inheritance of freedom and order that came to them from hard-working, thrifty, faithful, believing, and brave men. The disaster in the midst of which we are living is a disaster in the character of men. It is a catastrophe of the soul of a whole generation which had forgotten, had lost, had renounced, the imperative and indispensable virtues of laborious, heroic, and honorable men.

To these virtues we shall return in the ordeal through which we must now pass, or all that still remains will be lost, and all that we attempt, in order to defend it, will be in vain. We shall turn from the soft vices in which a civilization decays; we shall return to the stern virtues by which a civilization is made; we shall do this because, at long last, we know that we must, because finally we begin to see that the hard way is the only enduring way.

*Flag Day, 1940 **

WHAT'S a flag? What's the love of country for which it stands? Maybe it begins with love of the land itself. It is the fog rolling in with the tide at Eastport, or through the Golden Gate and among the towers of San Francisco. It is the sun coming up behind the White Mountains, over the Green, throwing a shining glory on Lake Champlain and above the Adirondacks. It is the storied Mississippi rolling swift and muddy past St. Louis, rolling past Cairo, pouring down past the levees of New Orleans. It is lazy noontide in the pines of Carolina, it is a sea of wheat rippling in western Kansas, it is the San Francisco peaks far north across the glowing nakedness of Arizona, it is the Grand Canyon, and a little stream coming down out of a New England ridge, in which are trout.

It is men at work. It is the storm-tossed fishermen coming into Gloucester and Provincetown and Astoria. It is the farmer riding his great machine in the dust of harvest, the dairyman going to the barn before sunrise, the lineman mending the broken wire, the miner drilling for the blast. It is the servants of fire in the murky splendor of Pittsburgh, between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, the trucks rumbling through the night, the locomotive engineer bringing the train in on time, the pilot in the clouds, the riveter running along the beam a hundred feet in air. It is the clerk in the office, the housewife doing the dishes and sending the children off to school. It is the teacher, doctor, and parson tending and helping, body and soul, for small reward.

It is small things remembered, the little corners of the land, the houses, the people that each one loves. We love our country because there was a little tree on a hill, and grass thereon, and a sweet valley below; because the hurdy-gurdy man came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a beach or a farm or a lane or a house that might not seem much to others was once, for each of us, made magic. It is voices that are remembered only, no longer heard. It is parents, friends, the lazy chat of street and store and office, and the ease of mind that makes life tranquil. It is summer and winter, rain and sun and storm. These are flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, a lasting part of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is stories told. It is the Pilgrims dying in their first dreadful winter. It is the Minute Man standing his ground at Concord Bridge, and dying

* An editorial reprinted from the *New York Times* for June 14, 1940, by permission of the publishers.

there. It is the army in rags, sick, freezing, starving at Valley Forge. It is the wagons and the men on foot going westward over Cumberland Gap, floating down the great rivers, rolling over the great plains. It is the settler hacking fiercely at the primeval forest on his new, his own lands. It is Thoreau at Walden Pond, Lincoln at Cooper Union, and Lee riding home from Appomattox. It is corruption and disgrace, answered always by men who would not let the flag lie in the dust, who have stood up in every generation to fight for the old ideals and the old rights, at risk of ruin or of life itself.

It is a great multitude of people on pilgrimage, common and ordinary people, charged with the usual human failings, yet filled with such a hope as never caught the imaginations and the hearts of any nation on earth before. The hope of liberty. The hope of justice. The hope of a land in which a man can stand straight, without fear, without rancor.

The land and the people and the flag—the land a continent, the people of every race, the flag a symbol of what humanity may aspire to when the wars are over and the barriers are down; to these each generation must be dedicated and consecrated anew, to defend with life itself, if need be, but, above all, in friendliness, in hope, in courage, to live for.

*The Bill of Rights **

ONE hundred and forty-seven years ago today the Bill of Rights became a part of the Constitution of the United States. In these days, when men and women are harried and oppressed in many quarters of a troubled world, it is useful to read again the simple words which guarantee the liberties we cherish:

ARTICLE I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

ARTICLE II

A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

ARTICLE III

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

ARTICLE IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

ARTICLE V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be witness against himself, nor be deprived

* An editorial reprinted from the *New York Times* for December 15, 1938, by permission of the publishers.

of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

ARTICLE VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

ARTICLE VII

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

ARTICLE VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

ARTICLE IX

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

ARTICLE X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.

Here, in fewer than 500 words, is affirmed the whole American doctrine that the state is made for man, and not man for the state; that the rights of a free people are superior to the powers of their government. Here is the time-honored statement of our high regard for individual opinion and the dignity of human life. Here is our answer to the challenge of upstart dictatorships.

We need again to refresh our faith in these fundamental liberties of the American people. We need to remember that we can conserve these liberties only by a strict observance of the responsibilities which they entail in the routine of our daily life. We need to remember that we can protect the right of free speech for the whole American people only by insisting upon the right of free speech for those with whom we disagree most violently, the "radicals," the "reds," the "fanatics," whose opinion we may least re-

spect. We need to remember that exercise of the right to worship as we please demands full tolerance for the faith of those who worship in another way than ours, according to the dictates of their own conscience. We need to remember that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states," are in fact reserved to the states or to the people, and that swift-moving plans which seek a short cut to the aggrandizement of federal authority without a specific mandate from the American electorate are not in the American tradition.

The Bill of Rights, faithfully observed and deeply cherished, is our guarantee that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Part III

AMERICA: ITS TRAITS AND CHARACTERISTICS

THE UNITED STATES is a youthful country, as nations go, but in the relatively short span of its history it has developed qualities that are felt to be peculiarly American. We hear much of what we call "the American way." That phrase connotes a manner of life which has put a premium on independence, individualism, enterprise, daring, courage, and fair play. Conditions of settlement in a new country tended to emphasize these qualities. Though the actual geographical frontier has gone, the characteristics which made it possible for Americans to conquer forests and deserts still enable them to push forward into new technological and social frontiers and to adapt themselves, without sacrificing traditional characteristics, to the changed conditions of our world.

A salutary characteristic of Americans is their ability to laugh at themselves. As a nation we have rarely taken ourselves too seriously. No other country has so loved a joke. We have developed one type of humor that is peculiarly our own, the humor of exaggeration. From frontier days the tall tale has had a favored place in the repertory of storytellers. We have also liked the humor of homely wisdom expressed in the opinions of the cracker-barrel philosophers. The observations of our humorists have often contained shafts of satire at pretentiousness and sham.

HECTOR ST. JOHN DE CRÈVECŒUR

*What Is an American? **

I WISH I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman when he first lands on this continent. He must greatly rejoice that he lived at a time to see this fair country discovered and settled; he must necessarily feel a share of national pride when he views the chain of settlements which embellishes these extended shores, when he says to himself, this is the work of my countrymen, who, when convulsed by factions, afflicted by a variety of miseries and wants, restless and impatient, took refuge here. They brought along with them their national genius, to which they principally owe what liberty they enjoy and what substance they possess. Here he sees the industry of his native country displayed in a new manner, and traces in their works the embryos of all the arts, sciences, and ingenuity which flourish in Europe. Here he beholds fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with decent houses, good roads, orchards, meadows, and bridges, where a hundred years ago all was wild, woody, and uncultivated! What a train of pleasing ideas this fair spectacle must suggest; it is a prospect which must inspire a good citizen with the most heartfelt pleasure. The difficulty consists in the manner of viewing so extensive a scene. He is arrived on a new continent; a modern society offers itself to his contemplation, different from what he had hitherto seen. It is not composed, as in Europe, of great lords who possess everything, and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts, no kings, no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominion, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe. Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory, communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws, without dreading their power, because they are equita-

* Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, a Frenchman who became a naturalized citizen of New York in 1765, wrote *Letters from an American Farmer*, first published in 1782. The selections reprinted here are from Letter III.

ble. We are all animated with the spirit of an industry which is unfettered and unrestrained, because each person works for himself. If he travels through our rural districts he views not the hostile castle and the haughty mansion, contrasted with the clay-built hut and miserable cabin, where cattle and men help to keep each other warm, and dwell in meanness, smoke, and indigence. A pleasing uniformity of decent competence appears throughout our habitations. The meanest of our log houses is a dry and comfortable habitation. Lawyer or merchant are the fairest titles our towns afford; that of a farmer is the only appellation of the rural inhabitants of our country. It must take some time ere he can reconcile himself to our dictionary, which is but short in words of dignity and names of honor. There, on a Sunday, he sees a congregation of respectable farmers and their wives, all clad in neat homespun, well mounted, or riding in their own humble wagons. There is not among them an esquire, saving the unlettered magistrate. There he sees a parson as simple as his flock, a farmer who does not riot on the labor of others. We have no princes for whom we toil, starve, and bleed: we are the most perfect society now existing in the world. Here man is free as he ought to be; nor is this pleasing equality so transitory as many others are. Many ages will not see the shores of our great lakes replenished with inland nations, nor the unknown bounds of North America entirely peopled. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain? for no European foot has as yet traveled half the extent of this mighty continent!

The next wish of this traveler will be to know whence came all these people. They are a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. From this promiscuous breed that race now called Americans have arisen. The eastern provinces must indeed be excepted, as being the unmixed descendants of Englishmen. I have heard many wish that they had been more intermixed also: for my part, I am no wisher, and think it much better as it has happened. They exhibit a most conspicuous figure in this great and variegated picture; they too enter for a great share in the pleasing perspective displayed in these thirteen provinces. I know it is fashionable to reflect on them, but I respect them for what they have done: for the accuracy and wisdom with which they have settled their territory; for the decency of their manners; for their early love of letters; their ancient college, the first in this hemisphere; for their industry, which, to me who am but a farmer, is the criterion of everything. There never was a people, situated as they are, who with so ungrateful a soil have done more in so short a time. Do you think that the monarchical ingredients which are more prevalent in other governments have purged them from all foul stains? Their histories assert the contrary.

In this great American asylum, the poor of Europe have by some means met together, and in consequence of various causes; to what purpose should

they ask one another what countrymen they are? Alas, two thirds of them had no country. Can a wretch who wanders about, who works and starves, whose life is a continual scene of sore affliction or pinching penury—can that man call England or any other kingdom his country? A country that had no bread for him, whose fields procured him no harvest, who met with nothing but the frowns of the rich, the severity of the laws, with jails and punishments, who owned not a single foot of the extensive surface of this planet? No! Urged by a variety of motives, here they came. Everything has tended to regenerate them: new laws, a new mode of living, a new social system; here they are become men: in Europe they were as so many useless plants, wanting vegetative mold and refreshing showers; they withered, and were mowed down by want, hunger, and war; but now, by the power of transplantation, like all other plants they have taken root and flourished! Formerly they were not numbered in any civil lists of their country, except in those of the poor; here they rank as citizens. By what invisible power has this surprising metamorphosis been performed? By that of the laws and that of their industry. The laws, the indulgent laws, protect them as they arrive, stamping on them the symbol of adoption; they receive ample rewards for their labors; these accumulated rewards procure them lands; those lands confer on them the title of freemen, and to that title every benefit is affixed which men can possibly require. This is the great operation daily performed by our laws. From whence proceed these laws? From our government. Whence the government? It is derived from the original genius and strong desire of the people ratified and confirmed by the crown. This is the great chain which links us all; this is the picture which every province exhibits, Nova Scotia excepted. There the crown has done all; either there were no people who had genius, or it was not much attended to: the consequence is that the province is very thinly inhabited indeed; the power of the crown in conjunction with the mosquitoes has prevented men from settling there. Yet some parts of it flourished once, and it contained a mild, harmless set of people. But for the fault of a few leaders the whole were banished. The greatest political error the crown ever committed in America was to cut off men from a country which wanted nothing but men!

What attachment can a poor European emigrant have for a country where he had nothing? The knowledge of the language, the love of a few kindred as poor as himself, were the only cords that tied him: his country is now that which gives him land, bread, protection, and consequence. *Ubi panis ibi patria* is the motto of all emigrants. What, then, is the American, this new man? He is either a European, or the descendant of a European; hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He*

is an American who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest*; can it want a stronger allurements? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence.—This is an American. . . .

As I have endeavored to show you how Europeans become Americans, it may not be disagreeable to show you likewise how the various Christian sects introduced wear out, and how religious indifference becomes prevalent. When any considerable number of a particular sect happen to dwell contiguous to each other, they immediately erect a temple, and there worship the Divinity agreeably to their own peculiar ideas. Nobody disturbs them. If any new sect springs up in Europe, it may happen that many of its professors will come and settle in America. As they bring their zeal with them, they are at liberty to make proselytes if they can, and to build a meeting and to follow the dictates of their consciences; for neither the government nor any other power interferes. If they are peaceable subjects, and are industrious, what is it to their neighbors how and in what manner they think fit to address their prayers to the Supreme Being? But, if the sectaries are not settled close together, if they are mixed with other denominations, their zeal will cool for want of fuel, and will be extinguished in a little time. Then the Americans become, as to religion, what they are as to country, allied to all. In them the name of Englishman, Frenchman, and European is lost, and in like manner the strict modes of Christianity as

practiced in Europe are lost also. This effect will extend itself still farther hereafter, and, though this may appear to you as a strange idea, yet it is a very true one. I shall be able perhaps hereafter to explain myself better; in the meanwhile, let the following example serve as my first justification.

Let us suppose you and I to be traveling; we observe that in this house, to the right, lives a Catholic, who prays to God as he has been taught, and believes in transubstantiation; he works and raises wheat; he has a large family of children, all hale and robust; his belief, his prayers, offend nobody. About one mile farther on the same road his next neighbor may be a good, honest, plodding German Lutheran, who addresses himself to the same God, the God of all, agreeably to the modes he has been educated in, and believes in consubstantiation; by so doing he scandalizes nobody; he also works in his fields, embellishes the earth, clears swamps, etc. What has the world to do with his Lutheran principles? He persecutes nobody, and nobody persecutes him; he visits his neighbors, and his neighbors visit him. Next to him lives a seceder, the most enthusiastic of all sectaries; his zeal is hot and fiery, but, separated as he is from others of the same complexion, he has no congregation of his own to resort to, where he might cabal and mingle religious pride with worldly obstinacy. He likewise raises good crops, his house is handsomely painted, his orchard is one of the fairest in the neighborhood. How does it concern the welfare of the country, or of the province at large, what this man's religious sentiments are, or really whether he has any at all? He is a good farmer; he is a sober, peaceable, good citizen: William Penn himself would not wish for more. This is the visible character; the invisible one is only guessed at, and is nobody's business. Next again lives a Low Dutchman, who implicitly believes the rules laid down by the synod of Dort. He conceives no other idea of a clergyman than that of a hired man; if he does his work well, he will pay him the stipulated sum; if not, he will dismiss him, and do without his sermons, and let his church be shut up for years. But, notwithstanding this coarse idea, you will find his house and farm to be the neatest in all the country; and you will judge by his wagon and fat horses that he thinks more of the affairs of this world than of those of the next. He is sober and laborious; therefore he is all he ought to be as to the affairs of this life; as for those of the next, he must trust to the great Creator. Each of these people instruct their children as well as they can, but these instructions are feeble compared to those which are given to the youth of the poorest class in Europe. Their children will therefore grow up less zealous and more indifferent in matters of religion than their parents. The foolish vanity, or rather the fury, of making proselytes, is unknown here; they have no time, the seasons call for all their attention; and thus, in a few years, this mixed neighborhood will exhibit a strange religious medley, that will be neither pure Catholicism nor pure Calvinism. A very perceptible indifference even in the first generation will become apparent; and it may happen that the

daughter of the Catholic will marry the son of the seceder, and settle by themselves at a distance from their parents. What religious education will they give their children? A very imperfect one. If there happens to be in the neighborhood any place of worship, we will suppose a Quaker's meeting, rather than not show their fine clothes, they will go to it, and some of them may perhaps attach themselves to that society. Others will remain in a perfect state of indifference; the children of these zealous parents will not be able to tell what their religious principles are, and their grandchildren still less. The neighborhood of a place of worship generally leads them to it, and the action of going thither is the strongest evidence they can give of their attachment to any sect. The Quakers are the only people who retain a fondness for their own mode of worship; for be they ever so far separated from each other, they hold a sort of communion with the society, and seldom depart from its rules, at least in this country. Thus all sects are mixed as well as all nations; thus religious indifference is imperceptibly disseminated from one end of the continent to the other; which is at present one of the strongest characteristics of the Americans. Where this will reach no one can tell; perhaps it may leave a vacuum fit to receive other systems. Persecution, religious pride, the love of contradiction, are the food of what the world commonly calls religion. These motives have ceased here; zeal in Europe is confined; here it evaporates in the great distance it has to travel; there it is a grain of powder enclosed; here it burns away in the open air, and consumes without effect. . . .

Europe contains hardly any other distinctions but lords and tenants; this fair country alone is settled by freeholders, the possessors of the soil they cultivate, members of the government they obey, and the framers of their own laws, by means of their representatives. This is a thought which you have taught me to cherish; our difference from Europe, far from diminishing, rather adds to our usefulness and consequence as men and subjects. Had our forefathers remained there, they would only have crowded it, and perhaps prolonged those convulsions which had shook it so long. Every industrious European who transports himself here may be compared to a sprout growing at the foot of a great tree; it enjoys and draws but a little portion of sap; wrench it from the parent roots, transplant it, and it will become a tree bearing fruit also. Colonists are therefore entitled to the consideration due to the most useful subjects; a hundred families, barely existing in some parts of Scotland, will here in six years cause an annual exportation of 10,000 bushels of wheat: 100 bushels being but a common quantity for an industrious family to sell, if they cultivate good land. It is here, then, that the idle may be employed, the useless become useful, and the poor become rich; but by riches I do not mean gold and silver; we have but little of those metals; I mean a better sort of wealth, cleared lands, cattle, good houses, good clothes, and an increase of people to enjoy them.

There is no wonder that this country has so many charms, and presents

to Europeans so many temptations to remain in it. A traveler in Europe becomes a stranger as soon as he quits his own kingdom; but it is otherwise here. We know, properly speaking, no strangers; this is every person's country; the variety of our soils, situations, climates, governments, and produce hath something which must please everybody. No sooner does a European arrive, no matter of what condition, than his eyes are opened upon the fair prospect; he hears his language spoken, he retraces many of his own country manners, he perpetually hears the names of families and towns with which he is acquainted; he sees happiness and prosperity in all places disseminated; he meets with hospitality, kindness, and plenty everywhere; he beholds hardly any poor, he seldom hears of punishments and executions; and he wonders at the elegance of our towns, those miracles of industry and freedom. He cannot admire enough our rural districts, our convenient roads, good taverns, and our many accommodations; he involuntarily loves a country where everything is so lovely. When in England, he was a mere Englishman; here he stands on a larger portion of the globe, not less than its fourth part, and may see the productions of the north, in iron and naval stores; the provisions of Ireland, the grain of Egypt, the indigo, the rice of China. He does not find, as in Europe, a crowded society, where every place is overstocked; he does not feel that perpetual collision of parties, that difficulty of beginning, that contention which oversets so many. There is room for everybody in America. Has he any particular talent, or industry? He exerts it in order to procure a livelihood, and it succeeds. Is he a merchant? The avenues of trade are infinite. Is he eminent in any respect? He will be employed and respected. Does he love a country life? Pleasant farms present themselves; he may purchase what he wants, and thereby become an American farmer. Is he a laborer, sober and industrious? He need not go many miles, nor receive many informations, before he will be hired, well fed at the table of his employer, and paid four or five times more than he can get in Europe. Does he want uncultivated lands? Thousands of acres present themselves, which he may purchase cheap. Whatever be his talents or inclinations, if they are moderate, he may satisfy them. I do not mean that everyone who comes will grow rich in a little time; no, but he may procure an easy, decent maintenance, by his industry. Instead of starving he will be fed, instead of being idle he will have employment; and these are riches enough for such men as come over here. The rich stay in Europe; it is only the middling and the poor that emigrate. Would you wish to travel in independent idleness, from north to south, you will find easy access, and the most cheerful reception, at every house; society without ostentation, good cheer without pride, and every decent diversion which the country affords, with little expense. It is no wonder that the European who has lived here a few years is desirous to remain; Europe, with all its pomp, is not to be compared to this continent, for men of middle stations, or laborers.

A European, when he first arrives, seems limited in his intentions, as well as in his views; but he very suddenly alters his scale; two hundred miles formerly appeared a very great distance; it is now but a trifle; he no sooner breathes our air than he forms schemes, and embarks in designs he never would have thought of in his own country. There the plenitude of society confines many useful ideas, and often extinguishes the most laudable schemes, which here ripen into maturity. Thus Europeans become Americans.

But how is this accomplished in that crowd of low, indigent people who flock here every year from all parts of Europe? I will tell you; they no sooner arrive than they immediately feel the good effects of that plenty of provisions we possess: they fare on our best food, and they are kindly entertained; their talents, character, and peculiar industry are immediately inquired into; they find countrymen everywhere disseminated, let them come from whatever part of Europe. Let me select one as an epitome of the rest; he is hired, he goes to work, and works moderately; instead of being employed by a haughty person, he finds himself with his equal, placed at the substantial table of the farmer, or else at an inferior one as good; his wages are high; his bed is not like that bed of sorrow on which he used to lie: if he behaves with propriety, and is faithful, he is caressed, and becomes as it were a member of the family. He begins to feel the effects of a sort of resurrection; hitherto he had not lived, but simply vegetated; he now feels himself a man, because he is treated as such; the laws of his own country had overlooked him in his insignificance; the laws of this cover him with their mantle. Judge what an alteration there must arise in the mind and thoughts of this man; he begins to forget his former servitude and dependence, his heart involuntarily swells and glows; this first swell inspires him with those new thoughts which constitute an American. What love can he entertain for a country where his existence was a burden to him; if he is a generous, good man, the love of this new adoptive parent will sink deep into his heart. He looks around, and sees many a prosperous person who but a few years before was as poor as himself. This encourages him much; he begins to form some little scheme, the first, alas, he ever formed in his life. If he is wise, he thus spends two or three years, in which time he acquires knowledge, the use of tools, the modes of working the lands, felling trees, etc. This prepares the foundation of a good name, the most useful acquisition he can make. He is encouraged, he has gained friends; he is advised and directed, he feels bold, he purchases some land; he gives all the money he has brought over, as well as what he has earned, and trusts to the God of harvests for the discharge of the rest. His good name procures him credit. He is now possessed of the deed, conveying to him and his posterity the fee simple and absolute property of two hundred acres of land, situated on such a river. What an epoch in this man's life! He is become a freeholder, from perhaps a German

boor—he is now an American, a Pennsylvanian, an English subject. He is naturalized; his name is enrolled with those of the other citizens of the province. Instead of being a vagrant, he has a place of residence; he is called the inhabitant of such a county, or of such a district, and for the first time in his life counts for something; for hitherto he has been a cipher. I only repeat what I have heard many say, and no wonder their hearts should glow, and be agitated with a multitude of feelings not easy to describe. From nothing to start into being; from a servant to the rank of a master; from being the slave of some despotic prince, to become a free man, invested with lands, to which every municipal blessing is annexed! What a change indeed! It is in consequence of that change that he becomes an American. This great metamorphosis has a double effect: it extinguishes all his European prejudices, he forgets that mechanism of subordination, that servility of disposition which poverty had taught him; and sometimes he is apt to forget too much, often passing from one extreme to the other. If he is a good man, he forms schemes of future prosperity, he proposes to educate his children better than he has been educated himself; he thinks of future modes of conduct, feels an ardor to labor he never felt before. Pride steps in and leads him to everything that the laws do not forbid: he respects them; with a heartfelt gratitude he looks toward the east, toward that insular government from whose wisdom all his new felicity is derived, and under whose wings and protection he now lives. These reflections constitute him the good man and the good subject. Ye poor Europeans, ye, who sweat, and work for the great—ye, who are obliged to give so many sheaves to the church, so many to your lords, so many to your government, and have hardly any left for yourselves—ye, who are held in less estimation than favorite hunters or useless lap dogs—ye, who only breathe the air of nature because it cannot be withheld from you; it is here that ye can conceive the possibility of those feelings I have been describing; it is here the laws of naturalization invite everyone to partake of our great labors and felicity, to till unrented, untaxed lands! Many, corrupted beyond the power of amendment, have brought with them all their vices and, disregarding the advantages held to them, have gone on in their former career of iniquity until they have been overtaken and punished by our laws. It is not every emigrant who succeeds; no, it is only the sober, the honest, and industrious: happy those to whom this transition has served as a powerful spur to labor, to prosperity, and to the good establishment of children born in the days of their poverty; and who had no other portion to expect but the rags of their parents, had it not been for their happy emigration. Others, again, have been led astray by this enchanting scene; their new pride, instead of leading them to the fields, has kept them in idleness; the idea of possessing lands is all that satisfies them—though surrounded with fertility, they have moldered away their time in inactivity, misinformed husbandry, and ineffectual endeavors. How much wiser, in general, the honest Ger-

mans than almost all other Europeans; they hire themselves to some of their wealthy landmen, and in that apprenticeship learn everything that is necessary. They attentively consider the prosperous industry of others, which imprints in their minds a strong desire of possessing the same advantages. This forcible idea never quits them; they launch forth, and by dint of sobriety, rigid parsimony, and the most persevering industry, they commonly succeed. Their astonishment at their first arrival from Germany is very great—it is to them a dream; the contrast must be powerful indeed; they observe their countrymen flourishing in every place; they travel through whole counties where not a word of English is spoken; and in the names and the language of the people they retrace Germany. They have been a useful acquisition to this continent, and to Pennsylvania in particular; to them it owes some share of its prosperity: to their mechanical knowledge and patience it owes the finest mills in all America, the best teams of horses, and many other advantages. The recollection of their former poverty and slavery never quits them as long as they live. . . .

After a foreigner from any part of Europe is arrived, and become a citizen, let him devoutly listen to the voice of our great parent, which says to him: "Welcome to my shores, distressed European; bless the hour in which thou didst see my verdant fields, my fair navigable rivers, and my green mountains!—If thou wilt work, I have bread for thee; if thou wilt be honest, sober, and industrious, I have greater rewards to confer on thee—ease and independence. I will give thee fields to feed and clothe thee; a comfortable fireside to sit by, and tell thy children by what means thou hast prospered; and a decent bed to repose on. I shall endow thee beside with the immunities of a freeman. If thou wilt carefully educate thy children, teach them gratitude to God, and reverence to that government, that philanthropic government, which has collected here so many men and made them happy. I will also provide for thy progeny; and to every good man this ought to be the most holy, the most powerful, the most earnest wish he can possibly form, as well as the most consolatory prospect when he dies. Go thou and work and till; thou shalt prosper, provided thou be just, grateful, and industrious."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

*Advice to a Young Tradesman**

TO MY FRIEND, A.B.: As you have desired it of me, I write the following hints, which have been of service to me, and may, if observed, be so to you.

Remember that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor, and goes abroad, or sits idle, one half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon *that* the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that *credit* is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum when a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is of the prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six, turned again it is seven and threepence, and so on till it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted either in time or expense unperceived) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying: *The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse*. He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded.

* Written in 1748.

The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but, if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it, before he can receive it, in a lump.

It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect: you will discover how wonderfully small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *industry* and *frugality*; that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted), will certainly become *rich*, if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

AN OLD TRADESMAN

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

The Mountain Men *

FROM the dawn of history, mountains have ever stood as barriers to the settlement of a new country, and, by the same token, their reaches have been the last to know the feet and ways of men. The pioneer is ever one whose moods and inclinations are worlds removed from those of his homekeeping fellows; and so it was the trapper and fur trader, loving solitude and the lure of wild places, who first bared the secrets of the Rockies and the rugged ranges to the east and the west of them.

These mountains had stayed the advance first of the adventurous explorers of Old Spain, then of the Mexican grandees who fell heirs to that country's New World empire, so that, when they finally passed to the ownership of the United States, they still belonged to the Indian and the wild animal. The pathfinders, Lewis and Clark in 1804 and Zebulon Montgomery Pike in 1806, were the heralds of a new order of things. After them came the trapper, spiritual kinsman of Boone and Natty Bumppo, who, in his search for the pelts of the beaver and other animals, made his way through every mountain pass and traced every important stream from its source to its mouth.

While the supply lasted and until fashions changed, the skin of the beaver, finding ready buyers in the hatmakers of London, Paris, and New York, was the basis of the American fur trade. Assured running water and the edible bark of deciduous trees, the beaver flourishes at any altitude and in widely varying degrees of heat or cold, and so in the first years of the trade were found in apparently inexhaustible numbers alike in the clear-flowing streams of the Rockies and in the muddy lower reaches of the rivers which cleave the valleys of the Colorado and the Rio Grande.

Moreover, the beaver was easily caught and made ready for market, and it was not long before a number of great fur companies, with headquarters at St. Louis and other points, and backed by ample capital, were yearly dispatching carefully organized expeditions into the mountains, while a growing army of independent trappers and traders—the real mountain men with whom this chronicle mainly has to deal—ranged every stream and threaded every mountain gorge and pass from the Canadian border to the

* Reprinted from *Out of the West* (Elmira, N. Y., 1940) by permission of the author and the publishers, Wilson-Erickson, Inc.

Mexican barrier of the Colorado and Rio Grande, and from the headwaters of the Missouri and Columbia to the Pacific coast. Nor did they hesitate, when conditions favored, to poach at will in the territory and streams from which the Mexicans, too lazy themselves to trap, vainly sought to bar the invaders from the north and east.

Any gathering of mountain men was pretty sure to include sundry French-Canadians and half-breeds and a few far-wandering natives of New England, but a majority of them hailed from Kentucky and Tennessee—descendants for the most part of the sturdy Scotch-Irish pioneers who in an earlier time had crossed and conquered the Alleghenies. Kit Carson, long a leader among them, could claim Daniel Boone as a kinsman. The mountain man dressed in buckskin and when on the trail wore his hair and beard long, shaving only when his rare periods of leisure and merry-making brought him for a few days and weeks into the company of women of his own race.

The mountain man's supply of food, when he left a trading post, was generally limited to meager quantities of sugar, coffee, and tobacco. As a rule he smoked only at night, and then, in order to make his dwindling store of the weed stretch over the weeks and months that must elapse before it could be replenished, he mixed his tobacco with the inner bark of the red willow. If he had companions, the number, generally, was only three or four at any given time, while the immediate state of his fortunes determined how many squaws and pack horses would make up his personal train. The absolutely indispensable articles in his outfit were a rifle, a pistol, a long-bladed knife, half a dozen traps, a buffalo robe to lie upon, and a blanket to cover him.

Thus equipped, the mountain man was ready for the wilderness and for the perils and privations it held for him. For months at a time the meat of the animals brought down by his rifle was his only food, and, when game failed him, or his ammunition gave out, he did not scruple to find sustenance in any living thing that came his way. He would eat without complaint the stewed puppies of an Indian camp, and, when starvation threatened in the arid plains, following the example set him by the Indians of the Southwest, he would as a matter of course use the flesh of the desert rattler. Not a few of the mountain men, indeed, became close kin to the Indian, both in feeling and spirit. They did not scorn the auguries of the medicine man; many in time grew to be devout worshipers of the moon and the stars, and Ruxton, a young Englishman who passed some months in the mountains, tells of one aging trapper, known only as Old Rube, "who prayed at a sacred spring for luck, blowing the smoke from his Indian pipe to the four quarters and to the sky." Women of his own breed had small place in the life of the mountain man. The white woman preferred ease and a fixed abode, while he was apt to regard a wife and children as incumbrances only to be taken into account with the approach of old age.

On the other hand, the squaw, whom he bought and sold as he did his horses, could be depended upon to follow wherever his wanderings led him and to do his bidding without complaint; and she could be abandoned or cast aside as the mood or convenience of her master might chance to dictate. But with the maidens of the Mexican villages of the Rio Grande region, who were blessed with good looks and knew how to submit to the male will, not a few of the mountain men formed ties that held them.

The village of Taos, then the most northerly of the Mexican settlements, and the center of one of the best beaver regions, had a charm all its own for the trappers who came there at regular intervals to buy supplies, to dance and flirt, and to spend their hard-earned dollars for liquor and at the gaming table. Many of them married Taos girls, who bore them children and kept homes to which their restless mates could return at the end of each trip into the wilds. And more than one trapper, when the looting of the streams and a fall in the price of beaver had robbed him of his calling, found a refuge in Taos and the ministrations of his Mexican wife, comforts not to be scorned in his last days.

Besides Taos, there were other favorite meeting places for the mountain men. One was Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, near the site of La Junta, Colorado, and another Pierre's Hole, in what is now southeastern Idaho, at the very heart of the far-spreading fur country. Bent's Fort, laid out in 1828 as a trading post and outfitting point for the mountain men, was a sprawling structure with adobe walls, topped with growing cactus as a precaution against assault by Indians.

An American flag flew from these walls, and in the tower which surmounted the fort's iron-bound gate a guard, with rifle and telescope at his elbow, kept watch day and night. There was a fur press in the center of the square formed by the adobe walls, and all around it were rooms and sleeping quarters for garrison and guests. There were free meals and beds for all who needed them, a square deal for the wild tribes who came there to trade, and credit and supplies for the mountain men, many of whom, when taking the trail, left their Mexican wives with the Bents for safe-keeping.

William Bent, one of the builders and later sole owner of Bent's Fort, was long the most widely known trader in the mountain country, but the post which bore his name came in time to be associated with memories of the passing of three of his brothers and of his first wife, Owl Woman, who died within its walls, and, when the government offered to buy it for what he regarded as an unfair price, he resolved instead to destroy it. Accordingly, in August, 1849, he removed his stores and blew up the structure. Its adobe walls, however, were only in part destroyed, and, when in after years a stage line ran up the Arkansas, the building was repaired and became an important station. When the stage gave place to the railroad, the walls of the twice abandoned fort were turned into a corral by cattlemen, and later

carted away to use in the construction of farm buildings. Now no trace of them remains; only a granite monument marks the site.

Stirring memories also attach to Pierre's Hole, where, when the beaver trade had not yet fallen on evil days, hundreds of trappers and traders and whole tribes of mountain Indians frequently assembled to barter their wares. The trappers came singly or in groups, each with his three or four horses or mules bearing bales of beaver fur. The traders, many of them representatives of the great fur companies, were accompanied by pack trains loaded with beads and cloth for their Indian patrons, powder, lead, sugar, and coffee for the trappers, and generous supplies of corn whisky for any who could pay for it. The Indians, generally last to appear on the scene, reared their white tepees along the river and, clad in their finest buckskin, set off with beads and the quills of the porcupine, danced or drank themselves into a frenzy and made the night noisy with the rumble of their drums.

There were a few frugal spirits among the mountain men, but most of them, having sold their furs for whatever was offered them, bought what they needed in the way of traps and knives, powder and lead, and then made haste to squander the rest of the monies paid them for liquor and in gambling or bets on the impromptu horse races which each afternoon made the camp the noisiest and dustiest of places. Nor must mention fail to be made of the Indian girls, who, with tinkling bells about their necks and in their hair, rode up and down on their ponies and were for sale to those who would pay most for them. There were fist fights without number between those who when in their cups took to boasting of their prowess, and now and then there was a duel to the death with rifles. And at every stage the traders, who kept their wits about them and had few scruples to trouble them, dealt out liquor, indifferent to the condition of those who asked for it, or cheated and gouged Indian and trapper with impartial hand. Pierre's Hole in the last days of a rendezvous was no place for a man who loved peace and honest ways.

Now and then one of the mountain men put on paper a record of his wanderings which after the lapse of years still interests and holds the reader. There lies before me as I write a little volume published in Cincinnati in 1831, and entitled *Personal Narrative of James Ohio Pattie of Kentucky*. Edited by Timothy Flint, held in grateful memory by students, it tells with simplicity and occasional flashes of unconscious humor the story of the adventures that befell the author and his father in the mountain country and the regions beyond it. Pattie's grandfather had been a worthy comrade of Boone and Logan when they were planting the seeds soon to flower in the first settlements that in due time added Kentucky to the Union.

Sylvester Pattie, his father, a veteran of the War of 1812, early left Kentucky for Missouri, where he built a mill on the banks of the Gasconade, and for a time prospered as a lumberman. But, when his wife died after a

lingering illness in 1824, he consigned his younger children to the care of kinsmen and friends and, taking his oldest son, James, with him, joined a party of a hundred men commanded by Sylvestre Pratte, bound for Santa Fe and the mountain haunts of the beaver. The prairies, when the Patties crossed them, were still a trackless wilderness, wide stretches of which only a few years before had known the feet of white men perhaps for the first time. They found the flats and valleys of the upper Arkansas crowded with buffalo; herds of elk and wild horses were encountered at frequent intervals; and grizzly bears, coming down from the mountains in search of food, were so numerous that the younger Pattie writes of seeing twenty-seven of them in a single day. One of these "white bears," which had been shot but not killed, clawed a member of the party so cruelly that he died of his wounds.

There was a short halt at Taos, where the Patties and their comrades saw Mexicans for the first time and found them not to their liking. Then they pushed on to Santa Fe and in November, 1824, sought from the Spanish governor a permit to trap in Mexican streams. They were still awaiting action on this request, with waning chances of a favorable outcome, although the governor had been promised a share of the prospective profits, when fate unexpectedly intervened in their behalf. Without warning a band of Comanches raided the outskirts of Santa Fe and made off with a large number of sheep and three women captives, one of them the good-looking daughter of a former governor of the province.

The Patties promptly offered to join in the pursuit of the Indians, in the hope that by so doing they would obtain what they desired from the governor. Their tender of aid was accepted, and a half hour later the chase was under way. After a long ride the Indians were sighted in the distance making for a pass in the mountains. The elder Pattie proposed that, while the Mexicans halted in readiness to attack the Indians, he and his followers would make a detour through the mountains and cut off their retreat at the farther end of the pass.

The maneuver proved a complete success—so far as concerned the white men's part in it. From a hastily chosen place of concealment they awaited the Indians, who advanced at a leisurely pace, wholly unaware of what was in store for them. First came the herd of stolen sheep driven by the three women, who had been stripped naked, although it was winter and there was snow on the ground. Behind them rode their captors. The mountain men held their fire until the women were only a few rods from them and the Indians within easy range. Their first volley toppled a number of the braves from their horses, but the survivors sent a rain of arrows after their captives, killing one of them as they ran toward their rescuers. The young Pattie darted to the aid of the other two, and, when Jacova, the former governor's winsome daughter, threw herself into his arms, he took off his hunting shirt and wrapped it around her.

Then the mountain men found refuge in a stand of thick timber close at hand and, firing again and again at the charging Comanches, finally compelled them to draw off, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. Thereupon the Mexicans, who had prudently held aloof from the fighting, appeared upon the scene and with shouts and curses drove their horses over the dead and dying Indians until the Patties called a halt to this orgy of hatred and savagery. Jacova and her companion were escorted back to Santa Fe, and in no long time the Patties, having been given the license to trap they had sought from the governor, were welcomed as guests by Jacova's father at his home in the lower valley.

Reading between the lines of James Pattie's narrative, it is reasonable to infer that at that fateful moment a beautiful bride and a rich father-in-law were his for the asking. But for some perverse reason he would have none of them. Instead, on the morning of the fourth day he and his father took leave of their host, putting aside the generous gifts offered them, except a horse apiece and a small supply of flour, and with a few of the men who had crossed the plains with them followed the Rio Grande south to Socorro. Thence they pushed across country to the Gila and from the waters of that stream gathered many bales of beaver. Marauding Indians, however, killed or stole most of the horses upon which the transport of their furs depended, and in the end they were compelled to bury them and, beset by hunger, return on foot to the Rio Grande.

Again the fair Jacova gave the younger Pattie welcome, and, could she have had her way, there would probably have been a different ending to their story. But her hero was doomed by fate and his own inclining to a wanderer's lot. Once more her father supplied him with horses and flour, and he hastened back to the cache on the Gila only to find that the Indians had stolen the hidden furs. Then came another dramatic turn of the wheel. The Patties, setting forth on new ventures, came in their wanderings to what is now the southwest corner of New Mexico and to the Santa Rita copper mines, which for more than a century had been a steady source of wealth, but which then lay idle because the Apaches had beaten off the latest owners, who feared to return to their property.

The Patties and their companions, when attacked in turn by the Apaches, gave them a sound beating and forced them to agree to a solemn and binding treaty of peace. These things accomplished, Sylvester Pattie leased the mines from their owners and soon had them on a profitable basis. James Pattie, however, did not find the life of a miner to his liking and, although his father sought to dissuade him, shortly joined a party assembled by Ewing Young, then easily chief among the fur traders of the Southwest, and set out for the Gila. The trappers followed that stream to its junction with the Colorado, pushed north as far as the Sweetwater in what is now central Wyoming, and then turned south to Santa Fe, gathering a goodly harvest of furs on the way.

But loss and disappointment awaited the younger Pattie at the end of his long journey through remote and unfamiliar regions. The governor of Santa Fe, ruling that his license had expired, confiscated his furs, and he was forced to return empty-handed to his father at Santa Rita. A week later he was off for the south, this time on a trapping trip into Chihuahua. When he came back to Santa Rita at the end of three months, he was told his father had been robbed by an absconding Mexican whom he had trusted, and was again ready to take the trail.

Accordingly, in September, 1827, the Patties became members of a party of twenty-four men, led by George Yount, of whom more in another place, and once more set out to trap the Gila and the lower Colorado. Yount and the elder Pattie quarreled at the junction of the two rivers. Thereupon the two Patties, with six followers, separated from the main party and, having built two or three dugout canoes, floated down the Colorado to a point near its mouth. Misled by the natives, they had expected to find a Spanish settlement at the mouth of the river. Instead, in their frail craft they threaded its lower courses only to emerge upon a forbidding and uninhabited region.

And the worst was yet to come, for when, pushing westward over alternating salt marsh and sandy waste, they on March 8, 1828, reached the Dominican mission of Santa Catalina, they were placed under arrest and sent as prisoners to San Diego. There, held in close confinement, the elder Pattie fell ill and died, nor was his son permitted to visit and comfort him in his last hours. James Pattie, swayed during the rest of his days by bitter hatred of the Mexican and all his ways, finally contrived to secure his own release and, after a brief stay in the Russian settlements of the north, journeyed to Mexico City seeking redress for his grievances.

No heed was paid to his claims by the Mexican authorities, and after long waiting he made his way to Veracruz and thence by boat to New Orleans. The narrative we have been following ends with his return, still a young man, to the birthplace of his father in Kentucky. All that is known of the later years of James Pattie is that he was again in California in 1849 and probably died at or on his way to one of the mining camps of that state. His narrative is at times a misleading one, but as a whole it indicates a man of profound religious faith, in fact a latter-day Puritan, who, when faced with new perils, prayed to the God of his fathers, and kept his powder dry. There were few of that sort among the mountain men.

The forgetfulness which so soon overtakes all but the greatest names has spared to us those of Jedediah Strong Smith, Thomas Fitzpatrick, and Kit Carson—the first the most unresting and venturesome, the second perhaps the ablest, and the third the most widely known of a remarkable group. Smith was born of New England parents in the Mohawk Valley in 1799, drifted to the West in his teens, and at St. Louis, in March, 1823, joined a trapping expedition about to set out for the Yellowstone country. St. Louis

was then a frontier town of less than five thousand people, but already the headquarters of the Rocky Mountain fur trade. William H. Ashley, a leader in the military and political affairs of the newly created State of Missouri, was also a rising figure in the fur trade, and organizer of the party of which young Smith now became a member.

James Bridger, later to attain a leading place in the trade, was already in Ashley's employ, trapping on the Yellowstone, and among those who kept Smith company in the slow advance by keelboat up the Missouri were half a dozen young men whose names now have a meaning for every student of frontier history. Among them were James Clyman and William L. Sublette, the one from Virginia and the other from Kentucky, and both under thirty; Seth Grant, Hugh Glass, and David E. Jackson, who was later to become the partner of Smith and Sublette, and twenty-four-year-old Thomas Fitzpatrick, whose after career as trapper, trader, guide, and government agent will be duly set forth in this chronicle.

In the last days of May, Ashley and his men passed the mouth of the Cheyenne and reached the country of the hostile and dreaded Arikaras. In a surprise attack by the Indians at sunrise of June 2, twelve of the whites were slain and as many more wounded. Ashley retreated 110 miles to the mouth of the Teton, and sent to Fort Atkinson, just north of the present Omaha, for reinforcements. While he waited for the 250 soldiers duly dispatched to his aid, with Colonel Henry Leavenworth in command, several bands of Sioux appeared, eager to join in a campaign against their ancient enemies.

And so on August 9 a combined force of 400 whites and 700 Indians reached the neighborhood of the Arikara villages. There followed a series of mishaps which ended in a humiliating fiasco. The Arikaras, after a preliminary brush with an advance party of Sioux, took refuge behind a picket enclosure; and, while Leavenworth waited the arrival of the two six-pounders that were being brought up in keelboats before beginning an attack, the Sioux, having plundered the Arikara cornfields and stolen a dozen horses and mules from the trappers and troopers, set out for home. After desultory skirmishes the Arikara chiefs promised good behavior and a restoration of stolen property, but in the night abandoned their villages and fled, intent when opportunity offered to resume their attacks on the whites, and bar their way to the haunts of the beaver.

However, what at the moment was regarded as a shameful disaster had unexpected issue in one of the most decisive events in the history of the fur trade. Ashley, with all his plans for the moment brought to naught, prepared to return to St. Louis, but first took steps to repair his waning fortunes. The trappers sent out from St. Louis had long been fired by the tales that came to them of the fabulous wealth of beaver to be had on the farther side of the Rockies in the valley of the Spanish or Green River in the western part of what is now Wyoming. Ashley had planned to reach

and tap this source of wealth by the long and roundabout course of the Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Big Horn, and with this avenue closed to him he decided to send a party west to the country of the Crows, and thence across the Great Divide to the Spanish River.

Ashley chose for this perilous journey into the unknown a picked body of eleven men, captained by Jedediah Strong Smith and with Thomas Fitzpatrick second in command. What remained of his original following had dropped down the Missouri to Fort Kiowa, a post of the American Fur Company not far from the present town of Chamberlain, South Dakota, and from that point in late September Smith and his ten companions set out on their historic journey. The factor at Fort Kiowa had loaned them a guide and horses, and thus equipped they had reached the upper waters of the Cheyenne, a little way south and west of the Black Hills, when their progress was halted in a startling and unexpected way.

Marching in single file with Smith at their head, they had just emerged from a strip of bushy bottom land into an open glade, when a huge grizzly pounced upon the leader and bore him to earth. Before he could be rescued and the bear killed, several of his ribs were broken and his head badly lacerated. A man of iron will, Smith submitted without murmur to the rude surgery of one of his companions, and ten days later was able to resume active command of the party. Crossing the watershed between the Cheyenne and Powder rivers, they found their first beaver in the waters of the latter stream, and trapped with profit until the middle of November.

Then, packing their furs on horseback, Smith and his companions crossed the Big Horn Range and ascended Wind River until at the northern base of what is now called Frémont's Peak they came upon a village of Crows. Here they rested and hunted buffalo, and from their hosts learned how to reach the pass that led to the Green River. Late in February, 1824, they set forth to find it. Their way led down to the mouth of Wind River, and then southward up the Popo Agie. It was bitter cold, but they pushed ahead until they reached the Sweetwater. There they found good water, timber for shelter, dry wood for fuel, and an abundance of game for food; and there they rested for a fortnight.

When they again broke camp, it was to follow the Sweetwater for a few miles and then head west toward the Great Divide. At the end of a week they came, on an early March day in 1824, upon streams flowing westward, and realized that without knowing it they had reached the summit of South Pass, which for nearly half a century was to be the most important route to the Pacific. Later in the same month they reached Green River, and during the weeks that followed piled up a store of furs. Then, in the last days of June, it was decided that Smith and most of the men should remain in the mountains ready to resume trapping in the fall, while Fitzpatrick and two others should take their peltries to the Missouri, report to Ashley, and return with supplies.

Fitzpatrick, after many adventures, reached Fort Atkinson in September, and soon Ashley, waiting in St. Louis, learned that Smith and his men had found a new and more direct route to the Pacific, and at the same time had laid for him the foundations of the very substantial fortune with which less than three years later he was to retire from the fur trade. Meanwhile, Smith and those who remained with him piled up stores of fur and at the same time thoroughly explored the country lying west of Green River. In the summer of 1826 Ashley transferred his interests to the newly formed firm of Smith, Jackson, and Sublette, and later in the same year the senior partner set out on another of the path-breaking journeys which was to give him enduring fame.

Starting from the rendezvous near the present Ogden, Utah, Smith with fifteen men made his way to Utah Lake, and thence late in August southwesterly to the Mohave villages on the Colorado, and across the desert by way of Cajon Pass and San Bernardino to San Gabriel Mission in southern California. After a stay in San Diego, in February, 1827, he pushed north to the Stanislaus and, leaving his party encamped on that stream, with two companions on May 20 essayed a successful crossing of the Sierras. Then, braving the unknown Nevada desert, he joined his partners in the summer of 1827 at Bear Lake, near the present Laketown, Utah. Soon, with a party of nineteen men and two Indian women, he was again on his way south, retracing his route of the previous year.

In a treacherous attack by the Mohaves on the east bank of the Colorado nine of the party were slain, and the two women and all of the supplies captured. Beset by thirst, hunger, and heat, the survivors made their way over the desert, and at the end of ten days reached San Gabriel. There Smith secured fresh supplies and, leaving two of his men at the mission, in due time joined the party waiting for him on the Stanislaus. His troubles, however, were not ended, for during a visit to the mission and presidio of San Jose he was arrested, and after a fortnight's confinement conveyed to Monterey, temporary capital of the province. There some American ship captains intervened in his behalf, and when, on November 15, he bound himself to leave the country, he was released from custody. He found his combined party of twenty-one men at the presidio of San Francisco, and early in February, 1828, set out for the interior. In mid-April he decided not to attempt a crossing of the Sierras, and instead to head for the Oregon country by way of the coast. The party moved slowly northward, gathering furs, but on July 14, 1828, on the Umpqua River in what is now Douglas County, Oregon, while Smith was absent from camp, they were attacked by Indians, whom they had regarded as friendly, and only the leader and two of his men escaped with their lives. John Turner, one of the survivors, found Smith, and after weeks of weary travel the two men succeeded in reaching Fort Vancouver on the Columbia. There they found the other survivor, Arthur Black, and there Dr. John McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany gave them food, clothing, and shelter. Then Smith and Black, setting out on March 12, 1829, made their way up the Columbia to Fort Walla Walla, and thence to Pierre's Hole, the present Teton Basin, Idaho, where they were met by a party that had been sent out to search for them.

Smith, as head of the firm of Smith, Jackson, and Sublette, now took charge of its affairs and managed them to such good effect that in August, 1830, he and his partners, each with a competence at his command, were ready to leave the mountains. They sold their interests to a group headed by Fitzpatrick and Bridger, who adopted the name of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and, loading their supply wagons with 190 packs of furs, set out for St. Louis. There Jackson and Sublette without delay made ready to enter the Santa Fe trade, which was fast assuming substantial proportions, and on May 4, 1831, with a caravan, they left Independence on their first trip to the Southwest, a trip which was to have a tragic ending for Smith, who, having bought an outfit for two of his younger brothers, went along to help them manage the business.

Fitzpatrick, who had come from the mountains for supplies and who had fallen in with his former associates at Lexington, Missouri, kept them company as the guest of his old friend Smith. It was arranged that, when they reached Santa Fe, Fitzpatrick should buy from them the supplies he needed, along with pack animals to carry them to their destination in the north. There were eighty-seven men and twenty-three wagons in the caravan, but for all of them it was unknown country beyond the Arkansas, which they forded just west of the present Dodge City.

Ahead of them stretched the Jornada, sixty miles of waterless desert, the heat of late May giving a sharper edge to the south wind which beat full in the faces of the travelers, while to make matters worse the crisscross tramp of unnumbered thousands of buffalo had wiped out the trail made by the wagons of the previous year. On the third day after leaving the Arkansas, wracked by thirst and half blinded by wind and sun, the advance party divided, some going one and some another way in search of water. Smith and a companion headed south, following what they believed to be the trail, until they sighted, a few miles ahead of them, broken ground which to Smith's trained eye promised a spring or a water course.

And so, while Smith pushed ahead, his companion halted and waited for the main company. Spyglass in hand, he watched his friend climb a low hill and disappear from view, and that on May 31 was the last glimpse of Jedediah Smith had by any white man. Soon the main party came up, and, pushing on a few miles, reached the north fork of the Cimarron and shallow pools of water which saved the lives of all of them. Long and careful searching yielded no trace of Smith, and after a short rest the party continued on their way. When they reached Santa Fe on July 4, Mexican traders showed them Smith's rifle and silver-mounted pistols, which they had purchased from a band of Comanches. It is probable that his slayers had

crept upon Smith as he and his horse were drinking from a pool in the bed of the Cimarron; that one of them had pierced him in the back with a lance, and that, although mortally wounded, he had shot one or more of them with his rifle and pistols before he sank to earth.

All contemporary accounts agree that Smith was a born leader, and there is little doubt that, had length of years been granted him, he would have played a noteworthy part in the history of the West. "He was," writes William Waldo, a fellow trader, "a bold, outspoken, and consistent Christian, the first and only one among the early Rocky Mountain trappers and hunters. No one who knew him well doubted the sincerity of his piety. He had become a communicant of the Methodist Church before leaving his home in New York, and in St. Louis he never failed to occupy a place in the church of his choice, while he gave generously to all objects connected with the religion which he professed and loved. Besides being an adventurer and a hero, a trader and a Christian, he was himself inclined to literary pursuits and had prepared a geography and atlas of the Rocky Mountain region, extending perhaps to the Pacific; but his death occurred before its publication." Despite his years in the wilderness Smith had little love for the life men led there. "Instead of finding a Leatherstocking," writes a young man who saw him in St. Louis in November, 1830, "I met a well-bred, intelligent, and Christian gentleman, who repressed my youthful ardor and fancied pleasures for the life of a trapper and mountaineer by informing me that, if I went into the Rocky Mountains, the chances were much greater in favor of meeting death than of finding restoration to health, and that, if I escaped the former and secured the latter, the probabilities were that I would be ruined for anything else in life than such things as would be agreeable to the passions of a semisavage."

Thomas Fitzpatrick, called by the Indians Broken Hand and later White Hair, was born in Ireland in 1799, and in his seventeenth year came to America. He did not remain long in New York, but soon made his way to the Middle West, where, having at command the fundamentals of a sound education, he found employment as a clerk in the Indian trade, and in the spring of 1823 joined the expedition Ashley was forming for the Yellowstone country. It has already been told how, as second in command to Smith, he played a leading part in the discovery of South Pass.

Fitzpatrick's first sojourn in the mountains covered an unbroken period of seven years. In the course of it he became master of all the arts of the trapper and trader and finally as head of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company directed the most powerful and for a time the most profitable organization of its kind. Soon, however, Fitzpatrick and his associates found their supremacy disputed by the agents and superior resources of the American Fur Company. In the end the concern with the longest purse won, and Fitzpatrick became an employee of his whilom rival, but not before he had

placed to his credit one of the most stirring incidents in the history of the fur trade.

At an early stage of his career as a trapper the bursting of a rifle took off a finger and otherwise crippled his left hand. Thereafter he was known to the Indians as Broken Hand. A few years later, when his contest with the American Fur Company was nearing a climax, he one day set out alone from a point in the valley of the Sweetwater, east of South Pass, intent on reaching an appointed rendezvous at Pierre's Hole ahead of his rivals. Using two fleet horses as alternating mounts, and riding at top speed for hours at a stretch, he had crossed South Pass and the Big Sandy and was approaching Green River when he was confronted by a band of Grosventres, and knew that he must race for his life.

Fitzpatrick, always coolest in the hour of imminent peril, loosed one of his horses and on the other headed for a near-by mountain. Halfway up a steep path that led to the summit, his mount gave out under the strain. He abandoned it, and ran on, followed by the Indians, who had also dismounted and left their horses behind them. Finding a hole in the rocks, as his pursuers slowly gained on him, he crept into it, and hastily closed its mouth with sticks and leaves. The Indians passed his hiding place without finding it, and there, with furtive ventures into the open to determine if the coast was clear, he lay for a night and a day.

The second night Fitzpatrick descended the mountain, and, pushing forward until daybreak, concluded that he was beyond the range of pursuit. Hardships of the most trying sort, however, were still ahead of him. He feared to fire his rifle at game, and so pushed on with roots and berries his only food. It was days before, faint and despairing, he fell in with two half-breeds who had been sent from Pierre's Hole to find him; and when, safe in camp, he again looked into a mirror, it was to discover that his hair had turned perfectly white. And in no time to his Indian name of Broken Hand was added that of White Hair.

When his days as a trapper and trader were ended, Fitzpatrick found other important labors awaiting him. In 1835 he guided through South Pass the first missionaries and their wives sent out to Oregon, and six years later he acted as guide to the first emigrant train to follow what was soon to be known as the Oregon Trail. In 1843 he was Frémont's right hand in the Pathfinder's second expedition to the Pacific coast, and in 1846 he guided the Army of the West under Kearny on its march to Santa Fe.

Finally, in August, 1846, Fitzpatrick's pre-eminent fitness prompted his appointment as head of a newly created Indian agency, with jurisdiction over the tribes of the upper plains and mountain country, including the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Sioux. A total of 3,300 warriors with their families thus came under his care, and for seven and a half years he safeguarded the interests of government and ward with an

ability, a fine regard for truth and fair dealing, and an unerring knowledge of the Indian commanded by no other government official of his period. Fitzpatrick's outstanding achievement as Indian agent was the planning and execution of a general treaty with the tribes of the plains, which in September, 1851, caused 10,000 Indians to assemble at Fort Laramie, the greatest gathering of its kind in the history of the West.

Fitzpatrick was one of the few mountain men who failed to take Indian wives, as was the custom of the time and region, but in 1849, at the age of fifty, he married Margaret, the half-breed daughter of John Poisal, a French-Canadian trader among the Arapahoes; and the son of one of the children born of this union served with Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War.

In the opening days of 1854 Fitzpatrick's duties as Indian agent carried him to the capital. There a severe cold developed into an attack of pneumonia, and after a brief illness he passed from life. He was buried in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, and there he rests in an unmarked grave. In cool and balanced judgment and in the unswerving integrity which is the basis of character he was an epic figure without an equal among the mountain men.

Kit Carson, ten years younger than Fitzpatrick, who helped to train him in wilderness ways, early became the hero of a legend, which, growing with the years, has overshadowed the fame of most of his fellows, and there is little doubt that he was for long easily the most useful man in the Southwest. Born in Madison County, Kentucky, on Christmas Day, 1809, and carried when a babe in arms to the Boone's Lick country of Missouri, he drifted while still a youth to the more remote frontier, and before he was twenty-two trapped in Arizona and parts of California with Ewing Young and the latter's followers.

At Taos in the late summer of 1831 Carson fell in with Fitzpatrick and promptly agreed to accompany him to the northern trapping grounds. There he quickly completed his training as a trapper, and until its great days ended about 1838 he was a figure of steadily growing note in the fur trade. One of Carson's recent biographers styles him "the happy warrior," and there is ample evidence that he was ever an eager and buoyant participant in all the labors and pastimes of his fellows. The taking of human life, when occasion demanded, he quietly accepted as an inevitable part of the day's work. He fought a quarrelsome French giant on horseback with pistols, seriously wounding if not killing his antagonist; it is known that before he was thirty-two he had slain nineteen men, and during his latter years he no doubt accounted for as many more; but he never picked a quarrel, and never took life except when his own might have been the price of doubt or delay.

Ruxton gives a graphic picture of Carson in early manhood. "Last in height," writes the Englishman, "but first in every quality that constitutes

excellence in a mountaineer, whether of indomitable courage or perfect indifference to death or danger—with an iron frame capable of withstanding hunger, thirst, heat, cold, fatigue, and hardships of every kind—of wonderful presence of mind, and endless resource in time of peril—with the instinct of an animal and the moral courage of a man—who was ‘taller’ for his inches than Kit Carson, paragon of mountaineers? Small in stature and slenderly limbed, but with muscles of wire, with a fair complexion and quiet intelligent features, to look at Kit none would suppose that the mild-looking being before him was an incarnate devil in an Indian fight, and had raised more hair from head of Redskins than any two men in the western country; and yet thirty winters had scarcely planted a line or a furrow on his clean-shaven face.”

Prior to 1832, as already noted, all the finest hats were made of beaver. In that year the silk hat was invented, and slowly yet surely caught and held the fancy of smart dressers on both sides of the sea. As a result the price of beaver fell steadily from year to year; in 1838 the skin that in an earlier time had sold for six dollars commanded only a fraction of that sum, and Carson and his fellow trappers realized that they must find other ways to earn a livelihood. Kit first became buffalo hunter for Bent’s Fort, and a few years later—the Indian maiden whom he had early taken to wife without benefit of clergy having become a part of the past—he married a Mexican girl of Taos, which thereafter he regarded as his home. In 1842, and again in 1843, he served as guide to Frémont in the first two exploring expeditions which introduced the western country to the people of the East and won for their leader the title of Pathfinder; and he was Frémont’s most trusted lieutenant in the expedition that in 1846 had eventful issue in the conquest of California.

The same year Carson guided Kearny in his march from New Mexico to the Pacific coast. In the winter of 1863–1864, having discharged many sizable jobs in the meanwhile, he captained a party which conquered the Navahos after three governments had failed in efforts to subdue them. To the same period belonged his appointment as agent to the New Mexican Utes, and while discharging the duties of that office he also earned money for the support of his wife and growing family by conducting a ranch on the Rayado, where he bred horses and mules for sale to the government and to traders. His last important public service was performed in November, 1864, when as a colonel of volunteers at the head of 450 odd men in what is known as the battle of Adobe Walls, on the Canadian River in the Panhandle of Texas, he fought and held off three thousand Comanches, Kiowas, and Arapahoes, bent upon the undoing of his command.

Only once during these years did Carson again enjoy to the full the delights of his youth. There is a well-authenticated tradition that in the spring of 1852 he brought together for the last time a group of his old companions of the beaver trail—eighteen in all. They rode from Taos into

the mountains, there to trap many skins, for the beaver, unmolested for years, were again plentiful, and by the campfire of nights, during wanderings which led them to the Laramie Plains and back again to New Mexico, sang the songs, told the stories, and played the jokes that had delighted them in the days that were gone never to return. Then they disbanded, and in sober silence went their separate ways.

Carson's health, which had long been failing, broke completely in 1868, soon after the death of his wife in childbirth, and, leaving his children in the care of friends, he sought and found at Old Fort Lyon a fitting refuge for his last days. When informed that the end was near, he waved aside the warnings of the post physician, ate freely of a favorite dish which he had been told would be fatal to him, and then, calling an old comrade to his bedside, calmly swapped yarns until his breath failed him. His grave is beside that of his Mexican wife at Taos.

One of the last of the mountain men to pass to his final account was Richens Lacey Wootton, in old age known to his familiars as Uncle Dick. Born in 1816 in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, where he grew to six feet four of stalwart manhood, he drifted to the West at the age of nineteen, and there, despite his youth, quickly forged his way to leadership among the mountain men. His first important task was to lead from St. Louis into the country of the Sioux a party of thirteen men and ten wagons loaded with powder, lead, knives, beads, and other trade goods. The Sioux in those days were friendly to the white man, and, with a beaver skin worth fifteen dollars bought for thirty cents in trade, the expedition yielded the young trader and those who had sent him forth a generous profit.

Wootton spent the winter of 1836 at Bent's Fort, and in the following spring joined a party of seventeen which for nine months trapped the Rio Grande and other streams. The fall of 1837 found him back in St. Louis with furs that brought him \$4,000 in cash. With this goodly sum in his pocket, he planned at first to return to his Virginia home, but in the end the lure of the mountains was not to be resisted, and early in 1838 he set out on another expedition which was to last two years and span five thousand miles of wilderness. There were thirteen white men and six Indians in the party, and, although powder, lead, and traps were the only supplies they carried with them and their way lay through an unmapped country, fifteen of them returned alive.

They followed the Arkansas to its source in Colorado and, crossing the Great Divide to Green River, pushed up that stream into what is now western Wyoming. Then, moving westward, they trapped the Salmon and Snake rivers, often having to fight hostile Indians, and, descending the Columbia by easy stages to Vancouver, they sold their furs at the post of the Hudson's Bay Company. More months of travel and trapping up and down valleys, rivers, and along mountain streams, not always with satisfying results, brought them to the Pacific at San Luis Obispo in California.

Yet another short push southward, and then, ascending the Colorado and the Gila into Arizona by way of Utah, they reached New Mexico and their journey's end.

On the way two of Wootton's comrades were killed in a battle with the Indians. A poisoned arrow brought death in fearful form to a third, while a fourth was ambushed and slain by the Paiutes. August Claymore, the oldest man in the party, when alone on his trap line, was surprised and beaten over the head with clubs by a band of Snakes, who left him for dead. His comrades, searching for him, found what they believed to be his corpse, and one of them gave a clean suit of clothes to assure him seemly burial. A grave had been dug, and the body was about to be consigned to it, when the supposed dead man sat up and demanded a drink of water. He made a quick recovery, and for the rest of his days proudly boasted that he had worn out his burial suit.

Wootton, when the great days of the fur trade ended, became a man of all work on the frontier. He served for a time as game hunter for Bent's Fort, and, with a pack train and a gang of butchers to keep him company, frequently killed as many as thirty buffalo in a day. He was always alert to the main chance, and, when the rush to California was at flood, drove a flock of sheep from New Mexico to the mining camps, keeping clear of the Apaches, and returning with \$44,000 in gold and drafts. Now and again his services were sought by the government, and when, in the opening days of 1847, Doniphan made his famous march from El Paso del Norte to Chihuahua, it was Wootton who did not fail in the difficult task assigned him of finding water for 800 men in the Mexican desert.

In the course of time Wootton married a Mexican woman and settled in Taos, but soon tired of the life of a homemaker and homekeeper, and, after a long and fruitless search for the lost mines of the Sandia Mountains, settled in New Mexico, where he made money from a toll road over the Raton Pass which later became the route of the Santa Fe, and prospered as a farmer and cattle raiser. His death in 1908, at the ripe age of ninety-two, marked the end of an era, and the passing also of the last of a tribe of mighty men.

MATTHEW C. PERRY
AND FRANCIS L. HAWKS

*Americans Open Up Japan **

(1853)

JULY 14. The guides in the Japanese boats pointed to the landing place toward the center of the curved shore, where a temporary wharf had been built from the beach by means of bags of sand and straw. The advance boat soon touched the spot, and Captain Buchanan, who commanded the party, sprang ashore, being the first of the Americans who landed in the Kingdom of Japan. He was immediately followed by Major Zeilin, of the marines. The rest of the boats now pulled in and disembarked their respective loads. The marines (one hundred) marched up the wharf and formed into lines on either side, facing the sea; then came the hundred sailors, who were also ranged in rank and file as they advanced, while the two bands brought up the rear. The whole number of Americans, including sailors, marines, musicians, and officers, amounted to nearly three hundred; no very formidable array, but still quite enough for a peaceful occasion, and composed of very vigorous, able-bodied men, who contrasted strongly with the smaller and more effeminate-looking Japanese. These latter had mustered in great force, the amount of which the governor of Uraga stated to be five thousand; but, seemingly, they far outnumbered that. Their line extended around the whole circuit of the beach, from the further extremity of the village to the abrupt proclivity of the hill which bounded the bay on the northern side; while an immense number of the soldiers thronged in, behind and under cover of the cloth screens which stretched along the rear. The loose order of this Japanese army did not betoken any very great degree of discipline. The soldiers were tolerably well armed and equipped. Their uniform was very much like the ordinary Japanese dress. Their arms were swords, spears, and matchlocks. Those in the front were all infantry, archers, and lancers; but large bodies of cavalry were seen behind, somewhat in the distance, as if

* An event of tremendous consequence was the meeting on July 14, 1853, between Commodore Matthew C. Perry and Japanese officials at Yedo. Perry presented a message from President Fillmore asking for a commercial treaty and then sailed away to the China coast. A year later he returned and completed the treaty which opened Japan to Western nations. Perry and Francis L. Hawks wrote a *Narrative of the Expedition . . . to the China Seas and Japan* (1856), from which the selection reprinted here is taken.

held in reserve. The horses of these seemed of a fine breed, hardy, of good bottom, and brisk in action; and these troopers, with their rich caparisons, presented at least a showy cavalcade. Along the base of the rising ground which ascended behind the village, and entirely in the rear of the soldiers, was a large number of the inhabitants, among whom there was quite an assemblage of women, who gazed with intense curiosity, through the openings in the line of the military, upon the stranger visitors from another hemisphere.

On the arrival of the Commodore, his suite of officers formed a double line along the landing place, and, as he passed up between, they fell in order behind him. The procession was then formed and took up its march toward the house of reception, the route to which was pointed out by Kayama Yezaiman and his interpreter, who preceded the party. The marines led the way, and, the sailors following, the Commodore was duly escorted up the beach. The United States flag and the broad pennant were borne by two athletic seamen, who had been selected from the crews of the squadron on account of their stalwart proportions. Two boys, dressed for the ceremony, preceded the Commodore, bearing in an envelope of scarlet cloth the boxes which contained his credentials and the President's letter. These documents, of folio size, were beautifully written on vellum, and not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. Each seal, attached by cords of interwoven gold and silk with pendant gold tassels, was encased in a circular box six inches in diameter and three in depth, wrought of pure gold. Each of the documents, together with its seal, was placed in a box of rosewood about a foot long, with lock, hinges, and mountings, all of gold. On either side of the Commodore marched a tall, well-formed Negro, who, armed to the teeth, acted as his personal guard. These blacks, selected for the occasion, were two of the best-looking fellows of their color that the squadron could furnish. All this, of course, was but for effect.

The procession was obliged to make a somewhat circular movement to reach the entrance of the house of reception. This gave a good opportunity for the display of the escort. The building, which was but a short distance from the landing, was soon reached. In front of the entrance were two small brass cannon which were old and apparently of European manufacture; on either side were grouped a rather straggling company of Japanese guards, whose costume was different from that of the other soldiers. Those on the right were dressed in tunics, gathered in at the waist with broad sashes, and in full trousers of a gray color, the capacious width of which was drawn in at the knees, while their heads were bound with a white cloth in the form of a turban. They were armed with muskets upon which bayonets and flintlocks were observed. The guards on the left were dressed in a rather dingy, brown-colored uniform turned up with yellow, and carried old-fashioned matchlocks.

The Commodore, having been escorted to the door of the house of re-

ception, entered with his suite. The building showed marks of hasty erection, and the timbers and boards of pine wood were numbered, as if they had been fashioned previously and brought to the spot all ready to be put together. The first portion of the structure entered was a kind of tent, principally constructed of painted canvas, upon which in various places the imperial arms were painted. Its area enclosed a space of nearly forty feet square. Beyond this entrance hall was an inner apartment to which a carpeted path led. The floor of the outer room was generally covered with white cloth, but through its center passed a slip of red-colored carpet, which showed the direction to the interior chamber. This latter was entirely carpeted with red cloth, and was the state apartment of the building, where the reception was to take place. Its floor was somewhat raised, like a dais, above the general level, and was handsomely adorned for the occasion. Violet-colored hangings of silk and fine cotton, with the imperial coat of arms embroidered in white, hung from the walls which enclosed the inner room, on three sides, while the front was left open to the antechamber or outer room.

As the Commodore and his suite ascended to the reception room, the two dignitaries who were seated on the left arose and bowed, and the Commodore and suite were conducted to the armchairs which had been provided for them on the right. The interpreters announced the names and titles of the high Japanese functionaries as Toda-Idzu-no-kami, Toda, prince of Idzu, and Ido-Iwami-no-kami, Ido, prince of Iwami. They were both men of advanced years, the former apparently about fifty, and the latter some ten or fifteen years older. Prince Toda was the better-looking man of the two, and the intellectual expression of his large forehead and amiable look of his regular features contrasted very favorably with the more wrinkled and contracted and less intelligent face of his associate, the prince of Iwami. They were both very richly dressed, their garments being of heavy silk brocade interwoven with elaborately wrought figures in gold and silver.

From the beginning the two princes had assumed an air of statuesque formality, which they preserved during the whole interview, as they never spoke a word, and rose from their seats only at the entrance and exit of the Commodore, when they made a grave and formal bow. Yezaiman and his interpreters acted as masters of ceremony during the occasion. On entering, they took their positions at the upper end of the room, kneeling down beside a large lacquered box of scarlet color, supported by feet, gilt or of brass.

For some time after the Commodore and his suite had taken their seats there was a pause of some minutes, not a word being uttered on either side. Tatznoske, the principal interpreter, was the first to break silence, which he did by asking Mr. Portman, the Dutch interpreter, whether the letters were ready for delivery, and stating that the prince Toda was prepared to

receive them; and that the scarlet box at the upper end of the room was prepared as the receptacle for them. The Commodore, upon this being communicated to him, beckoned to the boys who stood in the lower hall to advance, when they immediately obeyed his summons and came forward, bearing the handsome boxes which contained the President's letter and other documents. The two stalwart Negroes followed immediately in rear of the boys and, marching up to the scarlet receptacle, received the boxes from the hands of the bearers, opened them, took out the letters and, displaying the writing and seals, laid them upon the lid of the Japanese box—all in perfect silence. The President's letter . . . [is] here given. . . .

MILLARD FILLMORE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, TO HIS
IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND: I send you this public letter by Commodore Matthew C. Perry, an officer of the highest rank in the navy of the United States, and commander of the squadron now visiting your imperial majesty's dominions.

I have directed Commodore Perry to assure your imperial majesty that I entertain the kindest feelings toward your majesty's person and government, and that I have no other object in sending him to Japan but to propose to your imperial majesty that the United States and Japan should live in friendship and have commercial intercourse with each other.

The Constitution and laws of the United States forbid all interference with the religious or political concerns of other nations. I have particularly charged Commodore Perry to abstain from every act which could possibly disturb the tranquillity of your imperial majesty's dominions.

The United States of America reach from ocean to ocean, and our Territory of Oregon and State of California lie directly opposite to the dominions of your imperial majesty. Our steamships can go from California to Japan in eighteen days.

Our great State of California produces about sixty millions of dollars in gold every year, besides silver, quicksilver, precious stones, and many other valuable articles. Japan is also a rich and fertile country, and produces many very valuable articles. Your imperial majesty's subjects are skilled in many of the arts. I am desirous that our two countries should trade with each other, for the benefit both of Japan and the United States.

We know that the ancient laws of your imperial majesty's government do not allow of foreign trade, except with the Chinese and the Dutch; but, as the state of the world changes and new governments are formed, it seems to be wise, from time to time, to make new laws. There was a time when the ancient laws of your imperial majesty's government were first made.

About the same time America, which is sometimes called the New World,

was first discovered and settled by the Europeans. For a long time there were but a few people, and they were poor. They have now become quite numerous; their commerce is very extensive; and they think that, if your imperial majesty were so far to change the ancient laws as to allow a free trade between the two countries, it would be extremely beneficial to both.

If your imperial majesty is not satisfied that it would be safe altogether to abrogate the ancient laws which forbid foreign trade, they might be suspended for five or ten years, so as to try the experiment. If it does not prove as beneficial as was hoped, the ancient laws can be restored. The United States often limit their treaties with foreign states for a few years, and they renew them or not, as they please.

I have directed Commodore Perry to mention another thing to your imperial majesty. Many of our ships pass every year from California to China; and great numbers of our people pursue the whale fishery near the shores of Japan. It sometimes happens, in stormy weather, that one of our ships is wrecked on your imperial majesty's shores. In all such cases we ask, and expect, that our unfortunate people should be treated with kindness, and that their property should be protected, till we can send a vessel and bring them away. We are very much in earnest in this.

Commodore Perry is also directed by me to represent to your imperial majesty that we understand there is a great abundance of coal and provisions in the Empire of Japan. Our steamships, in crossing the great ocean, burn a great deal of coal, and it is not convenient to bring it all the way from America. We wish that our steamships and other vessels should be allowed to stop in Japan and supply themselves with coal, provisions, and water. They will pay for them in money, or anything else your imperial majesty's subjects may prefer; and we request your imperial majesty to appoint a convenient port, in the southern part of the Empire, where our vessels may stop for this purpose. We are very desirous of this.

These are the only objects for which I have sent Commodore Perry, with a powerful squadron, to pay a visit to your imperial majesty's renowned city of Yedo: friendship, commerce, a supply of coal and provisions, and protection for our shipwrecked people.

We have directed Commodore Perry to beg your imperial majesty's acceptance of a few gifts. They are of no great value in themselves; but some of them may serve as specimens of the articles manufactured in the United States, and they are intended as tokens of our sincere and respectful friendship.

May the Almighty have your imperial majesty in His great and holy keeping!

In witness whereof, I have caused the great seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, and have subscribed the same with my name, at the city of Washington, in America, the seat of my government, on the thir-

teenth day of the month of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two.

[Seal attached.]

Your good friend,
MILLARD FILLMORE

By the President:
EDWARD EVERETT,
Secretary of State

(1854)

March 24. After the concessions made by the Japanese, related in the last chapter, the greatest good feeling prevailed on both sides, and there seemed every prospect of establishing those national relations which had been the purpose of Commodore Perry's mission. In accordance with the harmony and friendship which existed, there was an interchange of those courtesies by which mutual good feeling seeks an outward expression. The Japanese had acknowledged, with courtly thanks, the presents which had been bestowed on behalf of the government, and now, on the 24th of March [1854], invited the Commodore to receive the various gifts which had been ordered by the Emperor in return, as a public recognition of the courtesy of the United States.

The Commodore, accordingly, landed at Yokohama, with a suite of officers and his interpreters, and was received at the treaty house, with the usual ceremonies, by the high commissioners. The large reception room was crowded with the various presents. The red-covered settees, numerous tables and stands, and even the floors were heaped with the different articles. The objects were of Japanese manufacture, and consisted of specimens of rich brocades and silks, of their famous lacquered ware, such as chowchow boxes, tables, trays, and goblets, all skillfully wrought and finished with an exquisite polish; of porcelain cups of wonderful lightness and transparency, adorned with figures and flowers in gold and variegated colors, and exhibiting a workmanship which surpassed even that of the ware for which the Chinese are remarkable. Fans, pipe cases, and articles of apparel in ordinary use, of no great value, but of exceeding interest, were scattered in among the more luxurious and costly objects.

With the usual order and neatness which seem almost instinctive with the Japanese, the various presents had been arranged in lots, and classified in accordance with the rank of those for whom they were respectively intended. The commissioners took their position at the further end of the room, and, when the Commodore and his suite entered, the ordinary compliments having been interchanged, the Prince Hayashi read aloud, in Japanese, the list of presents, and the names of the persons to whom they were to be given. This was then translated by Yenoske into Dutch, and by

Mr. Portman into English. This ceremony being over, the Commodore was invited by the commissioners into the inner room, where he was presented with two complete sets of Japanese coins, three matchlocks, and two swords. These gifts, though of no great intrinsic value, were very significant evidences of the desire of the Japanese to express their respect for the representative of the United States. The mere bestowal of the coins, in direct opposition to the Japanese laws, which forbid, absolutely, all issue of their money beyond the Kingdom, was an act of marked favor.

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Monday, March 27, was the day appointed for the entertainment to which the Commodore had invited the commissioners and their attendants. Accordingly, great arrangements were made in the flagship preparatory to the occasion. The quarter-deck was adorned with a great variety of flags, and all parts of the steamer put in perfect order, while the officers, marines, and men dressed themselves in their uniforms and prepared to do honor in every respect to their expected visitors.

The Commodore was determined to give the Japanese a favorable impression of American hospitality, and had accordingly spared no pains in providing most bountifully for the large party expected, which was understood to comprise no less than seventy, exclusive of the boatmen and menials. As it was known that the strictness of Japanese etiquette would not allow the high commissioners to sit at the same table with their subordinates, the Commodore ordered two banquets, one to be spread in his cabin for the chief dignitaries, and another on the quarter-deck. The Commodore had long before made up his mind to give this entertainment as soon as the negotiations with the Japanese took a turn sufficiently favorable to justify some degree of convivial rejoicing. He had accordingly reserved for it live bullocks, some sheep, and a supply of game and poultry. The ordinary cabin stores of preserved meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, and a choice supply of the best wines furnished every requisite for the preparation of a generous feast. These abundant materials, under the cunning hands of the Commodore's *chef de cuisine*, assumed nearly every variety of dish attractive to the eye and appetizing to the taste.

Previous to coming on board the *Powhatan*, the commissioners visited the sloop-of-war *Macedonian*, being saluted as they stepped on her deck by seventeen guns from the *Mississippi*, lying near. The great guns and boarders having been exercised for their entertainment, the commissioners, with their numerous attendants, left for the *Powhatan*, the *Macedonian* firing a salvo in their honor as they took their departure. On arriving on board the flagship, they were first conducted through the different departments of the steamer, and examined with minute interest the guns and the machinery. A boat was lowered, with a howitzer in its bows, and this was repeatedly discharged, much to their amusement; for, although not a very warlike

people (at least in their modern history), the Japanese evidently had a great fondness for martial exercise and display. The engines were next put in motion, and they evinced the usual intelligence of the higher class of Japanese in their inquiries and remarks. After satisfying their curiosity, dinner was announced, and the five commissioners were conducted to the Commodore's cabin, where a very handsome banquet awaited them. The subordinate officials, amounting to about sixty, were provided for under the awning on the quarter-deck, where a large table had been spread with an abundant supply.

The Commodore had invited the four captains of the squadron, his interpreter, Mr. Williams, and his secretary to join the commissioners at the table. Yenoske, the Japanese interpreter, was allowed the privilege, as a special condescension on the part of his superiors, to sit at a side table in the cabin, where his humble position did not seem to disturb either his equanimity or his appetite. Hayashi, who always preserved his grave and dignified bearing, ate and drank sparingly, but tasted of every dish, and sipped of every kind of wine. The others proved themselves famous trenchermen, and entered more heartily than their chief into the conviviality of the occasion. Matsusaki was the soul of the party, and showed at once a very decided appreciation of American fare, and a special fondness for the champagne, with no marked aversion, however, to the other wines and beverages. The liqueurs, particularly the maraschino, seemed to suit the tastes of the Japanese exactly, and they drank unnumbered glasses of it. Matsusaki, who was a jovial fellow, soon showed the effects of his copious libations, and became very particularly happy. Hayashi, the grave prince, was the only one, in fact, whose sobriety was proof against the unrestrained conviviality which prevailed among his bacchanalian coadjutors.

The Japanese party upon deck, who were entertained by a large body of officers from the various ships, became quite uproarious under the influence of overflowing supplies of champagne, Madeira, and punch, which they seemed greatly to relish. The Japanese took the lead in proposing healths and toasts, and were by no means the most backward in drinking them. They kept shouting at the top of their voices, and were heard far above the music of the bands that enlivened the entertainment by a succession of brisk and cheerful tunes. It was, in short, a scene of noisy conviviality and of very evident enjoyment on the part of the guests. The eating was no less palatable to them than the drinking, and the rapid disappearance of the large quantity and variety of the viands profusely heaped upon the table was quite a marvel, even to the heartiest feeders among the Americans. In the eagerness of the Japanese appetite, there was but little discrimination in the choice of dishes and in the order of courses, and the most startling heterodoxy was exhibited in the confused commingling of fish, flesh, and fowl, soups and sirups, fruits and fricassees, roast and

boiled, pickles and preserves. As a most generous supply had been provided, there were still some remnants of the feast left, after the guests had satisfied their voracity, and most of these the Japanese, in accordance with their usual custom, stowed away about their persons to carry off with them. The Japanese always have an abundant supply of paper within the left bosom of their loose robes in a capacious pocket. This is used for various purposes; one species, as soft as our cotton cloth, and withal exceedingly tough, is used for a pocket handkerchief; another furnishes the material for taking notes, or for wrapping up what is left after a feast. On the present occasion, when the dinner was over, all the Japanese guests simultaneously spread out their long folds of paper, and gathering what scraps they could lay their hands on, without regard to the kind of food, made an envelope of conglomerate eatables in which there was such a confusion of the sour and sweet, the albuminous, oleaginous, and saccharine, that the chemistry of Liebig, or the practiced taste of the Commodore's Parisian cook, would never have reached a satisfactory analysis. Nor was this the result of gluttony, or a deficiency of breeding; it was the fashion of the country. These unsavory parcels they stowed away in their pockets, or in their capacious sleeves, to carry away with them. The practice was universal, and they not only always followed it themselves, but insisted that their American guests, when entertained at a Japanese feast, should adopt it also. Whenever the Commodore and his officers were feasted on shore, they had paper parcels of what was left thrust into their hands on leaving, which they were obliged to take away with them, as it seemed an important part of Japanese hospitality, which could not be declined without giving offense.

After the banquet, the Japanese were entertained by an exhibition of Negro minstrelsy, got up by some of the sailors, who, blacking their faces and dressing themselves in character, enacted their parts with a humor that would have gained them unbounded applause from a New York audience even at Christy's. The gravity of the saturnine Hayashi was not proof against the grotesque exhibition, and even he joined the rest in the general hilarity provoked by the farcical antics and humorous performances of the mock Negroes. It was now sunset, and the Japanese prepared to depart with quite as much wine in them as they could well bear. The jovial Matsusaki threw his arms about the Commodore's neck, crushing, in his tipsy embrace, a pair of new epaulettes, and repeating, in Japanese, with maudlin affection, these words, as interpreted in English: "Nippon and America, all the same heart." He then went toddling into his boat, supported by some of his more steady companions, and soon all the happy party had left the ships and were making rapidly for the shore. The *Saratoga* fired the salute of seventeen guns as the last boat pulled off from the *Powhatan*, and the squadron was once more left in the usual quiet of ordinary ship's duty.

GLENN CHESNEY QUIETT

*Building the Union Pacific **

WHEN General Dodge, on leave of absence from the army, took charge as chief engineer of the actual building of the Union Pacific in 1866, he found a chaotic, blundering, and utterly ineffective organization, or, rather, lack of organization. The construction and the operation of the railroad were being carried on separately under orders from different groups of officials in New York, none of whom knew anything about building a railroad across the plains; there was no head of the work west of the Missouri; the New York office men quarreled among themselves; the route had not been finally fixed, and engineering parties were roaming aimlessly around the prairies, some of them unpaid for months; while the road itself consisted of two streaks of rust jutting out into the Territory of Nebraska, which were likened to the man in the song who said, "I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way."

Knowing full well from his army experience the dangers of a divided command, and being aware of the difficulties involved in constructing a railroad through a territory with neither law nor order, Dodge had told Thomas C. Durant, vice-president and general manager, that he would accept the post of chief engineer only on condition that he be given absolute control in the field, without interference from any officials in New York or elsewhere. Having spent \$500,000 and produced just forty miles of track, over level prairie land, Durant, despite his itch to manage the project himself, was ready to turn it over to the one man who could confidently be expected to make it succeed. It was said that about half of the \$500,000 had gone into Durant's own pocket, and he probably thought that pocket would not be comfortably filled with Union Pacific money again unless the railroad should actually be built. So Dodge was given the job.

A month later he had organized the building of the Union Pacific along lines of military efficiency with all departments under his own unified command; and surveying, Indian-fighting, and track-laying were going forward simultaneously. Within two months more Dodge had the two Casement brothers, General Jack S. and Daniel, at work with a thousand men and a hundred teams laying track at furious speed. His formula for

* Reprinted from *They Built the West: An Epic of Rails and Cities* (New York, 1934) by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton-Century Company.

pushing the construction work was simple. He selected the two men best qualified for the job, gave them ample supplies, and to the track-layers, who were "ex-Confederate and Federal soldiers, mule skinner, Mexicans, New York Irish, bushwhackers, and ex-convicts from the older prisons of the East," he said, "Boys, I want you to do just what Jack Casement tells you to do. We've got to beat that Central Pacific crowd."

Thus the elements of a contest entered into the building of the Union Pacific, for a second road, the Central Pacific, was now pushing its tracks east from California as fast as it could. And this spirit of rivalry combined with a sense of loyalty to General Dodge to give these hardy laborers incentive to excel in speeding the tracks towards the Pacific. It was a rough-and-ready, happy-go-lucky crowd of Paddies, troopers, and toughs who laid the tracks of the Union Pacific. The preponderance of men who had been in the army, the leadership of General Dodge, General Casement, and other military men, the use of troops to protect the workers against the Indians, all gave the enterprise something of the racy flavor of war without all its dangers. Moreover, there was freedom such as soldiers seldom know, for there was plenty of money in circulation and plenty of opportunity to spend it with the collection of gambling games and dance halls that followed the construction camps and received the euphonious title of "hell-on-wheels."

Altogether, it was a rough, dangerous, dirty, sweating, hard-working, hard-drinking, free-spending life that this army of track-layers lived as they pushed the steel rails across the plains. They worked long hours under a fiercely burning sun in summer and in bitter cold in winter, for the plains climate ranged the extremes of heat and cold. A day's routine would read something like this: In the morning the men are up early in the boarding train, wash in tin basins, eat a hearty breakfast, and set out to the job. Heavy work at plowing, shoveling, and grading, or placing ties, carrying and spiking rails, keeps up till noon, when everybody knocks off an hour for a heavy dinner. Pitchers of steaming coffee; pans of soup; platters heaped with fried meat, roast meat, vegetables, potatoes; iron dishes of cold, watery canned tomatoes; condensed milk diluted with water; canned fruit, cakes, and pies make up the hearty menu. Little conversation enlivens the meal; the men are there to eat, and they make a business of it. In fifteen or twenty minutes they are out of the cookhouse, sitting around their bunks, smoking, sewing on buttons, or taking a little "shut-eye"—and when was sleep ever so sound or so efficiently refreshing as the half hour snatched from heavy, muscle-straining work in the middle of a long, hard day?

At one o'clock the walking boss routs them out, herds them back to the job, and for an hour or so spurs them on to their labors with exhortations and profanity so as to overcome the noontime lassitude. Cy Warman, in his *Story of the Railroad*, gives this picture of the walking-boss foreman:

He has his eye constantly upon the men. In ferocity he approaches nearer to the ideal sea captain than any man on the work. If a man is caught soldiering, he is jacked up; the next time he is jacked up a little higher; and with the third offense the walking boss calls the timekeeper, whom he orders to give the man his time, adding, for the enlightenment of the others, that this is not a Salvation Army, but a grading outfit. As a parting shot to the discharged man, he advises him to buy a drum if he wants to be a soldier. This little incident has a good effect. A hundred whips crack, and at the end of an hour each of the one hundred teams has brought in an extra scraper of dirt. At twenty cents, five scrapers to the yard, this means, for a hundred scrapers, five dollars; and that is where the skill of the walking boss comes in, and it counts.

In the late afternoon, "time" is called again, and the men have an hour to rest before supper, a more leisurely meal, after which they return to the bunkhouse cars, where card games are soon in progress and the air is thick with pipe smoke and murky with talk, perhaps talk somewhat akin to the "railroad talk" of later years, which was said to consist entirely of "whisky and women and higher wages and shorter hours." Or maybe they sing "Poor Paddy he works on the railroad," or "The great Pacific railway for California hail; bring on the locomotive, lay down the iron rail," or that favorite ditty:

Then drill, my Paddies, drill,—
Drill, my heroes, drill,—
Drill all day, no sugar in your tay,
Workin' on the U.P. railway.

If the money from the last payday is not all spent, the men will probably wander into the town, that moving "hell-on-wheels," for a night of bad whisky, gaudy dance-hall belles, crooked card games, and a morning-after headache. Of the raw night life of those camp towns it was written, "They counted that day lost whose low descending sun saw no man killed or other mischief done." One of the worst of these moving towns was that at Julesburg, Nebraska, where the gamblers took possession, occupied the land Dodge had set aside for shops, and took the law into their own hands. Dodge ordered General Casement to take charge and restore order; three weeks later, when he returned, the following conversation took place between Dodge and Casement:

"Are the gamblers quiet and behaving?"

"You bet they are, General. They're quiet and behaving out there in the graveyard."

As to the actual methods of work that produced such speedy building as was done on the Union Pacific, an anonymous contemporary journalist has this to say:

One can see all along the line of the now completed road the evidences of ingenious self-protection and defense which our men learned during the war.

The same curious huts and underground dwellings which were a common sight along our army lines then may now be seen burrowed into the sides of the hills or built up with ready adaptability in sheltered spots. The whole organization of the force engaged in the construction of the road is, in fact, semi-military. The men who go ahead, locating the road, are the advance guard. Following these is the second line, cutting through the gorges, grading the road, and building bridges. Then comes the main line of the army, placing the sleepers, laying the track, spiking down the rails, perfecting the alignment, ballasting the rail, and dressing up and completing the road for immediate use. This army of workers has its base, to continue the figure, at Omaha, Chicago, and still farther eastward, from whose markets are collected the material for constructing the road. Along the line of the completed road are construction trains constantly "pushing forward to the front" with supplies. The company's grounds and workshops at Omaha are the arsenal, where these purchases, amounting now to millions of dollars in value, are collected and held ready to be sent forward. The advance limit of the rail is occupied by a train of long box cars, with hammocks swung under them, beds spread on top of them, bunks built within them, in which the sturdy, broad-shouldered pioneers of the great iron highway sleep at night and take their meals. Close behind this train come loads of ties and rails and spikes, etc., which are being thundered off upon the roadside, to be ready for the track-layers. The road is graded a hundred miles in advance. The ties are laid roughly in place, then adjusted, gauged, and leveled. Then the track is laid.

Track-laying on the Union Pacific is a science, and we pundits of the Far East stood upon that embankment, only about a thousand miles this side of sunset, and backed westward before that hurrying corps of sturdy operatives with mingled feelings of amusement, curiosity, and profound respect. On they came. A light car, drawn by a single horse, gallops up to the front with its load of rails. Two men seize the end of the rail and start forward, the rest of the gang taking hold by twos until it is clear of the car. They come forward at a run. At the word of command the rail is dropped in its place, right side up, with care, while the same process goes on at the other side of the car. Less than thirty seconds to a rail for each gang, and so four rails go down to the minute! Quick work, you say, but the fellows on the U.P. are tremendously in earnest. The moment the car is empty, it is tipped over on the side of the track to let the next loaded car pass it, and then it is tipped back again; and it is a sight to see it go flying back for another load, propelled by a horse at full gallop at the end of sixty or eighty feet of rope, ridden by a young Jehu, who drives furiously. Close behind the first gang come the gaugers, spikers, and bolters, and a lively time they make of it. It is a grand Anvil Chorus that those sturdy sledges are playing across the plains. It is in triple time, three strokes to a spike. There are ten spikes to a rail, four hundred rails to a mile, eighteen hundred miles to San Francisco. That's the sum, what is the quotient? Twenty-one million times are those sledges to be swung, twenty-one million times are they to come down with their sharp punctuation, before the great work of modern America is complete!

It was fortunate that Dodge had insisted on complete control in building the Union Pacific, for within the next year he was faced with so many

and so varied obstacles that only an indomitable fighter clothed with absolute powers could have overcome them. When the road had been extended two hundred miles west of Omaha, a band of Indians swept down on one of the freight crews, captured the train, and held it; and this was the beginning of twenty months of bitter and continuous warfare. Personal conflict developed between Dodge and Durant when the vice-president attempted to assert his powers as general manager and interfere with Dodge's work and plans. The final location of the route had not yet been determined, and consequently Dodge was compelled to spend much time in the field exploring the country. Snow blockades stopped work and traffic in the winter, and in spring great floods swept through Nebraska, tearing out miles of track and telegraph poles.

When Dodge wrote General William T. Sherman that he proposed to reach Fort Sanders, 288 miles west from the head of the tracks, in another twelve months, and that he needed 5,000 soldiers east of the mountains and north of the Platte to give the men confidence and ensure the success of his plans, Sherman was astonished. "It is almost a miracle to grasp your purpose to finish to Fort Sanders in 1867," he wrote, "but you have done so much that I mistrust my own judgment and accept yours. I regard this road as the solution of Indian affairs and of the Mormon question, and I will help you all I can. You may rest easy that both Grant and I feel deeply concerned in the safety of your great national enterprise."

But, despite the sending of additional troops, the Indians were more than a match for the Union Pacific. From the Laramie Mountains they swooped down on the line, pulled up the surveyor's stakes, stole the horses, and drove the workmen away; they attacked another section near Laramie, stole the supplies, and burned everything in sight; they routed engineering parties; they killed a soldier and a tie-hauler and burned the stage stations on a fifty-mile front. They tried to wreck an engine by stretching a raw-hide lariat across the track with thirty braves on each side; as retaliation for the resulting carnage, they raided a near-by railroad station next evening, captured one man, and killed him by building a bonfire on his breast. General Dodge wrote Sherman that he was beginning to have serious doubts of the ability of General Christopher C. Augur, who had charge of the troops, to campaign against the Indians in the Powder River country and at the same time protect the railroad mail routes and the telegraph. So dangerous was the situation that Dodge traveled in a private car which was in reality an arsenal, with only enough space for a bed and a table which served alternately as a dining table and a desk.

The raids had become so frequent that Dodge had difficulty in hiring workmen; but Congress refused to allow military campaigns against the hostile Indians who infested the country to the south of Dodge's line near the Republican River, and the military protection from the marauders of the north and the west was inadequate. The situation indeed looked hope-

less. At this time, however, the government sent three commissioners from the East to the end of the track to examine the road. They had just finished their task and were standing on a hill overlooking the work, talking to Dodge, when suddenly more than a hundred Indians swooped down and attacked the workmen at lunch. For the first time government representatives heard the war whoops and the spatter of bullets, saw the wild savages, and felt the chill fear of death and scalping. Although there was a company of infantry a mile away, it could not reach the scene until after the Indians had finished their swift attack; the workmen ran for the shelter of the boxcars and fired not a single shot; Dodge left the commissioners standing on the hill, drew his revolver, berated the fleeing workmen, and then, returning, told the commissioners, now thoroughly frightened, "We've got to clean the damn Indians out or give up building the Union Pacific. The government can take its choice." Convinced, now, that Indian warfare was a desperate matter and not mere cattle-stealing and annoying interference, the commission went back to Washington and obtained more troops from Congress for the protection of the railroad-builders, and the danger from Indian attacks was materially lessened.

But Dodge had other battles to fight. Some of the government commissioners recommended that he stop work for six months, awaiting stronger military detachments, and he wrote in protest to President Oliver Ames in New York, "I'll push this road on to Salt Lake in another year or surrender my own scalp to the Indians. If we stop now, we may never get started again." Small wonder that Dodge was loath to stop now, for he had made a splendid record in pushing the road westward. His report of progress says that "the first surveys were made in the fall of 1863. The first grading was done in the fall of 1864. The first rail was laid in July, 1865. Two hundred and sixty miles were built in 1866, 240 in 1867, including the ascent of the first range of mountains to an elevation of 8,235 feet above sea level."

In his insistence that construction should continue uninterrupted, Dodge had the support of President Ames, but Vice-President Durant, irked by his loss of power, started intriguing to regain the control that Dodge had taken. Since the line had been pushed through the difficult stretch of Laramie Mountain country, Durant felt he could now get along without Dodge. So he began his bid for authority by attempting to change the location of the line and by declaring that the mountain-division headquarters would be at Laramie instead of Cheyenne. When he heard this, Dodge left Washington, where he was lobbying for the railroad, and started west. At Cheyenne he bluntly told the citizens that Durant had lied and that the railroad shops and headquarters would remain in their city. In May, 1868, he hurried on to Laramie, where a powerful gang of gamblers and whisky-venders were determined to make Laramie the divi-

sion headquarters and were threatening with violence the men on the construction work between Laramie and Cheyenne.

Dodge's biographer, J. R. Perkins, tells colorfully of his spectacular visit:¹

The "Big Tent" was up and doing a thriving business the evening Dodge arrived. It was the town's social and civic center, and it was just a little bigger and a little tougher than it had been at the other points. From a platform a German band played noisily; and while the mule-whackers, miners, and railroad workers danced with the strumpets, scores of others crowded the gambling tables, played monte, faro, and rondo coolo; and against the long bar, with its background of cut-glass goblets, ice pitchers, and high mirrors, leaned those who drank hard whisky and sang the sentimental songs of their childhood back in the older states.

Dodge's visit to Laramie City was a dash of cold water.

"The shops will remain at Cheyenne," he said. "And if the gamblers and saloon-keepers here don't let the railroad employees alone, I'll have General Gibbons send down a company of soldiers and we'll proclaim martial law. Take your choice."

Then he hunted up Thomas C. Durant, and the meeting was far from pleasant. "Durant," Dodge said in his deliberate way, "you are now going to learn that the men working for the Union Pacific will take orders from me and not from you. If you interfere there will be trouble—trouble from the government, from the army, and from the men themselves." He turned abruptly and left Durant standing in the dusty Main Street of Laramie City, and the rails of the Union Pacific began to be laid faster than ever before.

Dodge had long since told Oliver Ames that Durant was in the way and had received in return this statement from the president: "It shall be the duty of the chief engineer of the Union Pacific to take charge of all matters pertaining to the construction of the road." But now a battle royal loomed. Sidney Dillon wired Dodge that Durant had secured large powers from the company, and asked Dodge to hurry east to a meeting arranged by Durant with Grant, Sherman, railroad officials, and government commissioners to confer on the completion of the building of the road. At this meeting, July 26, 1868, Durant accused Dodge of selecting impossible routes, squandering money, and ignoring the judgment of his associates. He also declared that the road had not yet been located into Salt Lake. As Perkins tells the story:²

"What about it, Dodge?" General Grant inquired, leaning back in a cane-bottomed chair and smoking vigorously.

"Just this," Dodge began deliberately, "if Durant, or anybody connected with

¹ J. R. Perkins, *Trails, Rails and War* (copyright, 1929). Quoted by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

² *Ibid.*

the Union Pacific, or anybody connected with the government, changes my lines, I'll quit the road."

There was a tense pause; Grant shifted his cigar, Sherman's seamy face was immobile, but the others were ill at ease. Durant's delicate fingers pulled at his Van Dyke beard; he glanced at Colonel Seymour, his henchman, but said nothing. Grant finally broke the silence.

"The government expects this railroad to be finished," he said slowly. "The government expects the railroad company to meet its obligations. And the government expects General Dodge to remain with the road as its chief engineer until it is completed."

It was a dramatic moment; it was even a critical moment in the building of the first great transcontinental road. Durant looked at the man who would soon become President and doubtless did some quick thinking. Anyhow, whatever he thought, he turned to Dodge and said:

"I withdraw my objections. We all want Dodge to stay with the road."

With the question of absolute control finally settled, Dodge turned all his energies to the race with the Central Pacific and, with Dillon, hastened to Salt Lake. The Central Pacific had originally been chartered by the government to build east through California to the Nevada line, where, it was supposed, it would join tracks with the Union Pacific. But the wording was vague, and under the influence of the Central Pacific lobbyists Congress amended the act to declare that the two railroads should continue construction until their rails met. Just where this was to be was not stated, and, since every mile of track meant thousands of dollars in subsidies, each road was anxious to build as long a line as possible. Moreover, each looked covetously upon the traffic of the Salt Lake basin country, controlled by the Mormons, and each was anxious to earn the favor of the American public as the aggressive and dominant western road.

When officers of the Central Pacific saw that the Union Pacific was going to beat them to the western shore of Salt Lake and so cut them off from this rich traffic, Collis P. Huntington of the California road, who spent most of his time lobbying in Washington, induced President Johnson's Cabinet to believe that the Union Pacific had been poorly built and was not up to government specifications. He filed the location of the line of the Central Pacific 300 miles in advance of actual construction, partly over a line already graded by the Union Pacific east of Salt Lake; and then he obtained an order from the Secretary of the Interior restraining the Union Pacific from building west of the eastern end of this 300-mile survey. Since the Union Pacific had also filed its line west far beyond Salt Lake, as permitted by law, the question of which road should have the cash subsidies from the government was a difficult one; and it appeared that, under the law, both could ultimately collect, or try to collect.

In Washington the Central Pacific lobbied to secure the support of President Johnson's administration; in the field Dodge told his story to

sympathetic General Grant, who was soon to succeed Johnson as President. When the two roads were about the same distance from Promontory Point, on Salt Lake west of Ogden, Dodge proposed to Durant that they agree to meet there, but Durant, with his eye on the \$30,000 a mile subsidy, refused to consider any such negotiations. So both roads pushed forward as fast as they could.

In the meantime Dodge was having his troubles with the Mormons. When he announced that his surveys showed that the road should be built north of Salt Lake City to Ogden, the officials of the Mormon Church were furious. Since Brigham Young had already told his followers that the Lord had revealed to him that the Union Pacific would build directly to Salt Lake City, he now called the faithful together and preached a scorching sermon against this impious engineer and his railroad, which defied the Divine Will by leaving Salt Lake City off the main line. So strong was the feeling in the Mormon capital that Dodge's life was threatened, but fortunately the Central Pacific engineers decided that their road too must go north of the lake. Informing Brigham Young of the decision of the rival road, Dodge promised him that his company would build a branch south from Ogden into Salt Lake City; if the Mormons would not support this arrangement, the Union Pacific would block the Central Pacific from building such a connection. Thereupon the Prophet called together his twelve apostles, and it was decided that Dodge had more to offer than the road that the Church of Latter-Day Saints was then supporting. Consequently, in a great Tabernacle meeting, Brigham Young told his followers of the plans of the railroad to build into Salt Lake City from Ogden and revealed that "the Lord, in another vision, had commanded the Mormons to help the Union Pacific."

Having solved this difficulty, Dodge was called upon to take the hardest blow of all. For now the Central Pacific played its trump card. Huntington obtained from President Johnson, the day before his Cabinet went out of office, an order on the Treasury to issue \$1,400,000 in bonds to the Central Pacific in payment of the government subsidy on its line from Echo Cañon to Promontory Point, Utah, a line which had been filed by the Central Pacific but was already actually graded by the Union Pacific. Meanwhile, the Union Pacific had no money: the government withheld its subsidies; Jim Fisk, the stock-plunger, had secured a large block of its shares and tied the company up in litigation; Oliver Ames wrote, "We may have to quit." But Dodge pushed construction forward through the worst snowstorms in years and reached Ogden in March of 1869. With the final blow of the issue of government bonds to the Central Pacific it appeared that the Union Pacific could get no money for construction west of Ogden. Nevertheless, Dodge kept his crews at work and communicated with his friend Grant. He was rewarded for his tenacity when the new President of the United States annulled the former President's order and prohibited

the issuance of bonds to either road until the affairs of both companies should be investigated.

Under the Congressional Act of 1862 the Union Pacific had been empowered to build to the western boundary of Nevada and the Central Pacific to the eastern boundary of California, but there was an ambiguous clause permitting the Central Pacific to aid the Union Pacific in completing its tracks to the western boundary of Nevada. An amendment in 1866 permitted the two roads to continue construction until their rails met and allowed each road to locate its line 300 miles in advance of construction. Dodge suggested informally that the roads meet at Promontory Point, Utah, but the Central Pacific officers, who were anxious to build into Ogden and capture the Salt Lake trade, refused to agree, and Durant, who wanted to get the government subsidies for every possible mile, insisted that the Union Pacific build as far west as it could. Consequently, while pushing the tracks on toward Promontory Point, Dodge began locating the line, grading, and laying ties west of this point. And the Central Pacific began to grade a line from Ogden to Promontory Point paralleling that of the Union Pacific.

As Dodge continued westward and the gradings of the two roads began to parallel each other, fights between the crews were frequent. But, with the support of President Grant, Dodge had the upper hand, and he told Huntington that, if they did not arrange on a meeting point, the government would undoubtedly step in and take charge of both railroads. This powerful argument settled the matter; they agreed to meet, as Dodge had originally suggested, at Promontory Point, Utah, west of Ogden; and the Union Pacific agreed to sell the Central Pacific its graded right of way from the west at Echo Cañon into Ogden. Ultimately the Union Pacific received from the Central Pacific more than a million dollars for this construction work, as well as the government subsidies.

Even after agreement had been reached, there was still spirited, if not bitter, rivalry between the two roads, however, and the newspapers began to print reports of the race. It was pointed out that a day's work often resulted in more miles of track being laid than an ox train could travel in a day over the old overland trail. The papers would report that the Union Pacific had laid six miles of track one day; and next day the Central Pacific would make an extra spurt of speed and lay seven miles. In order to speed construction the Chinese track-layers of the Central Pacific were supplemented by championship crews of stalwart Irishmen; as a result, Thomas Durant lost a \$10,000 wager that the rival road could not lay ten miles of track in a day. As the roads neared Promontory Point, another crisis loomed when a general strike was threatened if the Union Pacific workmen were not paid their overdue wages immediately. They had already shot one foreman, hanged another, and kicked a contractor out of his own camp because they were not paid, and finally Durant, on his way

west for the final construction ceremonies, was seized by workmen and held for ransom, the ransom being payment in full of all wages. Dodge wired Ames of the desperate situation, requesting one million dollars in cash. Fortunately, the president was able to obtain this, Durant was released, and the Union Pacific completed its tracks into Promontory Point.

On May 10, 1869, the rival roads came together, and grimy workmen leaning on their shovels joined with state officials and railroad officers, Mormon saints, Indians, frontiersmen, and camp-followers in the celebration that marked the end of five years of toil. Leland Stanford, Governor of California and one of the backers of the Central Pacific, came out with his party on a special drawn by an engine christened "Jupiter," the party including Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker, and others; the Union Pacific party included, among others, Dodge, Durant, Dillon, and the Casement brothers. There was a spirited controversy over whether Durant or Stanford should drive the golden spike, but finally the Union Pacific crowd sulkily yielded this honor to the Governor.

Although the project of the Pacific railway had seemed to many a wildcat scheme, the recent race between the roads had filled the newspapers with stories of the magnitude of the project, its future possibilities, and its importance to the nation. Hence the whole country was agog over the driving of the last spike. When a clergyman from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, had concluded his prayer, the telegraph flashed, "We have got done praying"; and the reply came back, "We are all ready in the East." Now came the great moment. Every town in the nation got the message, "Hats off," and Governor Stanford with a silver sledge drove the golden spike home, into a tie of polished laurel, touching an electric wire attached to the spike which sent its impulse over the telegraph wires of the nation and told the world that the Pacific railroad was completed. In New York, Trinity Church was thrown open at midday. The *Te Deum* was sung, and an address was delivered by the Reverend Dr. Vinton before a large crowd "united to tender thanks to God for the completion of the greatest work ever undertaken by man." In Philadelphia bells were rung and cannon fired. At Buffalo thousands gathered to hear the telegraph signals, sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and listen to speeches by distinguished citizens. A hundred guns were fired in Omaha, and Chicago showed its feeling in a parade four miles long and a mass meeting at night. Business was entirely suspended in San Francisco; buildings and ships were decorated with bunting, bells rang, whistles tooted, and the town was in a furore for days.

When their engines stood head-on at the end of their respective tracks that day, the Central Pacific had constructed 690 miles of railroad east from Sacramento, the Union Pacific 1,086 west from the Missouri. Each engineer broke a bottle of champagne over his rival's engine, and the day ended in speeches and feasting. . . .

How well Dodge's work was done, despite the speed at which it was

finished, we can judge from the final report of the government commission of engineers:

Taken as a whole, the Union Pacific Railroad has been well constructed. The general route for the line is exceedingly well chosen, crossing the Rocky Mountain ranges at some of the most favorable passes on the continent, and possessing capabilities for easy grades and favorable alignments unsurpassed by another railway line on similarly elevated grounds. The energy and perseverance with which the work has been urged forward and the rapidity with which it has been executed are without parallel in history. In the grandeur and magnitude of the undertaking it has never been equaled, and no other line compares with this in the arid and barren character of the country it traverses, giving rise to unusual inconveniences and difficulties, and imposing the necessity of obtaining almost every requisite of material, of labor, and supplies for its construction, from the initial point of its commencement.

CYRUS W. FIELD

*Laying the Atlantic Cable **

It is nearly thirteen years since half a dozen gentlemen met at my house for four successive evenings and around a table covered with maps and charts, and plans and estimates, considered a project to extend a line of telegraph from Nova Scotia to St. John's in Newfoundland, thence to be carried across the ocean. It was a very pretty plan on paper. There was New York, and there was St. John's, only about twelve hundred miles apart. It was easy to draw a line from one point to the other—making no accounts of the forests and mountains, and swamps and rivers and gulfs, that lay in our way. Not one of us had ever seen the country or had any idea of the obstacles to be overcome. We thought we could build the line in a few months. It took two years and a half. Yet we never asked for help outside our own little circle. Indeed, I fear we should not have got it if we had—for few had any faith in our scheme. Every dollar came out of our own pockets.

You perceive that in the beginning this was wholly an American enterprise. It was begun, and for two years and a half was carried on, solely by American capital. Our brethren across the sea did not even know what we were doing away in the forests of Newfoundland. Our little company raised and expended over a million and a quarter of dollars before an Englishman paid a single pound sterling. And in preparing for an ocean cable, the first soundings across the Atlantic were made by American officers in American ships. Our scientific men—Morse, Henry, Bache, and Maury—had taken great interest in the subject. The United States ship *Dolphin* discovered the telegraphic plateau as early as 1853, and the United States ship *Arctic* sounded across from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1856, a year before Her Majesty's ship *Cyclops*, under command of Captain Dayman, went over the same course. This I state, not to take ought from the just praise of England, but simply to vindicate the truth of history.

It was not till 1856—ten years ago—that the enterprise had any existence in England. Science had begun to contemplate the necessity of such an enterprise, and the great Faraday cheered us with his lofty enthusiasm.

* From a speech delivered by Field and first published in a *Report of the Proceedings at a Banquet Given to Mr. Cyrus W. Field by the Chamber of Commerce of New York at the Metropolitan Hotel, November 15, 1866* (New York, 1866).

With the history of the expedition of 1857-1858 you are familiar. On the third trial we gained a brief success. The cable was laid, and for four weeks it worked, though never very brilliantly, never giving forth such rapid and distinct flashes as the cables of today. It spoke, though only in broken sentences. But, while it lasted, no less than four hundred messages were sent across the Atlantic. You all remember the enthusiasm which it excited. It was a new thing under the sun, and for a few weeks the public went wild over it. Of course, when it stopped, the reaction was very great. People grew dumb and suspicious. Some thought it was all a hoax, and many were quite sure that it never worked at all. That kind of odium we have had to endure for eight years, till now, I trust, we have at last silenced the unbelievers.

After the failure of 1858 came our darkest days. When a thing is dead, it is hard to galvanize it into life. It is more difficult to revive an old enterprise than to start a new one. The freshness and novelty are gone, and the feeling of disappointment discourages further effort.

When the scientific and engineering problems were solved, we took heart again and began to prepare for a fresh attempt. This was in 1863. In this country—though the war was still raging—I went from city to city, holding meetings and trying to raise capital, but with poor success. Men came and listened and said it was all very fine and hoped I would succeed, but did nothing. In one of the cities they gave me a large meeting and passed some beautiful resolutions and appointed a committee of "solid men" to canvass the city, but I did not get a solitary subscriber! In this city I did better, though money came by the hardest effort. By personal solicitations, I succeeded in raising seventy thousand pounds. It was plain that our main hope must be in England, and I went to London. There, too, it dragged heavily. There was a profound discouragement. Many had lost before and were not willing to throw more money into the sea. We needed six hundred thousand pounds, and with our utmost efforts we had raised less than half, and there the enterprise stood in a deadlock. It was plain that we must have help from some new quarter. I looked around to find a man who had broad shoulders and could carry a heavy load and who would be a giant in the cause.

It was at this time I was introduced to a gentleman whom I would hold up to the American public as a specimen of a great-hearted Englishman, Mr. Thomas Brassey. In London he is known as one of the men who have made British enterprise and British capital felt in all parts of the earth. I went to see him, though with fear and trembling. He received me kindly but put me through such an examination as I never had before. I thought I was in the witness box. He asked me every possible question, but my answers satisfied him, and he ended by saying it was an enterprise which ought to be carried out and that he would be one of ten men to furnish the money to do it. This was a pledge of sixty thousand pounds sterling!

Encouraged by this noble offer, I looked about to find another such man, though it was almost like trying to find two Wellingtons. But he *was* found in Mr. John Pender, of Manchester. I went one day to his office in London, and we walked together to the House of Commons, and before we got there he said he would take an equal share with Mr. Brassey.

A few days after, half a dozen gentlemen joined together and bought the *Great Eastern* to lay the cable.

Thus organized, the work of making a new Atlantic cable was begun. The core was prepared with infinite care, under the able superintendence of Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Willoughby Smith, and the whole was completed in about eight months. As fast as ready, it was taken on board the *Great Eastern* and coiled in three enormous tanks, and on the 15th of July, 1865, the ship started on her memorable voyage.

I will not stop to tell the story of that expedition. For a week all went well; we had paid out twelve hundred miles of cable and had only six hundred miles farther to go, when, hauling in the cable to remedy a fault, it parted and went to the bottom. That day I can never forget—how men paced the deck in despair, looking out on the broad sea that had swallowed up their hopes; and then how the brave Canning for nine days and nights dragged the bottom of the ocean for our lost treasure and, though he grappled it three times, failed to bring it to the surface. We returned to England defeated, yet full of resolution to begin the battle anew. Measures were at once taken to make a second cable and fit out a new expedition, and with that assurance I came home last autumn.

In December I went back again, when lo! all our hopes had sunk to nothing. The Attorney General of England had given his written opinion that we had no legal right, without a special act of Parliament (which could not be obtained under a year), to issue the new twelve per cent shares on which we relied to raise our capital. This was a terrible blow. It was finally concluded that the best course was to organize a new company, which should assume the work, and so originated the Anglo-American Telegraph Company. Then the work began again and went on with speed. Never was greater energy infused into any enterprise. It was only the first day of March that the new company was formed, and was registered as a company the next day; and yet such was the vigor and dispatch that in five months from that day the cable had been manufactured, shipped on the *Great Eastern*, stretched across the Atlantic, and was sending messages, literally swift as lightning, from continent to continent.

Yet this was not "a lucky hit"—a fine run across the ocean in calm weather. It was the worst weather I ever knew at that season of the year. We had fogs and storms almost the whole way. Our success was the result of the highest science combined with practical experience. Everything was perfectly organized to the minutest detail. . . .

But our work was not over. After landing the cable safely at Newfound-

land, we had another task—to return to midocean and recover that lost in the expedition of last year. This achievement has perhaps excited more surprise than the other. Many even now “don’t understand it,” and every day I am asked how it was done. Well, it does seem rather difficult to fish for a jewel at the bottom of the ocean two and a half miles deep. But it is not so very difficult when you know how. You may be sure we did not go a-fishing at random, nor was our success mere luck. It was the triumph of the highest nautical and engineering skill. We had four ships and on board of them some of the best seamen in England—men who knew the ocean as a hunter knows every trail in the forest. There was Captain Moriarty, who was in the *Agamemnon* in 1857–1858. He was in the *Great Eastern* last year and saw the cable when it broke, and he and Captain Anderson at once took their observations, so exact that they could go right to the spot. After finding it, they marked the line of the cable by a row of buoys; for fogs would come down and shut out sun and stars so that no man could take an observation.

These buoys were anchored a few miles apart. They were numbered, and each had a flagstaff on it, so that it could be seen by day, and a lantern by night. Having thus taken our bearings, we stood off three or four miles so to come broadside on; and then, casting over the grapnel, drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went. At first it was a little awkward to fish in such deep water, but our men got used to it and soon could cast a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing line was a formidable size. It was made of rope twisted with wires of steel so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach bottom, but we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom two miles under us. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms and fogs and squalls.

Still we worked on, day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long, slimy monster, fresh from the ooze of the ocean’s bed; but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened and suddenly broke away and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer, but finally on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board. What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man’s life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared, it was midnight; the lights of the ship and in the boats around our bows, as they flashed in the faces of the men, showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water.

At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it. Yet not a word was spoken—only the

voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room, to see if our long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man and was heard down in the engine rooms, deck below deck, and from the boats on the water and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west.

But soon the wind rose, and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale, as I sat in the electricians' room, a flash of light came up from the deep which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in midocean, telling that those so dear to me, whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson, were well and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea, bidding me keep heart and hope. The *Great Eastern* bore herself proudly through the storm, as if she knew that the vital cord which was to join two hemispheres hung at her stern; and so, on Saturday, the 7th of September, we brought our second cable safely to the shore.

EDWARD EVERETT DALE

The Cow Country in Transition *

RIVALRIES serve to explain many things in history. The rivalry between Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, and England and Spain are all familiar Old World examples, while that between North and South, the industrial East and the agricultural West, and New York and Boston are equally familiar for the New. Similarly, rivalries have often existed not between cities, nations, or geographic regions, but between groups or certain social, economic, or racial orders within the same region. When the Anglo-American civilization struck the Spanish culture of the Southwest, when the English colonists came in contact with those of the French in Canada, or when the New England Puritans met and mingled with the German settlers of the Old Northwest, a struggle ensued as to which racial element and which type of social order should prevail.

Out of this mingling of two societies came first conflict and eventually a fusion producing a new order unlike either of the first two, but with some of the attributes of both. So developed a regional society, growing from two stems, which continued for generations and which still bears fruit of a hybrid variety showing certain characteristics of both parent stocks.

If "it is a wise child that knows his own father," so is it a wise society which knows both its own father and its own mother, or the two dominant roots from which it sprang. Obviously, these are often more than two in number, but perhaps in most cases two are so much more important than the others that they may logically be called the parents of the existing society. The father of the present social order in most of that part of the western prairie states settled within the last two generations was the wild, roaring "cow country" of earlier days, while the mother might be said to be the agricultural society of the homesteaders coming from the wooded, or partially wooded, crop-growing region of small farmers farther east. The story of their introduction to one another and the ripening of their acquaintance until "these twain became one flesh" is a story which, so far as the writer knows, has never been told with any detail. Yet it is a most significant story which, if the figure of speech may be continued, proves con-

* Reprinted from *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review* for June, 1937, by permission of the author and the publishers.

clusively the truth of Kipling's famous statement that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." It indicates, too, that the bride did all the pursuing, and, having won her mate by strong-arm methods, she eventually imposed upon him and upon the family most of her own ideas and ideals. The wild, roistering days of his youth were left behind. He and his children in time joined the wife's church, adopted her way of life, and settled down as sober, respectable citizens. Only occasionally does the offspring show an outcropping of that paternal wildness which had made its father a bit notorious in earlier years.

It is true that during the period of the honeymoon the groom made a more or less determined effort to induce his spouse to accept his guidance as to the conduct of their daily affairs of life, but in this he met with scant success. She was an obstinate and headstrong wench, and he soon became impressed with the truth of the old rhyme:

A wedding is the greatest place
For folks to go and learn;
He thought that she was his'n
But he found that he was her'n.

This union was to bear fruit in the years following the Civil War when a vast stream of cattle flowed north out of Texas and spread over the central and northern plains, while agricultural settlement hesitated for a time at the eastern edge of the great prairies. Even a half decade after Appomattox the states and territories forming the second tier west of the Mississippi were comparatively thinly peopled. At that time their unsettled area included nearly all of the Dakotas, the western three fourths of Nebraska, two thirds of Kansas, virtually all of Indian Territory except for the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians in its eastern one third, and the western two thirds of Texas. Much of this region was potentially valuable for the growing of crops, and all of it, together with the broad expanse of more arid lands farther west, was wide open to occupation by cattle. Within two decades after the close of the war the range cattle industry had spread over virtually all of this vast territory and had reached the point of its greatest extent and the height of its importance.

So came into existence that vast pastoral empire commonly known as the "cow country," in which society had for its economic basis cattle and the native pasturage upon which they fed. Like every pastoral society, it was mobile, with the people who composed it far less fixed as to abode than were the crop-growing farmers farther east. True, some ranchmen owned in fee at least a part of the lands occupied by their herds and had built permanent homes where they lived with their families. Most of them, however, occupied temporary ranges upon the public domain or on Indian reservations where their tenure was most precarious and uncertain. In such cases improvements were of flimsy and temporary construction, and the

headquarters was merely the administrative center of their business. As conditions changed, these men would, in a few years, shift their operations and establish new headquarters, or in some cases remove all or a portion of their cattle to new ranges quite remote from the original ranch. As for the cowboys who carried on the business, they seldom had any fixed abode which could properly be called a home. They occupied temporary line camps along the borders of a range. Here they might remain for only a few months, after which they would be transferred to some other camp. They followed the round-up wagon in the spring or autumn, accompanied herds of cattle on the long drive up the trail, left one outfit after a few months or a few years to seek employment with another, and were in general a wandering and restless group seldom occupying, for any considerable length of time, a fixed habitation.

Since the cattle business requires comparatively few persons for its successful operation, the cow country was very thinly peopled and the society primitive and rough. The cowboy, who is, however, often pictured either as a Sir Galahad or a wild semioutlaw, was, as a matter of fact, neither the one nor the other. He was in most cases a young man who worked hard, lived according to his code, and who maintained toward his employer or the brand an intense and wholehearted loyalty. That some were wild and rough cannot be denied, but they were by no means as black as they have been painted, or as they at times saw fit to paint themselves. The average cowpuncher was a sane and reasonably sober individual who lived a lonely, but not unhappy, life. In bad weather he might endure considerable hardship, but this was forgotten when the sun shone bright and warm and colorful wild flowers sprinkled the green prairie. He liked his work, was proud of his job, and, like every man on horseback, whether he be called knight, *chevalier*, *Ritter*, *caballero*, or cow hand, felt himself distinctly superior to the man who walked.

By the early eighties an enthusiasm for ranching on the great western plains, amounting almost to a craze, had swept over the United States and had extended even to Great Britain and the European continent. By this time, also, a curious kind of "American feudalism" had grown up in the Far West bearing certain similarities to the society of medieval Europe. The great ranchman often occupied a range larger than was the territory claimed by many a petty German princeling. His riders were quite as numerous as were the knights and men-at-arms of some of the Old World barons. His brand, the X.I.T., the Pitchfork, Frying Pan, or Long X, was as widely known as had been the bleeding heart of the Douglas, the white lion of the Howards, or the clenched hand and dagger of the Kilpatrick. The ranch house, where he dispensed a generous hospitality to all comers, except that it often shifted as to place, was somewhat of an equivalent to the medieval castle, and, if the cow country had no tilts or tournaments,

the rodeo or roping contest furnished a fairly satisfactory substitute.

The range area was peculiarly a man's country. One range rider has recorded that during a year's work he did not see a woman for nine months, and the writer as late as 1904 visited a ranch in western Texas where the ranchman's wife asserted that she had not seen another woman for over six weeks. Since women were so few in number, they were held in high esteem and treated with an almost exaggerated respect. Many a quick-witted cowboy known for his gay conversation and clever repartee with his own kind became a tongue-tied, stuttering moron when in the presence of a woman with whom he was but slightly acquainted. Yet some few of the ranchmen had wives and daughters who gave a feminine touch to their homes and who would occasionally arrange social affairs which people traveled long distances to attend. These were, in most cases, dances with few girls and many "stags" where the "square dance" or quadrille was the rule. Music was furnished by one or two fiddlers, assisted at times by someone to "beat the strings" with two heavy knitting needles or pieces of wire. If the home boasted a cottage organ and someone could be found to "second on the organ," so much the better. The dance often lasted all night, with supper served at midnight. "We danced the last set after sunrise" was a proud boast meant to indicate a remarkably good time. Since girls were so few in number, some danced virtually every set, and after breakfast mounted their horses to ride fifteen to thirty miles to their homes.

Such dances furnished the average cow hand with almost his only opportunity for the society of women. His pleasures were few and simple. He sometimes had at his camp a few books or magazines and of course played cards if he had a partner, or if some stray rider dropped in to spend the night. If on his rare visits to town he sought solace in a game of poker or a few drinks, he should be pitied for the loneliness of his life rather than blamed for his weakness or folly.

Into this rough, masculine society of the cow country eventually began to be projected a far different social order. Men from the settled regions to the east, eagerly seeking for "level land" upon which to establish homes, came in with their families in covered wagons, bringing not only strange tools and household goods, but even stranger ideas and ideals. Choosing one-hundred-sixty-acre homesteads on the fertile plains, these men set to work to build homes, plow up the prairie sod, fence fields, and plant crops. Into a region of long-horned steers, hard riding men, boots, spurs, branding irons, saddles, ropes, and six-shooters, they brought plows and hoes, pitchforks, churns, cookstoves, rocking chairs, feather beds, pillows, dogs, cats, pigs, and chickens, but most important of all, wives and children.

To a region of sour-dough bread, beefsteak, bacon, dried apples, beans, flapjacks, and coffee were brought salt-rising bread, buttermilk biscuits, pies, cakes, doughnuts, preserves, jellies, custards, and fresh vegetables. To

a vast area covered with cattle, these newcomers, curiously enough, brought milk and butter, articles of food from which the average cowpuncher shied as does a range horse from corn.

Most significant of all, these people brought the home, the school, the church, and the Sunday school to compete with the camp, saloon, dance hall, and gaming table. With all of these things they brought what was to the cow country a new conception of life and of society—a new set of objectives to be attained.

The effects of the impact of this sober, settled, industrious farming population upon the more primitive pastoral society of the cow country were at once apparent. The range riders regarded these intruders with some contempt and suspicion, not unmingled with active hostility. They must inevitably be men of small ideas, since each was bound to a petty one hundred sixty acres of land, walked rather than rode, and worked at such menial tasks as plowing, milking cows, and feeding chickens. The ignorance and general wrong-headedness of many a newcomer were, moreover, alarming. He climbed on a horse like a man going up a ladder, could not read a brand, and, if he owned a saddle at all, it was an antiquated structure the very sight of which moved the punchers to spasms of laughter. His methods of doing business were mysterious and past finding out. The fence, designed to protect his field, consisted of one wire and a dog, and he possessed a "one-way pocketbook" wherein he hoarded diligently his few hard-earned dimes.

"I guess old man Johnson's maybe a nice old feller enough," said cow hand Bill Jones, "but he don't know nothin' at all about business. Why, he's savin' as hell."

"That's right," answered his companion. "You know th' other day he gave me a letter to mail and two copper cents to buy the stamp. I told him that nothin' less'n a nickel goes in this country."

"Just like him," replied Bill. "He may be all right in his way, but damn his way."

So spoke Bill Jones, and so spoke the cow country as a whole. The homesteader, commonly called the "nester," might be all right in his way, but it was a far different way from that of the range region, and the latter disapproved of it wholeheartedly. His penny-pinching tendency was but one of many unpleasant characteristics, but that alone was bad enough. Any man who had been known to refuse a respectable traveler a couple of meals and a night's lodging, or, even worse, to demand payment for such a trifling courtesy, was beneath contempt.

The range riders regarded themselves as far above any such petty meanness. In fact, until the coming of these homesteaders, such behavior was an unheard-of thing. A rider might stop at any cow camp, certain of food and shelter and a cordial welcome. If the cowboy stationed at the camp happened to be absent, it did not matter. No lock was on the door, and any

hungry traveler passing by was expected to go in and prepare himself a meal or spend the night if he wished, courtesy only requiring that he wash the dishes before leaving. The cow hands drew fair wages, had no families to support, and took very little thought of the morrow. Money, if they had it, was to spend. They bought drinks for the crowd, candy by the pound, wore expensive hats and gloves, and paid enough for one pair of boots to shoe the numerous issue of the homesteader for a whole year with something left over. If they wanted to shoot craps or play poker for high stakes when they were in town, who was to say them nay? It was their own money. If they lost it, they were sure of food and a place to sleep at any ranch or line camp in the whole great pastoral empire that was the cow country. Such minor courtesies as riding thirty miles to restore a strayed horse to the owner, lending a friend half a month's wages, or taking him a quarter of beef were a part of life. Would not anyone do the same? Of course he would, unless he happened to be one of these blue-nosed nesters!

The cow hands observed that their boss, who owned the ranch, carried on his business on the same basis, and they felt it must be the correct basis since he was a wealthy and successful man. His hospitality was boundless. Any stranger was welcome at the ranch and might stay as long as he liked. They had seen the ranch owner feed and care for from fifty to a hundred head of some neighboring ranchman's cattle all winter until the latter could come and get them. With many thousands of dollars in the bank he would give a common puncher a book full of checks signed in blank and start him out to buying steers, certain that every check would be filled out for exactly the correct amount required in each purchase. They had, in some cases, seen him play at dice for fifty dollars a throw, and there were rumors of valuable ranches or an entire brand of cattle won or lost in a single poker game. They knew that he had borrowed or loaned thousands of dollars with no collateral involved except the name and reputation of the borrower.

"I've been doing business with you for some time now," an old ranchman once wrote to a friend who had met with misfortune. "We've bought and sold back and forth, and I think we're about even. You figure it up, and if I owe you anything, let me know what it is and I'll send you a check. If you owe me anything, just forget it." With such examples before him, it is not surprising that the cowboy was lavish with his money, nor is it strange that both he and his employer had nothing but contempt for the economic ideas of the settler. As a matter of fact, the business methods of the range area might be satisfactory enough so long as everyone practiced them, but, once brought into competition with the methods of the new society that was fast coming, they were nearly certain to bring ruin to those who could not or would not change.

If the range rider disliked the way of the pioneer settlers, however, the latter returned that dislike with full measure "pressed down and running

over." The cowboy had, of course, no fear of the homesteaders except the fear that their presence might threaten the security of the only business the ranchman knew. The nesters, on the other hand, both feared and disliked the cowpuncher. To them the cowboy was a wild, reckless type who rode hard, swore hard, and feared neither God nor man. The nesters regarded the cowboy as a swaggering swashbuckler, who carried a gun, had little regard for horse flesh, and who seemed at all times to be "jealous of honor, sudden and quick in quarrel." He probably never attended church or Sunday school and would not, even if he had the chance. He spent his wages foolishly and was strongly suspected of playing cards and other sinful games. He wanted the region to remain a cow country, favored "free grass," and would doubtless be glad to see all the settlers "starve out" and depart for the region from whence they came. His ways were not their ways, nor his thoughts their thoughts, and his interests were certainly not their interests. The nesters wanted more settlers so that they might have a school and preaching at least once or twice a month as well as more and nearer neighbors. The cowboy asserted the grass was the best crop this land would ever produce and that the region would never be a thickly populated farming area; whereas on the hope that it would be just that the first settlers had well nigh staked "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Eager for more neighbors, they wrote letters to friends and relatives in their old home urging them to come west. Some yielded to their entreaties and came, occupying homesteads near those of the first comers. Sod houses or dugouts sprang up—or down—as the case might be, and little communities of settlers began to be formed that were like small islands of crop growing in the midst of the vast area of grazing lands that formed the pastoral empire of the cow country.

These small groups of settlers were but the advance agents of a great population that was soon to follow. In the two decades from 1870 to 1890, the population of the Dakotas increased in round numbers from 14,000 to 719,000, that of Nebraska from 122,000 to 1,058,000, Kansas from 364,000 to 1,427,000, and Texas from 818,000 to 2,235,000. Making due allowance for inaccuracies in the census returns, these figures are still truly startling; but the full significance of this westward advance can be understood only after an examination of the census returns from some of the central and western counties of such states as Kansas and Nebraska, many of which show a population increase of a hundredfold in a single decade. During the next ten-year period, from 1890 to 1900, the increase in population in the western counties of the states mentioned and in the next tier of states to the west was also very great; while Oklahoma Territory with only 61,000 people in 1890 had increased to 400,000 by 1900. Even in the first decade of the twentieth century Oklahoma, western Texas, and portions of other states in the range area show enormous increases in population.

Distrustful and contemptuous as the cowboy was of these earliest set-

tlers upon the range, the time came when he could not entirely ignore them. Eventually the loneliness of life in his line camp or innate curiosity prompted him to stop at some homesteader's dugout or sod house to ask for a drink of water or to inquire about a stray horse. Here he in all probability made a discovery. The nester had a daughter—a comely young woman of eighteen or twenty years who, even though she belonged to a despised order, was nevertheless amazingly attractive! In a region where there were so few women, the coming of a new girl was regarded as an event of major importance. Too shy to talk much or remain long upon the occasion of his first visit, it was not many days until the cow hand returned, bringing his offering in the form of half a quarter of fat beef, of uncertain origin, slung across his saddle.

The settler was suspicious of the Greeks when they came bearing gifts, but the family, which had subsisted for weeks on a diet consisting largely of corn bread and buttermilk, warmed a bit to the giver. The wife urged that they could surely do no less than invite him to stay for supper. A kind of *entente cordiale* was established, which, if tinged with distrust on both sides, did not perhaps differ so materially from similar arrangements made by nations of modern times. Away from the homesteader's family the cow-puncher sometimes felt a bit conscience-stricken over his fall from grace and paid a visit to the daughter of some ranchman thirty miles away. Here he must meet the intense competition of a dozen other buckaroos, and this, plus the memory of a pair of bright eyes, eventually brought him back to fraternize once more with this family outside his own caste.

The young woman's father spoke wisely and warningly of these wild cowboys and extolled in glowing terms the virtues of the hard-working farm boy on the adjoining claim, but it was plain that the daughter did not altogether agree with him. This is not surprising. After all, the callow granger lad in his overalls, ninety-eight cent wool hat, and heavy plow shoes did not compare favorably with a dashing figure on spirited horse who rode a fifty-dollar saddle, and wore ornate shop-made boots, "California trousers," a white Stetson hat, and soft gloves of the finest buckskin. As for the younger children of the household, they made no attempt to conceal their enthusiastic admiration. A man who could ride a bucking horse, rope a steer, and who carried a gun, wore jingling spurs, and gave you half a dollar merely for opening a gate for him was someone to admire! They compared the two-pound box of candy which he handed out so carelessly with the skimpy dime's worth brought from town by their father or the neighboring farm youth to be divided among four or five children, and it began to be plain where their affections lay.

It was not long until they began to imitate their hero. The father found his two younger sons trying to rope the dog with an improvised *riata* made from their mother's clothes line, or staging a rodeo back of the barn with the milk-pen calves playing the role of bucking broncos. They played cow-

boy and whittled pistols from wood long before a certain public enemy, who found such a contrivance useful, was born. Sent on an errand to the little store and post office that had been established in the new community, they lingered to listen to the conversation of the cow hands who had dropped in to inquire for the mail or to lay in a supply of tobacco. After remaining as long as they dared, the lads at last returned to their home with the best alibi they could muster and a vocabulary vastly enlarged even if not exactly enriched. The old songs brought from the East, as the "Gypsy's Warning" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold," were apparently forgotten, and the Sabbath stillness of the settler's home was shattered by such mournful productions as the "Dying Cowboy" or "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." The mother, torn between a natural feminine love for a romantic figure and fears for her daughter's happiness, began in time to yield a somewhat reluctant admiration to a generous and attractive young man.

After several calls upon the young woman, the cowboy summoned up courage to ask her to accompany him to a dance, but, unless in the northern zone of settlement where the German or Scandinavian element was large, he in all probability met with a courteous but uncompromising refusal. Dancing in many regions seems to be at the two extremes of civilized society. The primitive and the sophisticated both dance, but the in-betweens will have none of it. The girl made it plain that she was a member of the church and dancing was taboo. They were building a little schoolhouse in the neighborhood and expected to have preaching at least once a month. If he cared to go with her to church or literary society or even to a social or play party at some settler's home, perhaps it could be arranged, but a dance was not to be considered. Even if she were willing to go, her parents would object, and she was a dutiful and obedient daughter. So a play party or social it must be, attended largely by sons and daughters of the nesters. Here such games as "Miller Boy," "Down to Rowsers'," and "Shoot the Buffalo" were played by the young people, while their fathers and mothers, who thought dancing the invention of the devil, looked on with smiling approbation. Later, when the schoolhouse was finished, he accompanied her some Sunday to church and sat throughout the sermon in a state of painful self-consciousness, which was considerably accentuated when she whispered to him her wish that he, too, might make "Heaven his destination."

As more settlers came in, the schoolhouse became something of a social center. Here were held singings, literary society meetings, and box suppers. At the last named, the boxes were sold at auction, and young men would bid vociferously against one another for the box of some particularly attractive girl. After the boxes had all been sold, a cake was often given to the most popular young lady. Votes were usually one cent each, and in most cases there were but two leading candidates. One of these represented the range riders' interests—usually some ranchman's daughter who was clever and witty, an excellent dancer, and commonly known as "good company"

—whatever that might mean. In opposition to her the homesteaders would nominate a young woman who taught a Sunday school class, led the singing at church, and was known to be “good to wait on the sick.” The two girls were conducted to the end of the room and seated near the teacher’s desk where everyone could see the candidate for whom he was voting, and the contest began. As votes were called out and the money passed to the cashier, tellers checked on the blackboard the number of votes. In such cases the cowboys—even those who had shown some attention to a nester girl—usually rallied to the colors, while the granger lads and their fathers were equally determined to elect their nominee and vote *that girl* down! Eventually it became more than a contest between two personable young women. It was a conflict between two social and economic orders. To many of the settlers it was a struggle of the forces of evil against good, of darkness against light, of the past against the future. “Let us elect our candidate and prove to all that this is a progressive, God-fearing community, that the reign of the wild cowpuncher is over, that civilization is mighty and will prevail.” Quite often the cow hands, who drew some thirty dollars a month in real money, were able to pay for more votes than could the poverty-stricken settlers. Reckless with their money as in all else, the range riders did not hesitate to pay out their last dollar for votes, but the homesteaders did their best, and, if they went down in defeat, they felt that this was merely another example of the triumph of might over right and of money over principles. They were certain that their day was coming and that it would not be long delayed.

In this they were not mistaken. Settlers continued to pour into the cow country in ever increasing numbers and take up homesteads along the streams and in the more fertile areas of the wide prairies. The ranchmen were forced back into the rougher uplands, sometimes remote from an adequate supply of water. Good land, however, produces good grass, while barren hills and thin soils afforded poor grazing. For a time there still seemed to be an abundance of pasturage. The cow men did not at first understand how much their range had suffered by the homesteading and fencing of the more fertile lowlands. Then they began to realize that their cattle did not fatten. They looked about for additional pasture lands, but they were not to be found. The range was steadily shrinking. Indian reservations were opened to settlement, and a flood of homesteaders poured in, still further reducing the area that could be utilized for grazing. A village began to grow up about the first general store established in each community. Soon there came a second store, then a third, followed by a blacksmith shop, a hotel, and a church. Railroads began to penetrate the cow country, and the village grew into a real town. Good land began to grow scarce. The homesteaders were soon very much in the majority in most parts of the cow country where there was sufficient rainfall for the growing of crops. Under such circumstances the fusion of the two social and economic

orders went on rapidly. More and more cowpunchers began to call upon young women of the settler class. Dimly they began to comprehend how difficult it was for a man on a raw one-hundred-sixty-acre claim to provide his family with the bare necessities of life. They saw the pitiful extremities to which the daughter of the household was driven to secure suitable clothing in order to keep herself attractive and to join in the social life of the community. Toleration took the place of the former antagonism, and they began "first to endure, then pity, then embrace."

The homesteader, under the influence of closer association, found his prejudices beginning to melt. After all, these cowboys were not as bad as he had thought. Perhaps daughter might do worse. Unconsciously, his own conduct and psychology began to be at least slightly influenced by the customs of the range area. His horizon became wider. Finding he must travel greater distances than in the old home, he acquired another horse or two, secured a better saddle, and sometimes surprised his wife by the purchase of things formerly regarded as luxuries.

As the influx of settlers continued, church and school assumed a larger importance. An arbor was constructed and a revival meeting was held, where cow hands who came to scoff sometimes remained to pray. Under the thundering sound of the minister's voice their thoughts turned to the sins of earlier days. They were strangely moved when the congregation sang "Almost Persuaded" or "Turn, Sinners, Turn," and they gazed with open-mouthed awe while the three-hundred-pound wife of a settler gave a solo rendition of "Love Lifted Me," thereby furnishing uncontrovertible proof of the power of redeeming love! Seeing how much a deep religious faith meant to people who must endure the hardships and vicissitudes of pioneer life, they sometimes sought in religion consolation for their own fast-multiplying troubles.

The ranchman, finding his range reduced, must purchase feed from the settlers or lease from them their surplus grazing land. Business relations once established paved the way for closer social relations. The old-time hostilities and prejudices were passing. There were bitter-enders, of course, in both groups who found their dislike of the other class only intensified by association, but these were in the minority. Generally speaking, the reverse was true. If the examples, given largely in terms of individuals or single communities, should be multiplied by several thousand, a fairly correct picture would be presented of the cow country in transition.

As more of the range was settled and plowed, the ranchman found he must reduce his herds and began to ship all merchantable cattle to market. The settlers, once they had secured a majority in a community, usually proceeded to vote a herd law which forced the ranchmen to acquire land in fee and enclose it with wire fences. With reduced herds and fenced pastures, the rancher needed fewer men; cowboys of long experience found themselves out of a job and realized that it was impossible to secure one. Those

retained, who had formerly scorned to do anything but ride, were forced to engage in such lowly work as building fences, plowing fire guards, and planting or harvesting forage crops—since with grazing lands so greatly reduced it had become necessary to feed cattle in winter. Some men out of employment rode farther west, seeking a region where they might hope to spend their lives in the cattle business, but it soon became apparent that there were not jobs enough for all. Many, especially those who had acquired a measure of tolerance for the new order, frankly accepted the changed conditions, married a nester girl, and took up a homestead. Here they grazed a few cattle, but it was not long until they began to plow and plant in awkward fashion and in time some became fairly successful farmers.

No doubt, most of these marriages were happy ones, though it is possible that a larger proportion were not successful than in the case of marriages between persons of less widely divergent backgrounds. Such a statement is impossible to prove, though some evidence exists that it may be true. Texas, with a population of slightly over 3,000,000 in 1900, granted in the twenty-year period from 1887 to 1906 over 62,000 divorces, while Massachusetts, with a population of slightly less than 3,000,000 in 1900, granted in the same twenty-year period less than 23,000, and Pennsylvania, with a population of over 6,000,000, only 39,000. Kansas, with a population of less than 1,500,000, had nearly 29,000 divorces in the period from 1887 to 1906, while New Jersey, with a considerably larger population, had less than 8,000. Colorado had nearly 16,000 divorces in this twenty-year period, though the total population in 1900 was only slightly over 500,000, while Connecticut, with a population nearly twice as great, had in round numbers only 9,000. No doubt the greater ease with which divorce could be secured in a western state had its effect, but the very fact that divorce laws were more liberal in such states is in itself significant.

Not all cowboys who found their vocation gone would become farmers. Many who still hated the new order drifted to town seeking employment that would not put them into the class of the despised nesters. Three lines of business appealed to them, and all three were doomed to speedy extinction. They could open a butcher shop in some small town, buying and slaughtering their own cattle; they could establish a livery stable and continue to work with horses; or they could open a saloon. With the coming of railroads and refrigerator cars, the great packing houses forced the local butchers out of business; the automobile destroyed the livery stable; and local option and later prohibition closed the saloon.

The ranchman fared no better in the midst of changed conditions than did his cowpunchers. Some few who were wise accepted the inevitable, sold their cattle for what they would bring, bought a little land, and established a livestock farm. Others, who were foolish, tried to hold out as long as possible, borrowed money at ruinous rates of interest in order to rent pasturage or purchase feed, and in most cases lost everything. Their lax

business methods might be satisfactory enough in a region where everyone else practiced the same code, but in a society which pinched pennies and drove hard bargains such methods could end only in disaster and financial ruin. The wrecks of many ranching enterprises that strew the one-time cow country give eloquent testimony as to how far this is true.

The desperation with which some ranchmen clung to the old order is little short of tragic. Like the Indians of the Ghost Dance who believed that the whites would vanish from the earth and the plains again be covered with buffalo, some of these men with an almost religious fervor held fast to the belief that the nesters would eventually return to the old homes from whence they had come and that the region would once more become a pastoral empire as in days gone by. Their awakening came late, but in most cases it was thorough. Pasturage grew more and more restricted. Every portion of the range area suitable for crop growing—and much which it now seems was not suitable—was occupied. The cattle disappeared from the plains as if by magic, and farmers armed with the tools of their craft sprang up on all sides as though some unseen hand had planted dragons' teeth on every hill and in every valley.

At last the cow man realized that the old order was gone, and, broken in fortune, in many cases, he accepted the inevitable and set to work at strange tasks often with only his two hands with which to earn a living for himself and family. One who knows at first hand the story of these men is likely to forget their shortsightedness and poor judgment and to think only of their courage. Occasionally one of these men who has not yet accepted the new order may still be seen. Such an individual stands like a blackened tree trunk in the midst of plowed fields, a mute reminder of a bygone era. Januslike, he looks in two directions—toward an old world that has gone forever and toward a new one which he does not even remotely understand.

Though the cow country has passed away and the social order it produced is largely a memory, its influence throughout the region where that order once prevailed is still apparent. It is not mere accident that the University of Texas calls its magnificent dining hall the "Chuck Wagon" or that the walls of one of its finest buildings should display the old cattle brands of the Lone Star state, while a similar building at Harvard has carved beneath its eaves quotations from the Bible or from the classics. It is not by chance that traveling salesmen avidly read cowboy stories or that thousands of staid, sober citizens attend each year the rodeos held at many places in what was once the cow country. It is significant that Rotarians purchase from mail-order houses cowboy suits for their offspring and that thousands of people tune in each evening to hear some crooner render, with a Manhattan accent, "A Home on the Range" or "The Last Round-up." One finds a distinguished college professor decorating his office with a magnificent pair of steer horns and framed pictures of trail herds, round-up wagons, and other cowboy scenes. Throughout the West dude ranches have

sprung up where college boys and girls, tired businessmen, and society matrons may for a consideration dress in leather chaps and ten-gallon hats and ride the range under suitable guidance, returning in the evening to eat from tin plates about a mess table and to sleep in a glorified bunkhouse.

Occasionally, in a more civilized society, a bit of the wild lawlessness of other days crops out as a reminder of the code of men long since dead. Old man cow country has gone, but his spirit still lives on in a generation that never knew him in the flesh. He was a good old man according to the standards by which he lived. May his memory long remain green in the hearts of his descendants.

■

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

*Our Widening American Culture **

UNDER pressure of more dramatic affairs, we Americans are, I believe, failing to notice a salient—and cheerful—fact about our country: the flowering, or at least the budding, of an American culture of which we may well be proud.

This flowering is unlike any previous one in history. We must not expect to see duplicated here what happened in the Athens of Pericles or the Florence of the Medici, or, for that matter, in nineteenth-century England or France. For the essence of what is happening in America is that it is new, that it takes unprecedented forms, and that it is manifold.

I realize that anybody who speaks in such terms as these may seem to be—in the expressive phrase of the day—sticking his neck out. In the American culture of 1940 one can find plenty of evidences of undisciplined or corrupt taste. Listen to some of our radio programs; read the concentrated pap which passes for fiction in many of our magazines for the millions; sit through some of the Class B pictures at the movies; or look at the monotonous suburban developments and devastated regions which lie at the edges of our American cities, and you may well wonder what in heaven's name I am talking about.

Nevertheless, I stand by my guns. I think this country is making cultural progress in a new and exciting way.

To most people the word "culture" may suggest a gentleman sitting in his library with a volume of Montaigne in his hand, a glass of old port at his elbow, and a quotation from the original Greek on his lips—familiarity with, and appreciation of, old and tested things. But culture may also mean the natural feeling for beauty that went into the building of old New England houses and Pennsylvania barns—a sense of order and graciousness, whether cultivated or instinctive, and whether accompanied by wide learning or not. And any culture is sterile which is not animated by the creative impulse. The periods which we think of as the great flowerings of culture were periods not merely of appreciation but, pre-eminently, of production; indeed, any culture is sterile which is not animated by the devouring curiosity of the discoverer and the fierce energy of the experimenter.

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It is in these latter aspects that American culture is showing special progress. Whereas no other cultural flowering in history has involved more than a small fraction of the population, today millions of Americans are becoming more sensitive to beauty, and in them creative energy is stirring.

Look, for example, at music—from that same radio that brings us so much shoddy entertainment. Toscanini's weekly symphony concert is enjoyed by an audience of four and a half million. It would take sixty Yale Bowls to seat this astronomical number of listeners. Walter Damrosch's NBC music appreciation hour is heard each week by several million. Have any such opportunities for the masses to hear good music ever before existed—and been taken advantage of? And it has all come about in the past fifteen years. Incidentally, the highly intelligent "Information, Please," which recently won an award by *The Saturday Review of Literature* for distinguished service to American literature, is said to be heard by 12,000,000 members of that radio public which we used to be told had 13-year-old minds!

Participation in the *making* of music has sharply increased, too, even though the piano is no longer a standard household ornament. Note some 35,000 school orchestras. Note how many of our school and college glee clubs have become choruses singing fine music. Recently I heard the madrigal club of a small West Virginia college give a concert, and it led off, not with "The Bullfrog on the Bank," standard fare thirty years ago, but with the classic chants of Palestrina. The extraordinary growth of such institutions as the Berkshire Music Festival is another agreeable sign of our musical times.

Next, consider reading. It is true that book sales have shown little increase during the past generation. But there can be small doubt that the books which now sell most widely represent, on the average, a considerably higher level of quality. There is a world of difference between the solid fiber of John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* (the leading fiction best seller of 1939) and the sentimental gush of Florence Barclay's *The Rosary* (which topped the lists in 1910 and 1911, against stiff competition by Harold Bell Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth*). We must remember, too, that the book as a form of entertainment must now compete with the radio and the movies, and that the book-reading public is now underpinned—and presumably reduced—by a gigantic magazine-reading public.

Fifty years ago there was not a single magazine in the United States with a circulation of a million. Now there are twenty-six. Many of the most popular periodicals are full of literary marshmallows and shy at ideas which might possibly offend a perceptible number of readers or advertisers; yet I think it is safe to say that, if we take these magazines as a group, and think how many good things are to be found in them, they offer a creditable exhibit of mass reading. There has been nothing in Europe to compare with

this vast magazine public; and those European magazines which have long been famous for their high quality—such, for instance, as *Punch*—have had tiny audiences by any American standards.

Turn to the fine arts. Popular magazines like *Life* are now reproducing paintings by old masters and contemporary Americans. *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces* (price \$10) is a recent best seller. There has been a notable increase in the sale of good color reproductions of masterpieces for home decoration. Our museums are becoming active agencies for adult education, and their turnstiles are clicking. The recent Picasso exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art was attended by 99,503 people during its fifty-one days; the Italian masters, at the same museum, were seen in seventy-three days by 277,794 people—an astonishing record.

Remarkable, too, is the growth in educational opportunity. If many of our universities have elephantiasis—and also foot-ballitis—this is because the number of students in American colleges and universities has increased tenfold since 1900. The inspiring fact that millions of Americans have wanted a higher education for their children has put a heavier load on the educational machinery than it could carry without creaking here and there. Yet our professional schools have been strikingly improved; American medical education, for example, has been revolutionized for the better in the past fifty years. And those new patrons of education and science, the great foundations, are contributing hundreds of millions both to lift the standards of teaching and research and to seek out young talent and give it the chance it deserves. I have heard it stated, by people who should know, that there is now small chance that any young man of authentic scientific genius, whether in Pennsylvania, Georgia, or South Dakota, will go unassisted if he needs assistance.

Do not forget what the WPA has done for men who had not sold a picture for years—and were given post-office murals to paint; for half-starved musicians who found themselves playing to big audiences in WPA orchestras. Call this boondoggling if you will; but does it not represent a new conception of the responsibility of the public to see that potential artists have a chance to be artists, no matter what their circumstances?

Yes, the democratic base of our culture has been widened.

I should also like to remind you how many new arts have sprung up beside the seven arts of tradition. Let us forget for a moment the traditional assumption that one measures the state of a culture chiefly in terms of such familiar vehicles as books, plays, paintings, sculpture, architecture, and music. Let us assume that other vehicles may offer a means of expressing the impulse to create and enjoy beauty, and let us look about us.

New arts? One thinks immediately of the movies, which after a long period of high technical competence and singular evasion of reality are now showing signs of growing up: witness that documentary masterpiece, *The River*, and such recent pictures as *Rebecca*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and

Wuthering Heights. One thinks with even more assurance of that remarkable subdivision of the movies, the animated cartoon drama, realizing that in Disney we have an artist using a medium which hardly existed twenty years ago.

Note the remarkable increase of interest in photography; hundreds of thousands of people, old and young, are taking pictures—and developing them in their own darkrooms, in the true spirit of the amateur in the arts.

Drive over the magnificent parkways in the outskirts of our cities, and see how engineer and landscape architect have joined hands to create majestic avenues in peculiarly twentieth-century style. Look at our new bridges and dams, works of art as well as of utility. Is there any one of us who looks at, let us say, the George Washington Bridge without a lift of the heart at the extraordinary beauty, especially at night when the great sweep of its cables is picked out with lights?

To look at some of the photographs in Walter Dorwin Teague's new book, *Design This Day* (such as the pictures of New York's Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, with its clean, undecorated, soaring arches, or of a new Texaco gas station) is to feel that this is the sort of thing we Americans do best, this is where our own peculiar genius has full play.

Do not the incredible effects achieved in lighting the New York World's Fair demonstrate the exciting possibilities of another virtually new art—that of lighting with color?

Think of the strides made in applying the principles of functional design. No automobile manufacturer decides upon his new model nowadays without anxious consideration of the way purchasers will react to the grace and sweep of its lines. And I wonder if until the past decade a designer ever planned a railroad train as a harmonious unit, as some new streamliners were planned.

Note the gay use of color in the equipment of a modern kitchen. Look at some of Frank Lloyd Wright's or Albert Kahn's factories; why, even factories and their machinery—or the best of Woolworth's glassware—are being built as if intended to be looked at! The packaging of goods has been revolutionized. Little by little we are relearning that useful things can be beautiful, learning that millions of people like them to be beautiful. Pull out a pile of magazines of twenty years ago and lay them beside their counterparts of today; in type and format the advance has been remarkable. The improvement has extended to books and even to the designing of letterheads; if you occasionally receive, as I do, a letter from an office which has not changed its letterheads within the memory of the oldest employee, you will wonder who could ever have hit upon such an absurd combination of discordant types.

We see, too, the beginnings of an art essentially new to America in town and regional planning. The over-all design in New York's Rockefeller Center and our beginning attempts—as at Radburn, New Jersey—to lay

out villages on new patterns for the motor age are steps toward the development of new techniques for harmonizing and rationalizing the work of architects, landscape architects, engineers, and what we might call social engineers. Contrast the ramshackle hodgepodge of old-style amusement parks with the efficient beauty of Jones Beach, Long Island, where 100,000 people may park their cars and bathe and picnic without traffic jams or overcrowding and, miraculously, without littering the oceanside!

I live in New York near an avenue of department stores whose windows provide an ever-changing spectacle of bold patterns in color and light and ingenious, imaginative compositions; and as I stroll up this avenue at night, I notice how many other strollers are enjoying the show as one might enjoy a visit to a gay museum. A generation ago nobody dreamed of arranging the round-eyed manikins in shop windows with an eye to color harmonies and compositional effects.

It never occurs to most people who revel in the shop-window effects of 1940 that they are rendering art judgments. They think they are outside the sacred enclosure of the arts. But they are inside it all the time. For the fences have been moved.

Very rapidly we Americans are getting away from the colonial attitude. Already it is a long time since we took it for granted that American novels should be respectable imitations of the best English works. It is several years since most of our literary *émigrés* returned from Montparnasse to discover that America was a good place to write in and about. Now we know we have our own traditions; in a literary sense, we are grown up. And we are beginning, too, to be far less subservient in other arts. If we still make pseudo-Venetian furniture in Grand Rapids, still design bank buildings to look like Parthenons, we are apparently approaching the end of this phase. Our new streamlined trains are not Byzantine, or Louis XV, or Dutch Colonial.

I do not say that this national cultural independence is wholly good. The classicist will hasten to remind us that there is little to be gained by throwing away the past—and of course he is right. And we want no tariff walls against the best modern products of foreign civilizations. Our American culture must not try to walk alone, without benefit of the past or of the contributions of its neighbors. Yet what is to grow in our soil must be what is adapted to that soil. We may compare, we may learn, but I am glad we are coming to build for ourselves. For that is the only way in which anyone can build greatly.

One closing word: if I have said little about the peaks of our cultural landscape, if I have dodged the question whether our finest products in arts and letters are better today than they used to be, or better than they are elsewhere, this, I must confess, is because I would prefer to dodge a question on which there would inevitably be endless wrangling. One may be conscious, as one drives across country, that one is climbing on to rising

ground, and yet lack the surveyor's instruments to judge the precise altitude of the surrounding summits. I prefer to focus your attention upon the undeniable groundswell of the land all about us.

Whether or not the very finest things that we produce are better than they used to be, we Americans are a distinctly more mature people, a more culturally enlightened people, than we were a generation ago; we are building for ourselves a culture adapted to our own land; and we appear to be better off for the participation of the millions in cultural things that were once considered chiefly the affair of the few.

Whenever I hear anybody lamenting a supposed lack of authentic contemporary American masterpieces, I am tempted to quote to him those familiar lines of Arthur Hugh Clough's:

In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

An American Comes Home *

ALTHOUGH broad patches of snow still lay unsullied amid bare trees between Quebec and Montreal, the strong sun of the western hemisphere, comparable only to that of the Mediterranean littoral, answered a long nostalgia at once. The well-remembered air stung; soon it seemed to commingle with the blood. All things were possible here. No wonder, I said to myself, that our rhythm is swift and staccato; that we often aim beyond our means; that the mood of contemplation is rare and must be diligently sought. Now more than ever in this immediate retrospect northern and central Europe seemed a land perpetually swathed in gray, wrapped in a downy atmosphere, faintly tinted at best, shadowy and with uncertain outlines.

That first impression both as fact and as pregnant symbol has remained. A ten years' absence had sharpened both eye and mind. Americans have had a new material for that rebuilding of civilization which is taking place, a nature more vivid and electric, an air more urgent, a landscape more heroic, a climate more dramatic. We talk a good deal about the weather because, whether dazzling or catastrophic, it is worth talking about. I understood once more why in this sun and air we build white towers that make the pyramids look puny and why our imitations of strictly classical architecture, from the eighteenth century on, and from private dwelling to state capitol and university library, look native in an atmosphere as brilliant and translucent as that of Attica or Rome.

The more significant contrasts to which I am coming are sharpened, of course, by the decay of Europe, a moral decay which renders more desolate and emphasizes every sign of physical decay: hopelessness or cynicism as the only variants from the mad and bloody fundamentalism of the extremists, a tragic drifting with the forces that make for war and confusion, a consequent hardening of the heart and a slow corrosion of the generous instincts. Nevertheless, I hold fast, as permanently significant, to that first and still enduring sense of the brilliancy and lift of our landscape and climate, our irresistible air and our refulgent sun.

For that impression prolonged itself at once in the works of man. Al-

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though I had long had my suspicions, the confirmation of them was at once massive and startling. In many things in which Europe is supposed to excel (and did so, historically speaking, till the other day) it is now America that excels. I anticipate the reply that the things in question belong to the shell or outer vestiture of civilization. In view of the primacy of the psychological, of plan, vision, dream, symbol, always preceding execution in whatever medium of the material world, there is really no outer or inner here, and civilization, like nature, has neither "kernel nor shell." Thus our contemporary architecture, both domestic and public, our necessarily not always finished city-scapes, have a charm, a fitness as well as a solidity, of which Europe has lost the secret. I have yet at least seen nothing so brutally doctrinaire and so cruelly hideous as those French and German buildings that are supposed to look like and to be machines to live in. Perhaps because we are more accustomed to machines and have had them longer, our minds are less befuddled by them. We still keep our most original creations (the Woolworth or Empire State buildings) within the eternal world of human art, so that an instructed visitor seeing them again rightly exclaims, "Babylon!" and does not think of that European obsession—a nightmare from the British Channel to the Polar seas—which Aldous Huxley has called "fordism."

Humbler details went to even more vital spots. The sudden and dramatic impoverishment of all Americans living in Europe through the devaluation of the dollar had made them feel a total discouragement about their country. In the days of the favorable exchange even the best-mannered of them had been a little jaunty. Now they had one humiliating experience after another. The French, who had borne the jauntiness and worse with imperturbable good humor and politeness, could not help assuming a little air of commiseration; they predicted a violent inflation for the dollar and subtly suggested that we were now all paupers together. Added to these experiences were harrowing tales from home, and no American of long foreign residence but feared the shock of his return.

He found everything the contrary of what he had supposed. Whatever is beneath the surface of our civilization, the surface and, I believe, the structure are untouched. It is Europe that at best is frayed and shabby and down at heels. Our streets and shops in large cities and small, our hotels and public offices of all kinds, are, to the eye long accustomed to Europe at its best, clean and precise and elegant. Burnished is the word that came to me again and again. The people are like their environment: the best-dressed, best-shod, the brightest of eye and clearest of complexion of any people in the world, and women in humble walks of life and in small towns have a touch of chic that is unthinkable in any other country. On the great thoroughfares of great cities, on Boylston Street in Boston, let us say, there is a perfection and completeness, a polish and an elasticity that you shall look for in vain on Bond Street or the Place Vendôme. Now consider-

ing that there is a depression (though at first I looked for it in vain) and that our economic structure is breached and gashed, this bladelike burnish of all the surfaces of life speaks of moral qualities in our population that put the economic determinist and his grimy superstitions quite to shame. Except, I suppose, in jails or poorhouses there is not to my knowledge any place in America as dismal, as redolent of hopelessness and dirt, as grimy morally and physically, as a post office in any good Parisian residential quarter. Tourists in palace hotels at Cannes may tell another and a worthless story. The pseudo-sophisticated will report that civilization is not yet culture. Well, recent events in certain countries, in Germany above all, have proven up to the hilt a platitude which several generations of American liberals have treated with alternate jeering and disdain: culture, the broad dissemination (nowhere as broad as in modern Germany) of abstract philosophizing and aesthetic appreciations, has *of itself* no saving, no humanizing power.

It is the people, the common people of America, the people who sustain this civilization, whom I had most thoroughly forgotten, who have amazed and moved me most. A series of small shocks received from an electrician, a plumber, a woman supposed to be a domestic servant, motorcar salesmen and house-to-house peddlers of humble wares, waiters and waitresses, porters and truckmen, clerks and policemen (all this mostly, to be sure, in New England), built up an inner certainty that strikes deep into the core of American life. These people had not the faintest intention of being impertinent. The elderly maid-of-all-work who, in moments of the stress of settling, soothed both the mistress and the master of my modest home by calling them "dearie" and "child" was not in the least ill-mannered. She and her fellows simply have in the European sense no manners at all.

There are, at least in the older parts of America, no elaborate symbols by which a hierarchy of classes retains the consciousness of itself. Such things, where they exist, are more or less recent improvisations of the snobbery of wealth. Here on the broad levels of American life we have what is virtually a classless society, or, if one prefers, a society overwhelmingly lower middle-class, but quite without the European lower middle-class's anxious and corrupting watchfulness of classes both above and below. It is admitted in my adopted New England town that the leading bankers and lawyers are "smart men," not today without a shrewd enough insight into certain aspects of that "smartness"; it is not admitted, no, it is not dreamed of, that the qualities by which they succeeded make them either better or higher-class than the ordinary citizen who saves his respect for goodness and knowledge, that is, for high character and for certain definite types of learning and intellectual power.

I am perfectly aware of how naïve I shall be thought by a considerable number of Americans, ranging from the Carol Kennicotts to the members

of the *New Masses* staff. Nor am I prepared to retract any of the criticisms of America which were so widely applauded twelve and fifteen years ago. But the observation of other societies in other lands has convinced me that these criticisms, made in the service of a humanistic ideal, are to be addressed (*mutatis mutandis*) to the entire Western World, and that to many parts of that world, especially today, and especially under the brutal tyrannies of the neobarbarians, there are to be addressed criticisms compared to which any criticism of American society is still a compliment. I know Europe—not by hearsay or flying trips or through interpreters or merely from the vantage of an American group on a café terrace just able to say: "*Zahlen, Herr Ober!*" or "*Garçon, l'addition!*" I have come out at the other end, at the beyond, of all current sophistications; heckling Communists leave me unmoved. I am, moreover, old enough to be resigned to the fact that the highest goods of human civilization have always been and will always be the possession of a small minority. Well, that minority exists in America and is not so different from the comparable minorities in other lands. It is the common run of American men and women that I find still to be less driven and hardened, less cruel and rapacious, far less either flunkies or snobs, kindlier, better-spirited, freer and more naturally conscious of freedom, and, therefore, more tolerant, than the people of other Western lands. And I attribute these qualities to certain virtues in the traditions of our polity which, despite the moral evils fastened on us by the war, by Prohibition, by the gambling fever of recent administrations, have not wholly perished from the land.

There is a sense in which, upon this return, I seem to find—with exceptions to be presently noted—not the America I left in 1924, but the America of my youth, a land cheerful, frugal, democratic, determinedly hopeful even in adverse circumstances, an unpretentious land in which the processes of living are less solemn and still less difficult, less complicated and ensnaring than in other lands. But this America, while indulging in new quaint, childlike gaieties, such as radios in motorcars, is a more aware and hence an intellectually more flexible America. Suffering has not left it uninstructed. At a meeting of women with toil-worn hands, clad in dowdy provincial frocks—a meeting held in a small, rather desolate New England town quite off the well-worn roads of traffic—there arose one and made a declaration for herself and her sons of absolute pacifism, repudiating by name and quotation the doctrine of "my country, right or wrong," and was applauded warmly and without dissent. Where else in the world today could that have taken place? Certainly not in any country of continental Europe except Scandinavia. And thus there is a deep meaning in the instinctive reaction of many simple Americans toward an, at least, political isolationism from contemporary Europe, in their undefined and not quite definable conviction that, though stricken by comparable difficulties and defeats, we must find another, we must find our own, way out.

Why is this particular strain in American life so little noted? Because the more vociferous youth in our great centers of population has morbidly repudiated the better part of its heritage; it does not demand freedom and peace; it does not demand the application of reason to the solution of economic problems; it demands catastrophe, an imitation of another so-called revolution, the "liquidation" (a great sage named Freud could tell them something about the phenomenon of self-hatred) of the class from which it sprang. And older people, who should know better, "tired intellectuals" who once fought all the battles of American libertarianism, are feebly playing into the hands of the pseudo revolutionaries and are thus sabotaging their own resistance to the darker fascist menace that is seeking to get a foothold on these shores.

Returning, then, to a physical civilization so admirable and complete and unfrayed, finding so many people, both of a common and an uncommon stripe, so democratic and kindly and not unthoughtful and either extraordinarily serene or equally brave, the famous depression was at first hard to find. One's own impoverishment seemed almost for a brief period a piece of personal ill-luck. Gradually, of course, the symptoms and stories of misery came out: sudden business failures even in this small city of my adoption; verse and paragraph for the undernourishment of children in rural districts, harrowing tales of the suicides of ruined fathers of families, the concrete mass tragedy of the unemployed and of the workers in industrial districts. Tales and experiences came too of older kinds of misery still surviving and little thought upon amid these new catastrophes—of isolated families or groups of families even in the back hills of New England without church or school, without physician or midwife, feeding their broods by a little feeble gardening but chiefly by hunting a few deer, an occasional bear, or the cattle of long-abandoned farms that had taken to the hills and gone wild. And now too it was evident that there were few customers in any shop, that travel on the trains was extremely light, and, above all, that it was hard for anyone to come by any money for any kind of work or from any source.

But all this is true of Europe, and, therefore, in Europe the physical façade of civilization is crumbling and dirt and disorder gain daily ground, and bitterness and hatred and despair drive more and more men to plunge from mad theory to madder action, until even what is left over from decenter and humaner and less desperate times is attacked at its very foundations and threatens to topple down the slope of war into an unspeakable abyss! And once more the contrast comes overwhelmingly home. Here where, to be sure, want and suffering have been of briefer duration—yet sudden and sharp and cruel in their unwontedness—here the entire structure and vestiture of civilization are as brilliant and complete as ever and

men and women support their difficulties not only without bitterness, but with a kind of stringent cheer and unobtrusive gallantry.

Let me not be misunderstood. I deny no accusation and discredit no report. But in contradiction to at least the omissions of which American liberals and radicals of my own and the succeeding generations are guilty I assert that there is virtue—*virtus*—in our people and our polity, in the character of our very errors and failures, in our temper and in our attempts, and that the precise *kind* of virtue that is in us is the kind that makes for a humane civilization and is, once more, the precise kind of virtue which the European nations are losing or have lost. Look in Europe to the right or look to the left. The appeal is to force and to fanaticism. Where reason and decency still prevail, men like Oswald Mosley, organizations like the *Croix de Feu*, batter incessantly at their gates. And who almost alone offers these and their like any effectual resistance? The proponents of another brand of force and fanaticism. The fascists expel or murder the fellow-citizens they do not like; the Communists starve them into abjectness by allowing them only six hundred grams a month of basic foodstuffs at prohibitive prices. Well, even in France, even in England, you feel in the very air the menace of barbarism and blood, of torture and wild fanaticism. In February of this year the imprint of bloody hands on walls and fountains of the Place de la Concorde was like a menace and an omen. Leaving that behind after a long and intense experience from within, stepping into the sunshine and comparative serenity of America, seeing country and city, conversing with people of all kinds, following sedulously a press which, whatever its previous comparative station, is today along with that of Britain the freest in the world—there was no question, there was no doubt left, that here and here alone there was order, order which means liberty and peace, that here alone there was some chance of still making to prevail in this age what Matthew Arnold was fond of calling “reason and the will of God.”

Soon after landing I met under the most agreeable conditions in one of our large eastern cities a group of American liberals. It was, in fact, part of the old guard of American liberalism with which I had grown up, whose rebellions and purposes I had long shared. The subject of their ironical discussion was the New Deal, which they mercilessly riddled in all its aspects. Learned professors were among them as well as men and women from various practical walks of life. I am too ignorant of economic technics to have countered their arguments, nor did I desire to do so. Doubtless a thousand errors have been made. But what, fresh from the imminent vision of the rise of barbarism, of riots and the victims of unspeakable torture chambers, of the shadow of gas and typhoid wars on the very horizon, of the press of three quarters of a continent turned into the mouthpiece of some of the bloodiest tyrants in history, of liberty and humanity slowly done

to death from the Baltic to the Caspian—what struck me as inexcusably frivolous on the part of these old friends and fellow-workers was that they seemed to entertain no suspicion of the fact that, whatever technical economic errors the present administration may be said to have committed, they and I and all of us are still living within a civilization where (as this very assembly showed) the rights of criticism, of free discussion, of attack on the government, of democratic speech, and hence essentially of democratic control, were still unquestioned. This was the first public assembly that I had attended in years where there were no uniformed policemen in the hall and for which no special permission had to be obtained from some wretched little bureaucrat whose grimy sense of inferiority made him take a sadistic delight in bedeviling his betters. Have these friends of mine, I asked myself, no notion of what is going on in the world and of all that may, unless we are strong and prudent, creep stealthily up on us too? Evidently not. For soon a quite blatant Communist, whom they apparently accepted as a friend and fellow-spokesman, got up and declared that it was foolish to waste time in even making fun of the twists and turns of a dying capitalism. The workers would arise and take over the means of production and the government, and everything would be for the best in the best of worlds. And my friends and former comrades in their incurable lightmindedness did not hear the menace in that brash voice. Nurtured in liberty and humanity, they would be the first to criticize, the first to rebel, the first to voice the cry of humanity inextinguishable in their hearts, and hence they would be the first to be “liquidated” by the well-known “tactics” of that reigning “party” of oligarchs.

The accusation of reactionary, of self-appointed defender of the capitalistic order, has already been brought against me in conspicuous public places. It is, of course, an absurd confusion of thought. For it is possible for a sane man to regard capitalism and collectivism as two alternate economic technics to be tested wholly by their usefulness and efficiency in properly guiding and controlling the production and distribution of material goods. Mr. Mark Sullivan’s indignant suspicion that the administration’s policies are a drift toward collectivism strikes me as emotionally meaningless. The menace of this age is not in a change of economic technic kept strictly on its own plane and dealing strictly with what comes within its framework. The menace of this age is that both fascism and communism seek not to regulate the body but to murder the soul. All signs point to a collectivist age. It is the fanatic, with his dark superstition of self-hatred that the economic man is the total man and that economic forces alone determine history, who will destroy our civilization, the existence of which he denies, unless we are all on our guard.

Now the peculiar virtue of America in this age is that almost instinctively—certainly without any debate or any striving or crying—it is seeking to

reconstruct the economic system without ideological implications. It faces the economic difficulty as such. Whether in detail it faces that difficulty with the best or with second-best measures is a secondary and a legitimately debatable question. The point is that it chooses the *via media* of a humane civilization. Because manufacturers or farmers are put on quotas of production, because workers are assigned shorter hours and standardized wages, no one has dreamed of suggesting that these manufacturers or these farmers or these workers are any of them, on account of their status and function in the economic order, either devils or angels (the exact equivalents of "bourgeois" and "proletarian" in the demonology of communism) or that the regulation of their economic activities has anything to do with their prayers or opinions on all things between heaven and earth or with the way they order their lives or with the education of their children. Herein lies the great and triumphant virtue of the American system and of the American tradition: it is able, if preserved and defended, to introduce fundamental changes in the economic system and at the same time to guard the civic and the metaphysical liberties without which life is unendurable. And to this virtue of our system I attribute the moral energy which keeps the structure of our civilization burnished and complete and keeps our people brave and comparatively serene in the midst of threatened disaster and frequent want.

Two years ago, when the dreadful Nazi tide was rising in Germany, Kurt Hiller, one of the younger Communist leaders, dead or in obscure exile today, addressed a warning to the older leaders of his party, begging them to break the bonds of their Marxist materialism, to recognize the eternal trends in human nature which that sterile and rigid ideology took no account of, prophesying that many thousands of workers would be driven into the foul fury of reaction because they would seem to themselves to be defending "the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods." That is a sentiment which is very strong in America, and it is a respectable, even a venerable, sentiment. Our liberals with communist leanings who make a joke of the New Deal and subtly sabotage the American *via media* pretend to have a great horror of fascism. Well, it is they who, perhaps through obscure masochist impulses, may bring us within its danger sphere by their incessant flirtations with Moscow. Man is a religious animal. Leave the American his religion in the broader sense, as the administration is doing, and you may be able to achieve a reconstruction of the economic order without war or terror, without cruelty or oppression. Menace him with a left-wing fanaticism abhorrent to every instinct, tradition, or loyalty, and you may drive him into the even darker fury of the right.

The other day Franklin Roosevelt, speaking over the radio, said that there were those who were complaining of a "loss of individual liberty." In a kindly and homely fashion he explained that they were only "the com-

parative few who seek to retain or to gain positions or riches or both by some shortcut which is harmful to the greater good."

What sane and healing words in a world full of spinning dervishes, foaming at the mouth and offering to men a choice between their specific Koran and the sword. Mr. Roosevelt said "positions and riches"; and that is precisely what he meant. He did not speak of classes or races to liquidate, of demons or traitors, of the Economic Man or of Racist Purity, or of any of the new devil worships that are ravaging mankind. He does not dream that economic regulation has anything to do with the necessary spiritual liberties or normal self-expressions of men. So far as he is concerned, not only may the Holy Rollers (I am using them symbolically) roll, but, while they should and must for the common benefit submit to certain merely economic regulations, their right to roll must be upheld and if need be defended to the limit. Well, that is the way to uphold and preserve our civilization. So long as the Holy Rollers roll, they are safe and we are all safe with them. And he who sincerely desires to preserve both his country and Western civilization should think of the Holy Rollers and see to it that they roll in rapture and in peace. A homely symbol perhaps, but one that soars high and strikes deep. Through it at least one American, not inexperienced in the world of either things or thoughts, is glad to declare his reattachment to the American tradition and the American way of life.

WALTER HARD

Vermont—a Way of Life *

Two or three years ago when we said of a man, "Yes, he's making a living and that's about all," we meant he was really a failure. Now the man who is making a living is not a failure; he is looked upon by many thousands of his fellow-men as one of fortune's greatest favorites.

Generally speaking, the inhabitants of Vermont have always made a living—and that's about all. They did it during the so-called period of prosperity; they are doing it now. It is a kind of living which differs from that in the cities. It follows a more even line; a line without sharp rises and without deep depressions. During the high tide of prosperity which swept over much of the country, Vermont's way of living looked unambitious, smug, provincial, poor. Now it looks good to many people.

What makes it different?

An answer came this morning in a local paper. There was an advertisement which read like this:

WANTED. To exchange a 2nd. hand Chevrolet Coach
for a family cow. Exchange.

Let's look this man Exchange up. His case may be more or less typical. It may tell considerable about the way Vermonters live.

He was born on a mountain farm in Vermont thirty-five years ago. He grew up as every farm boy did, with responsibilities in the way of chores, from the time he was able to go about alone. By the time he was sixteen he was an important member of the family as a producer of the necessities of life. He never handled money because there was little of it used. He did handle tools and seeds and crops. He went to the school down the road two miles and learned to read, to write, to figure, and enough about the world to follow its life in the paper his father took. He went into the army with joy because of the chance to see life. He wasn't necessary at home. His father had fought in the Civil War. His great-grandfather on his mother's side had been one of the Green Mountain Boys. His two brothers, one a lawyer in Boston, the other working in New York, could not go to war. They had families. So Exchange kept up the family tradition and volun-

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teered. While he was overseas, his father died suddenly, and his mother and a young brother went to live near the Boston brother. The farm was sold to a lumber company, and Exchange came home to find himself a capitalist to the extent of two thousand dollars, which represented his share of his father's estate.

His experiences in France had satisfied his desire to see the world. He wandered around visiting relatives, and then spent some weeks as near the old farm as he could get. He was attracted to the schoolhouse again, but it was nothing as prosaic as matters of education that attracted him this time. The same teacher was there as when he went away to war.

That was thirteen years ago. He bought a small place on the edge of a village of about eight hundred inhabitants. He bought the twenty-seven acres with a story-and-a-half house, two barns and a chicken house, all in good shape, for two thousand dollars. There was an apple orchard of fifty trees too, but it was badly run down, and there was an eight-acre woodlot. He paid twelve hundred dollars down, leaving the rest on mortgage. The next year he brought his bride there. In the twelve years since, they have, besides rearing two boys, very much improved the buildings. They have cleaned up the orchard and grafted the old trees so they now pay a profit. They have also paid off the mortgage.

Exchange is handy with tools and has always had some carpenter work to do in the village and on neighboring farms. He and his wife have seen to it that some money is saved each month, no matter how little it may be. During the last few years, up to the summer of 1931, he has had steady work carpentering for the two or three families who have bought summer places in the village. The high spot in his earnings was 1929, when he worked steadily for a year. Most of the mortgage was paid off that year, and that year he bought the car.

Some years he and his family lived entirely on the products of his small farm. Every year they get the larger part of their living from it. There are hens, and Mrs. Exchange raises early chicks to sell as broilers to the summer families and perhaps to the storekeeper or the lawyer. She also sells eggs when the prices are good. When they are cheap, she "puts them down" to use for cooking. She also cans enough fowl to allow at least a meal a week during the winter. Of course they raise all of their vegetables. Not only do they have fresh vegetables all summer, but the surplus, canned, furnishes the winter supply. Now that the orchard is in bearing, they get a cash income from it in addition to the apples they have to eat. They kept a cow up to the year of greatest prosperity, when Exchange had a good offer for her, just at the time he found the milking a little too much in addition to his other work.

Now about that car. Of course they had wanted one for some time. They might have afforded it, but not by their standards. They waited until they had the cash and until the spending of it for a car would not curtail any-

thing which was a real necessity. No installment buying for them. Exchange would buy a car "if he could get it right." Meaning he'd pay so much and no more. He finally bought a car, three years old, with little mileage on it. It had the wear but not the style. He paid \$150 for it. His standing in the community was not affected in any way by the fact that it was not as late a model as some of his neighbors drove. It had no social bearing whatever.

That and a new kitchen range were his chief extravagances during his era of greatest prosperity. He banked the rest of his prosperity in a good savings bank.

Last year he had very little carpenter work, and since fall he has had none. His cash income has almost ceased except for some wood sold during the winter. This was enough to pay for sugar and flour and for some warm coats for the growing boys.

So we get to the advertisement quoted in the beginning.

His cash income having largely stopped, he proceeds at once to get rid of the car which will run on nothing he can produce. It requires cash to buy gas and oil. He can get along without the car. He and his family may not want to get along without it, but they would be uncomfortable to ride around in something they could not afford. That is habit. It is also tradition. It is Vermont.

Not only does Exchange get rid of the cash-eater, but he exchanges it for a producer—a producer of things which will further cut off his demand for cash. The family cow will cut butter from the grocer's bill and milk from the milkman's bill. She will also furnish fertilizer for the land.

It is evident that this man has never been very wealthy and that he never will be. But he will not be without food and shelter for himself and his family, given health and strength. Because there are so many Vermonters in like circumstances, more than elsewhere perhaps, one finds our present crisis much less noticeable.

Not only our small farmers who do other things when opportunity offers, but those who make a business of farming, have the same feeling of security as to home and food. They may get very slight money incomes, and they work hard, but they know they will not be ejected nor will they have to receive charity.

Here then is the fundamental difference between Exchange and his brother in the city. The latter works to get cash. With it he buys food and shelter. As soon as his cash income stops, no amount of effort on his part will make it possible for him to produce these necessities. The country dweller, on the other hand, just as Exchange did when the cash income stopped, can raise on the land what he needs to support life. Cash was not absolutely needed by Exchange. It is needed by his urban brother. While the city dweller, unfortunately out of work and out of cash, watches his fuel gradually dwindle, he knows that he must either be cold or call for

help. Exchange, however, takes his ax and goes to his woodlot. He gets a year's supply of fuel without spending a cent of cash except for a small tax, and he sells enough wood to much more than pay that. Of course he has a feeling of security which his brother in the city cannot know.

The dollar has played so little a part in the average Vermonter's life that he was not overexcited by the boom years. To be sure, things were easier, and there is probably a new rug in the parlor and a radio in the sitting room. Savings bank deposits increased, and better cars went into some new garages. But there was no temptation to speculate in Wall Street. Their only speculation was on the crops and the weather, which always afford enough outlet for the gambling spirit. During all of this period the general plane of living was changed very little. The old habits held fast, and the giving up of some of the extras is not so hard now.

You remember that Exchange did not lose caste by buying an outmoded car. His wife was not snubbed at the Sewing Society, nor did anyone speak of her "niggardly husband." This would be true in almost any village in Vermont. In the suburban community where Exchange's brother lives, all of his friends live in similar houses, drive cars that cost about the same amount, and have about the same incomes. If one gets a considerable increase in income and steps out with a better car, the rest feel bound to follow suit even to the point of uncomfortable stretching of the family budget. But in the country villages one's neighbors are people in various walks of life with incomes only alike in the fact that none of them are very large. Socially they are about as democratic as it is possible to be. Of course the lawyer's house may be steam-heated, and the doctor's wife may have "help," but none of them have servants. The few social distinctions are not based on ability to spend money. There is very little temptation to keep up with the Joneses.

It does seem as though the difference in surroundings must make some differences in feeling. Surrounded on all sides by things which man has built, all proclaiming the might of his genius and the power of his dollar, even to the highest pinnacle of his highest building, one must get to feel the omnipotence of money. When the money market is in a state of confusion and the business structure shows itself to be far from everlasting, in such surroundings one must feel that the bottom has dropped out of everything. But, when one's outlook is on high mountains and deep valleys which have been ages in the making, whose changes are only those of the ordered seasons, man and his dollars seem less important in the scheme of things. When the market falls, the countryman sees no sign of it on his landscape. These everlasting hills cannot fail to inspire confidence; to give strength.

It might seem that life in the Vermont hills was all work and no play. There is a contrast between the city and country idea of recreation, but there is no lack of it in either. Probably the countryman spends much less

money on his amusements, and, as that is one of the things which make his position desirable just now, we might just see what he does for fun.

During the summer Exchange and his family are busy most of the time. The boys belong to the 4-H Club and always join in any outings they may have. Of course there is a daily swim in the creek on warm days, and some ball-playing in the early evening just before dark. Probably three or four times during the summer Exchange himself will knock off for a half day to go to see the village ball team play one of the neighboring towns. Many of the villages have their own teams. He will never fail to go to the county fair in autumn, taking the family and making a day of it. Then he plays a second cornet in the Citizens Band, and he makes several excursions with it to near-by towns.

During the winter there are plenty of things to occupy the leisure time. Mrs. Exchange is head, this year, of the Parent-Teacher Association, which meets fortnightly at the houses of the members. Her teaching experience makes her a valuable connection between teachers and parents. Then on the alternate weeks the Grange meets. There are frequent suppers at the church and a series of lectures and entertainments from a lyceum bureau, under the auspices of the Grange. To most of these things Mr. Exchange goes, and sometimes the boys are allowed to attend. Then he has weekly band rehearsal and choir practice on Friday nights. The evenings at home he spends in reading the paper, his agricultural magazine, and probably a dozen books from the library during the course of the winter. Mrs. Exchange belongs to a magazine club, and her reading is usually confined to the four magazines which come each month, and special articles and books which have to do with her Parent-Teacher Association work.

Oh, yes, there are moving pictures once a week, and the boys manage to get together enough money to go once in a while. Most of the entertainment, however, is home talent. For instance, the same paper which had the advertisement which we have used as a text had an account of a series of tableaux, a Washington celebration, given in the town hall, in which the Exchange family all took part. The boys danced in the minuet. Their mother was Martha Custis, and Exchange himself played in the orchestra. The doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, farmers, laborers, mechanics—all classes and various members of their families were in the cast, and working with them and directing was a writer of international fame who happens to be their fellow townsman. Just look over the players in the impromptu orchestra. A farmer; a college student, son of the rector; a barber; a laborer; an insurance agent; a hotelkeeper; a truck driver; and a farmer's wife at the piano. And the leader, a regular resident of the village who happens to write symphonic music which is played by the best orchestras here and abroad. The highest-priced seats were fifty cents. There are no ticket scalpers.

Usually after such a performance the floor is cleared and there is a dance.

And there again you'll find all ages and all walks in life represented. Grandma may be sedately stepping the Portland Fancy in a set, while opposite her grandson swings his best girl.

The fundamental difference between the city and country kind of recreation lies in the fact that the latter is largely the product of one's own efforts. It is not a matter of taking a few, and not so few at that, dollars, and going out to be amused. It requires a minimum of cash outlay, and it derives much of its fun from the labor put into it. Of course some of the communities have permanent dramatic organizations which do serious work. They often have their own playhouse. As a rule, however, it is all just for fun, and it certainly is fun—the kind that re-creates.

Perhaps it would be unfair to leave out mention of schools, for in Vermont life education plays a very important part. Suffice it to say that Exchange and his wife are more interested in their boys' schooling than in anything else. They are ready to make any sacrifices to give them the best as far as the boys show a willingness to make good use of it. It would not be at all strange if one of the boys went to college. In fact, his mother is saving some of her egg money each week with some such possibility in mind. Maybe the other one will go to agricultural high school and come back to the farm. They will have all the training the schools can give them, and in addition they will have the invaluable education which comes from working with their parents in making their living. Each has things to do on the farm. Daily there is a demand for ability to meet new experiences which require initiative and self-reliance. These things they learn at home. Yes. There are educational facilities in Vermont, in school and outside too.

Of course not all Vermonters live just the life Exchange does. Many of them have more leisure, more comforts, more of the amenities of life. While the preponderance of life is rural, many live without any first-hand experience with the soil. Like their city brothers, they have to use cash as a medium. But they have the same feeling of security because they know the soil can give them what they need just as it is giving it to the people all around them. They know they too could do it if their mode of life had to change.

If success is measured in tall buildings, mammoth factories, big business enterprises, or in dollars, perhaps the men of Vermont are unambitious. Many of her sons have gone away from her hills and done ambitious things. Perhaps that is her job in life: to produce men to go away from her hills. Certain it is this way of life, which for generations has been sustained by the land, gives a security, a serenity, a peace, which the fluctuations of the stock market can neither give nor take away.

DELLA T. LUTES

*One Book—the Almanac **

WHEN I was a little girl living in southern Michigan—yes, and after I got to be a big girl and taught a deestrick school, the almanac was (as it had been for two hundred—and perhaps more—years) as definitely valued a factor in the amenities of living as a clock. In fact, the almanac and the clock companioned one another, both in the disposal of time and in their location in the home. The clock stood on a shelf in the kitchen, and the almanac hung (by a string punched through its binding) on a nail driven in the shelf.

The almanac, however, held the whip hand, for a farmer could get up with the sun, go to dinner by the feel of his stomach, and to bed when it was dark; neither could the clock tell how many eclipses there would be during the year, nor could it foretell the weather. The clock was a convenience, but the almanac was a necessity. By it the farmer planted his crops, mowed his hay, reaped his grain, and arranged his social affairs such as going visiting in the winter when an unexpected snow storm might seriously interfere with travel, or in planning the church sociables.

Not all the almanacs that were familiar in the homes of our midwestern locality performed this service of prognostication, being either too cautious or less familiar with those activities of planets which aided the astrologer in his forecasts. Jayne's *Medical Almanac and Guide to Health*, for instance, conservatively offered only "conjectures of the weather," but then Jayne's was one of those we could get along without and was not treasured from year to year as were some of the others, notably—of our acquaintance—Hostetter's, Ayer's, and Landreth's *Rural Register and Almanac*. Of these, my father, being what was known as a "small farmer," which meant that he raised more "truck" than "crops," most highly regarded Landreth's, a veritable—and reliable—guide to the farmer. Landreth's Warranted Seeds bore the test of time, and the *Rural Register* (first published in 1847) told you how to use them and gave volumes of agrarian advice. This almanac had its own special nail at the opposite end of the shelf from the others and was held sacred to my father's use. When the year was ended, a new *Register* took its place, but the old one was carefully stored in the huge top drawer

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of his own bureau along with packages of seeds, fishing tackle, a "wallet" containing deeds, notes, and a faded yellow sheet of foolscap paper which testified that somewhere prior to the Revolution three brothers named, respectively, John, James, and William Thompson, had sailed from England and landed on the Massachusetts coast. The almanac was treasured for the sake of comparison, not only of astrological and climatic conditions, but as reference in husbandry. When the time approached for Rosy, the red cow, to calve, he looked back to the date when the year before he had written on the margin, "Took Rosy to bull."

Landreth's *Rural Register and Almanac* held little interest for anyone in our family except my father, but the strings of the other two, with which we were familiar, had frequently to be renewed. Of these two my father had some preference for Ayer's, not because of any great value placed on the apparently panaceaic qualities of Sarsaparilla or Dr. Ayer's Pills, but because of the faith (and pleasure) he had in the lyric measures with which weather conditions were foretold. If Ayer's almanac said "Cold—and—blustering" (in a sort of "Gobelins—'ll—git—you" style slithering down the page) from February the seventeenth to the twenty-first, he brought in an extra quantity of corn to shell for the hens and piled the wood behind the kitchen stove after the box was filled. If it said, "Look—out—for—frosts" on the first of June, he looked out for frost, lowered the top of the cold frame where his early cabbage plants were growing, and anxiously sniffed the air as the sun went down.

Hostetter's *Illustrated United States Almanac* was especially popular with the lighter-minded members of the family, for it had a precious disposition toward humor and made up in wit what it lacked in prognostication. This almanac was also, outside of *Godey's Ladies' Book*, *Frank Leslie's* and *Peterson's Magazines*, the only piece of illustrated literature that came to our midwestern hands. Ayer's (with mustard-colored cover) had, to be sure, a few scattered exemplifications of the artist's skill, such as the bandaged head of a distressed individual suffering with neuralgic pains, a gouty foot (both relieved by the magic of Dr. Ayer's Pills), and a woman with a phenomenal growth of hair (Ayer's Hair Vigor).

Dr. Jayne's *Medical Almanac and Guide to Health* showed the sharply relieved profile of a woman's head with a huge goiter, also a realistic section of tapeworm, all reasonably interesting to a morbid nature, but hardly worth mentioning on the same day with Hostetter's memorable half page (lifted bodily, one would judge, from some English book) delineating an artist's interpretation of contemporary wit.

On the cover (a sort of distempered green which yellowed with age) we made the acquaintance, first, of St. George at everlasting odds with the Dragon—and, secondly, the brazen gentleman who apparently had had a run-in with Taurus the Bull or Leo the Lion, to the obvious disadvantage of his inner works; but the real meat of the nut came to view when you

opened the book upon Miss Soprano seated on a piano stool with her back to the instrument, smugly inquiring of the "cousin from rural districts" whether she had "dropped a note"; or upon the indignant diner who, with a napkin tied under his chin, is exhibiting a singular-looking object on the soup spoon. "Waiter," he says, "do you know what that is?"

"That, sir," replies the grinning waiter, "looks like a mouse. We often find them in the soup, sir. No extra charge, sir."

Full half a dozen such happy interpretations of that day's humor lightened the more depressing recital of human ills—one a month for half the year, conned zealously for twice that time.

Both Ayer's and Hostetter's believed in relieving the humdrum existence of the farmer's life with merry quip and jest, and were triply cherished therefore. And—a jaded eye and ear, judging by the weary round of so-called waggery over radio and on comic strip, calls them fair. Take this, for instance: A young man accused of laziness was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," said the impertinent youth; "Father's got all the laziness he ever had." Or what the milkman said when he found a fish in the milk: "Good heavens! The brindle cow's been swimming again." Or, worthy, it seems to us, of the more sophisticated journals of today:

Young lady: "Bub, won't you give me your baby sister? I love little babies." Young hopeful: "No—ma'am—I tant." Young lady: "Why won't you give your baby to me?" Hopeful (indignantly): "'Cause she'd tarve to death. Your dress opens behime."

Of course, in the present day of enlightenment toward an infant's needs, this joke would fail of point, but in 1877 it carried weight.

Both Hostetter's and Ayer's almanacs endeared themselves to the mid-western heart by offering an opportunity to laugh. God knows there was little enough occasion. But they also offered more substantial meat for the mental tooth: "How to clean marble"—for marble was a familiar medium in the furnishings of that time; how to make a pumpkin poultice; to cure a sty on the eye; receipts for sour cream cake and Queen of All Puddings (good enough to try today—if anybody still made puddings); how to cure warts with spirits of turpentine, or a sore throat with roasted lemon.

Adages, puns, conundrums, adorned the pages of these almanacs, some of them of a quality that makes one wonder how they have escaped the radio's eye: An Indian said that, when he first heard of it, he was much surprised that the white men had killed their Savior, but, when he knew them better, he wondered that they didn't steal his clothes.

"When was Adam married? On his wedding Eve."

"On which side of a mule would you look for the most hair? The outside."

"As you cannot avoid your own company, make it as agreeable as you can."

"In an alphabetical race, which letter would be first in starting? S."

"If you want to keep your boy at home, make it pleasanter for him than the street."

Certain almanacs were treasured beyond years of other usefulness by annotations on the margin: "Picked the first strawberries today." Or, on the interspersed blank pages, records of reference were made: "Sowed Early Rose potatoes." I have an old copy of *Herrick's Almanac* of the eighties in which are recorded births, deaths, visits, "Vandoos," illnesses, weddings, and the birth of a litter of thirteen pigs. "The mother laid on two and killed them. Then she ate them."

There was a *Michigan Almanac* which cost fifteen cents. Some of our neighbors occasionally bought one. My father never did. He could get all he needed out of those that were free. The *Michigan Almanac* was almost as good as a course at the agricultural college or a reading of Blackstone in a country lawyer's office. It was crammed from cover to cover with informative paragraphs and statistics: courts—open, circuit, supreme; names of all the states (twenty-two) with date of admission to the Union; post offices and railroad stations; Lake commerce; location of land offices, saleable lands, and so forth. It was sponsored by the *Detroit Weekly Tribune* and stood for no nonsense. It posted you on when the sun entered Aries and spring began; on when the sun entered Cancer and summer began, when the sun entered Libra, autumn began. But we needed no such high-sounding gong to advise us on the change of seasons. Spring began when the pussy willows came out and the peepers sang; summer began when the clover was ready to cut; and you knew when fall threatened by the turning leaves.

There was also a small almanac published in Cooperstown, New York, during the seventies and eighties, called *Phinney's Calendar or Western Almanac*. For a little book it contained a surprising amount of information and a still more amazing amount of advertising—mostly schoolbooks, tracts, and Sunday-school books, and insurance. It also carried, in certain issues at least, advertisements of the ubiquitous Mr. Beadle's dime novels, handbooks, and songbooks, of which there were astonishing numbers. In the year 1870 he named 176 volumes of novels, songbook collections numbering from one to twenty-three, and various schoolbooks, books of games, etc. I do not know how much distribution the almanac had, but in both volume and value of material it ranked high and should be worthy of a considerable place in the roll of American almanacs.

Poor Richard's Almanac was probably the earliest of the almanacs published in this country (1687), and its fame, particularly because of the maxims and aphorisms for which it was noted, will doubtless stand forever at the top of the roster of this type of American literature.

The Old Farmer's Almanac (which did not, in general, reach our mid-western country but which, to the more sober and literate East, offered equal unquestioned informative material) also carried a side line of weather

prognostications, but in a far less spirited style. Where, for instance, *The Old Farmer* for the last of July, 1874, pessimistically prophesied "uncomfortable weather with frequent showers," Dr. Ayer's admitted "scorching heat," but supplemented the statement with the more heartening "Fine hay weather."

This *Old Farmer's Almanac*, sedate, informative, dependable, and convincing as one might expect from its source, was then, as it is today after 136 years of consecutive publishing, a substantial volume of miscellaneous but well-directed information. The man who fain would study the skies (and, amazingly, many an humble farmer did) could use the *Old Farmer's Almanac* as a textbook with confidence. My own father, with only the lesser ordinary almanacs to go by, sat with me on many a starlit night and traced for my childish pleasure the Milky Way, the Great and the Little Dipper, and read for me a tale written by the stars far more fascinating than any the millions of books of today provided for my children seem to do. His translation was doubtless crude, perhaps often wrong, but at least it taught me that there *was* a sky, showed me its sustaining and comforting beauty, and instilled a habit of looking *up*. (One of the first things I ever bought for him after I began earning money was a simple book of astronomy.)

The Old Farmer's Almanac (which sold then and still does for fifteen cents), in common with others, also announced the eclipses of the year but added considerable other information, such as names and characters of the aspects, names and characters of the signs of the zodiac (from which my cousin Cory and I once contrived ourselves a secret alphabetical code which resembled a cross between Achibbiddi and Glagoutic), chronological cycles, movable feasts and fasts, and a table of tides, a feature that I regret being denied. Any mention of the mysterious, seemingly mythical sea was a prick to the imagination of the inland child.

Almost all almanacs were moral in tone, and the older ones definitely religious. They were, therefore, a marked influence on character. Even the stanzas of verse which decorated the calendar pages of many were spiritual in tone, or, at least, inspirational.

In a perusal of old almanacs (dating back of a hundred years) one is impressed by their changing character as other reading matter found its way to the scattered and often isolated homes. In the 1700's the almanac was a compendium of serious information, unleavened by wit or humor. Of these the *Vermont Register and Almanac* was most voluminous. It apparently had no sponsor except the house publishing it at Montpelier, and it was (at least those I have examined were) over one hundred pages in length. There is no indication on the volumes I have been able to study (1818-1821) that it was sold for a price, but it must have been. It carried indispensable information—lists of post offices and postmasters and of practicing attorneys throughout the state, town clerks, jurors (with fees), liter-

ary institutes, together with aphorisms, short fables inciting charity and economy, and always the marginal notes: "March 7th—Joseph's heifer calved"; "Dec. 1, 1819—Turned ram to sheep."

The North American Almanac and Gentleman's and Lady's Diary for the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1776 (calculated—like *The Old Farmer's*—"for the medium of Boston and New England") contained, besides all the features of other almanacs, including a list of Friends' meeting places, occasional bits of verse, the credit for which it would seem should go somewhere other than just to the good judgment of the compiler; for example, the "Bacchanal on the Earth's Drinking Habits," whose author was not a poor disciple of the famed maker of tents:

The thirsty Earth soaks up the rain
And drinks and gapes for rain again;
The planets suck in the earth and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair;
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Yet drinks ten thousand rivers up
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup:
The busy sun—and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less—
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sea.
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night:
Nothing in nature's sober found.
But an eternal health goes round:
Fill up the bowl then! fill it high!
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why? Man of Morals—tell me why!

The almanac and the Bible were without doubt the two greatest mediums for influence upon the lives of people from earliest days of settlement in this country—as well as others—to the time when, in the nineteenth century, a book ceased to be little less than a miracle. An almanac was not only a source of entertainment—which it decidedly was—through its paragraphs of wit and wisdom, but the only volume of reference to which the common people had access. Whether the Bible or the almanac wielded the greater power is perhaps a debatable matter. The Bible was a threat held over the head and a rainbow before the eye. But the almanac took a man by the hand on the first of January year in and year out and led him through vicissitudes of wind and weather. In the progression of time and opportunity for news gathering its scope of usefulness widened, and one almanac vied with another in assembling and disseminating information. In the

seventies and eighties it told when and where court would convene; served as a road map; acquainted the reader with national affairs; gave statistics regarding army, navy, development of railroads, canals, and the opportunities for commerce. Through its fun and humor it sharpened the wits; by proverb and adage it aroused thought, provoked judgment. It gave some good medical advice and much that was worthless. In this particular some almanacs were worse than others. Those sponsored by patent medicine could ruin the best of health by consistent and imaginative reading, let alone application.

Mr. Clarence S. Brigham, director of the National Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts (where is a collection of 35,000 almanacs, the largest in the world) in his bulletin, *An Account of American Almanacs*, quotes a paragraph from Moses Coit Tyler's *History of American Literature* in which the case of the almanac is so clearly faced that it seems to me I can do no better, in closing, than to requote the same:

No one who would penetrate to the core of early American literature, and would read in it the secret history of the people in whose minds it took root and from whose mind it grew, may by any means turn away, in lofty literary scorn, from the almanac—most despised, most prolific, most indispensable of books, which every man uses, and no man praises; the very quack, clown, pack horse, and pariah of modern literature, yet the one universal book of modern literature; the supreme and only literary necessity even in households where the Bible and the newspaper are still undesired or unattainable luxuries.

L . H . R O B B I N S

*Language Made in the U.S.A.**

THE AMERICAN brand of the English language is going to have a dictionary all its own—*A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles*. The first eight or ten published parts, A to Honk, in green paper covers for the time being, have shown up in libraries within the last year or so.

For a highbrow product, these samples are lively reading. Besides showing how our lingo got the way it is, they tell a lot about American life, its ways and doings, its horse sense and its humor. In fact, they have made such a hit with the general book-lifting public that vigilant librarians have taken to keeping them under lock and key.

American English has been a long while in making the grade to respectability. Noah Webster boosted it, Richard H. Thornton gave it a hand, Henry L. Mencken went to bat for it, and still certain classrooms and editorial offices figure that to write United States is sort of low-down, or something. The new dictionary may help to smear that dull notion.

To the editors of this book, Sir William A. Craigie, who was coeditor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and Dr. James R. Hulbert, Professor of English at the University of Chicago, the English of America is plenty good English and just as worthy of a dictionary as any variety of English anywhere. Moreover, it happens to be the language of the largest body of English-speaking people on earth.

The dictionary-makers at the university here [Chicago] have been on the job since 1925, backed by the General Education Board, the American Council of Learned Societies, and the university. In a long room whose windows look out across the Midway—a quiet room with many desks and walled with bookshelves and filing cases, with portraits of famous lexicographers hanging around to inspire the project—studious people pore over old books and manuscripts, stacks of newspaper clippings, and bundles of quotations, back-tracking Americanisms to their earliest recorded appearance. Some of the digging has been done in the Universities of Missouri and Kansas. Some of it was done long ago by hobbyists whose collections are here available to Dr. Hulbert's staff.

* Reprinted from *The New York Times Magazine* for October 6, 1940, by permission of the author and the publishers.

The book will compare with the *Oxford Dictionary* in scholarship, if not in scope. The idea is to include only such material as will show wherein the speech of the American colonies and the United States differs from that of other English-using lands.

The whole language of Americans is inspected in this quiet room, but much of it is dismissed. Slang of the moment, expressions that never get into print, and words born since 1900 are stopped at the door. Words not clearly of American origin, or having no greater currency here than elsewhere, are likewise excused. At that, there's a mob of words left—enough for a four-volume dictionary that will sell for \$80, bound.

How do words get into a language? Dr. Hulbert looks at what has happened to English in America in three hundred years and suggests that words are products of human living and bob up as the need arises.

The language that landed on these shores with the Pilgrims, the Puritans, and the Cavaliers began to go American on the spot. Here were strange critters overlooked by Adam, and strange plants, foods, and what-not, and English was stumped for names for them.

The first Englishmen consulted the Indians and opened the language to a drove of new words, such as *woodchuck*, *raccoon*, *opossum*, *moose*, *skunk*, *persimmon*, *hickory*, *squash*, *hominy*, and *succotash*, along with new-made English words like *warpath* and *firewater*.

From settlers of other races they borrowed words and forgot to return them; words like *prairie*, *chowder*, and *levee* from the French; *boss*, *sleigh*, *cruller*, and *stoop* from the Dutch; *maize*, *sassafras*, *alligator*, *canoe*, *pickaninny*, *tobacco*, *tomato*, and *corral* from the Spanish, who had borrowed many of them from the Indians. And, using their eyes, ears, and wits, they coined *hangbird*, *bobwhite*, *bobolink*, *bluebird*, *catbird*, *chickadee*, *blueberry*, *bullfrog*, *catfish*, *copperhead*, and hundreds more.

Later on the descendants of these pioneers threw dependence on formal English overboard with dependence on England, and went in for verbal short cuts. They made the lowly verb *fix* do duty for a regiment of nicer verbs, as Dickens and other travelers complained. A free-and-easy people, they took liberties with the old home tongue. They deeded, tabled, notified, obligated, located, advocated, belittled, affiliated, and progressed, which no well-brought-up Englishman had ever done.

Their talk became a breezy, poetic reflection of rough-and-ready pioneer life. They lived in diggings—cabins, frame houses, and brownstone fronts—by the forks of the creek under the bluff about a mile above the Water Gap. The folks suffered considerable from blizzards, cloudbursts, and chinchbugs, and often were plumb out of corn.

One time they just about went over the divide from the prickly heat. They were sure sick; they were down and out, n. g., in a fix, in a jam and up a

tree for fair—gone coons, you might say. It was a tough break for them. But Doc Jones pulled them through p. d. q. Inside of a week he had them up and around, and soon they were okay, full of vim, and going for joyrides, all but Ma, who was still doctoring at last reports.

They felt like going a-huckleberrying. They got wrathful and wiped out the Redskins. They were good mixers and swapped yarns. They held indignation meetings, camp meetings, husking bees, and clambakes. They wore suspenders, dickeys, vests, and stovepipe hats.

They ran bakeries, drug stores, candy kitchens, and creameries. They had a hired man to tend store and a force to operate the mill, and they were kind, or not, to the help. They laid sidewalks and ate johnny-cake. Occasionally they went on a drunk, had too much moonshine aboard, cussed out the neighbors, raised Cain, and then got on the waterwagon.

They bolted the ticket, stumped the county, stampeded the voters. They approached a wire-puller to railroad a bill through the legislature and slipped him a rake-off. They gave the Iron Horse a cowcatcher, and brought forth freight trains, cabooses, snowplows, jim-crow cars, switches and switch engines, down grades, double-headers, and baggage cars.

Everything in the American experience, forest and farm, stagecoach, canal boat, steamboat and covered wagon, district school, crossroads store and mining camp, the very soil of the new land and the products thereof, helped swell the vocabulary.

Corn, which is a 100-per-cent American word as we use it, fathered *corn stalk*, *corn shuck*, *corn sheller*, *corn pone*, *corn crib*, *corn cob*, *corn popper*, and so on. *Cotton* begat pages of new words and so did *cow*—*cow-boy*, *cow hand*, *cowpuncher*, *cowhide*, *cow lot*, *cow outfit*, *cow town*.

Business produced *dicker*, *boom*, *bogus*, *accommodation*, *floor-walker*, *coupon-clipper*, and a *corner in wheat*. Politics came through with *Cabinet*, *administration man*, *caucus*, *boodle*, *pocket veto*. Religion yielded *Hard-shell Baptist*, *Adventist*, *Christian Science*, *circuit rider*, *amen corner*, *anxious seat*.

The race track and baseball were prolific: Senator A. is a dark horse and a thoroughbred; Governor B. is an also-ran, and Judge C. won't get to first. The card table supplied *showdown*, *ante*, *kitty*, *chip in*, *jackpot*, *stand pat*, and other useful words, including *new deal*, which President Roosevelt has capitalized for the history books. Dr. Hulbert's word scouts find that General Sherman used the expression in the same sense in 1863.

The verbs *fizzle*, *crawfish*, *hog*, *take it back*, *eat dirt*, *slop over*, *cave in*, *ball up*, *get rattled*, *put on the dog*, *sidestep*, *rubberneck*, *bulldoze*, *logroll*, and *freeze out* are American-born. For a random handful of American nouns, there are *buggy*, *bobsled*, *schooner*, *catboat*, *dory*, *dirt road*, *dishpan*, *pay dirt*, *tenderfoot*, *shack*, *scab*, *hoodlum*, *hold-up*, *sucker*, *applejack*,

crackerjack, *appendicitis*, *arc lamp*, *cold snap*, *has-been*, *lame duck*, *rough-house*, *bleacher*, *back country*, *back number*, *back pay*, *angel-cake*, and *crowbar*.

It is American to say "Who's ahead?" and "He is worth \$200,000," and "She gets straight A's," and "The faculty dropped him," and "Henry grew string beans and Harriet canned them." It's American to cover fires and to write editorials. It's in America that you find ads, co-eds, bald-headed eagles, lengthy sermons, chunky children, fine-appearing women, blue laws, anthracite, arctics for the feet, a chicken in every pot, and annexes, as in Times Annex.

As the nation grew, English words took on special significance here: thus *Abolition*, *Underground Railroad*, *Emancipation*, *Forty-niners*, *Down East*, *Empire State*, *Tar Heel*, *Old Dominion*, *Old Hickory*, *Father Knickerbocker*, *Uncle Sam*. So many of such words there are, they would make a book in themselves.

While America was embellishing the mother tongue in this gorgeous fashion, it was twisting such words as *corn*, *shoe*, *pie*, *store*, *cracker*, and *team* into meanings that Englishmen don't recognize, and keeping alive other good old words that are now obsolete on their native heath: among them *fleshy*, *jeans*, *andirons*, *flapjacks*, *wench*, *fall*, meaning *autumn*, and *plenty*, for plentiful.

The result of it all is with us today, a language that has grown as tremendously as the country itself and taken on the color of the country. Hundreds of upstart words and word usages in the three centuries have fallen by the wayside and are forgotten. But those that served a need have remained; and now they are being assembled in a monumental dictionary with illustrations of their earliest discoverable use and explanations of their origin.

Who first wrote of the Almighty Dollar? Washington Irving believed the expression was his; it appeared in his "Creole Village" sketch in 1837. But research finds it in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia in 1836, and there it was enclosed in quotation marks, as if borrowed from a still earlier source.

How did *crank*, meaning crackpot, creep in? The word was brought into vogue by the assassin Guiteau's frequent use of it at his trial in 1881.

Where did we get *covered wagon*, *doughboy*, *easy money*, *baggage-smasher*? *Covered wagon* was current in colonial days and was used by George Washington in 1755. *Doughboy* was at first a doughnut served with hash to sailors in the nation's service. In the Civil War the term was applied to the globular buttons on the infantry uniforms, and at last to the infantrymen themselves.

Easy money seems to have been a new banking expression in 1836, when Daniel Webster wrote, "Money is getting to be much easier, as the phrase is." Its present broader meaning dates back at least to George Ade's "Artie"

stories of 1896. And *baggage-smasher* may once have had an even more sinister meaning than it has today; at any rate, the New York *Tribune* in 1861 was complaining of "emigrant-robbers, baggage-smashers, and all the worst classes of the city." The dictionary has the answers for a multitude of such questions.

Toward most new labor-saving expressions that pack a punch the dictionary makers show sympathy. Sir William wouldn't think of rejecting, for instance, "It's up to you." And Dr. Hulbert feels that *handy*, *gyp*, *blinker*, *doublecross*, and *whitewash*, as in politics, are words that just can't be spared. "They are," says he, "so handy."

BETTY FIBLE MARTIN

*Country Supper—50¢ **

It is dusty now along the back roads of America. Country gardens are lush with snap beans, "roastin' ears," and tomatoes; chicken roosts crowded by "fryers." There is sweet-smelling hay curing in the windrows. Corn is laid by in the field. Big horse flies and little horn flies harass the cattle. Chiggers lurk in the grass. Through the soft summer night, crickets run through variations on a theme. And in rural post offices and general stores can be seen homemade posters calling all and sundry to clambakes and bean suppers in New England, oyster scalds and fried-chicken suppers south of the Mason-Dixon Line, barbecues and pie socials at the Crossroads.

The country supper is one phase of rural life undimmed by a Presidential campaign, economic cross winds, today's comparatively peaceful and streamlined existence here at home, and the disaster-spreading upheavals taking place in the world abroad. It is a source of liberal dining at 50 cents or less to the summer visitor and of immense benefit to the natives. Its prime purpose is to raise money for a "cause," be it a donation to the Red Cross, a new roof on the ladies' Home Demonstration clubhouse, or a fresh coat of paint for the little white church at the top of the knoll.

Grandmother and grandfather did their bit for "the supper" in their day, mother and father in theirs. Son and daughter are up to their elbows in butchery and batter, for it is the men who prepare the meat course, the women who arrange, cook, and bake.

It's a community affair, just as it always has been; a holiday for everybody, but with the common ground of work for a common cause instead of freedom from work. Everybody has an assigned task in a community project, repeated whenever occasion really warrants. Hereditary tasks a good many of them are, handed down from mother to daughter along with kitchen skills and culinary secrets.

Down the rolling by-lanes of northern Virginia, fried chicken and old ham suppers are as much a part of the country as George Washington's Mount Vernon on the Potomac and the smoky blue haze hanging low over the foothills.

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Days in advance, the party line is a-tinkle, two rings here and four rings there. The ladies are on the march, foraging. Rolls, bread, cakes, and pies; potato salad and coleslaw are the demands called over the line from kitchen to kitchen. Up and down the county roads, dressed chicken and old hams are allotted the gentlemen, whether or no. Dairy farmers know of old their milk, butter, and ice-cream duty; honors for frying chicken on the night of the supper fall upon the broad shoulders of farm women with large families long accustomed to big tables and many hungry mouths.

It is "send to the store for navy beans and flour" in one homestead; "fetch some 'taters up from the cellar" in another; the children sent to hunt eggs in a third; and, "Daddy, kill them fryers and where is the key to the smoke-house?" in a fourth. In comfortable homes and on subsistence farms, from the head of the house to toddling babies, "the supper" brings forth big eyes and suddenly empty stomachs as each course reaches its final stage in individual kitchens. "Nary roll, cup cake, pie, chicken neck, dish of beans, or nuthin'" can be sampled gratis. It is all or nothing on the night of the supper—50 cents a head, or stay at home and eat cold sandwiches.

Early in the "evening," meaning any time after high noon, the basket-laden ladies trickle into the church hall or I-Home Demonstration clubhouse, arriving in farm trucks and "machines." Dressed in their best and well-aproned, they have left at home their men to do the night milking, the late feeding of stock, the bathing and dressing of the children—above all, the grave responsibility of being on time at the supper, cool and attired in their Sunday clothes after a tedious hot day in the fields.

There is a roar of protest from the United States Highway back to the last clearing in the woods. But, come supper time, the men are there, the children too, one big whoop and "holler," "peart" as lizards and primed to eat enough for a sow with nine pigs. Overloaded dinner plates are emptied with all the dispatch of a dump truck. Each item on the menu is So-and-So's rolls, Somebody's coleslaw, Such-and-Such's fried chicken, well known the country over and eaten accordingly.

The conversation is a first-hand weather report which might serve as an eye-opener to the weather bureau. The precise amount of rainfall on each acre is halved, drawn, quartered, and dissected in direct relation to gardens, lawns, pastures, hay fields, the growing corn, and the coming crop of soy beans.

The crop-control program for 1940 jostles the weather for attention. Who signed up before the deadline, for how much "control" and ground limestone on the "govern-mint," and what is being done on dairy and general farms alike, are the subjects, quite naturally, of more immediate concern than blitzkriegs, fifth columns, parachute troops, and national elections. And yet a word, a phrase, a doubting shake of a head show thoughts weigh-

ing on all minds—the frightening turn of world events. How far will the war spread? How long will it last? These are the unanswerable questions creeping forward on the lips of rural folk.

In the kitchen, where air conditioning is still the summer's breeze whipping the curtains, the heat of the cookstoves is equaled only by the chat-chat-chatter of moving dishes, the overwhelming "poppin' and sizzlin'" of chicken frying in hot fat, and the ceaseless flow of talk issuing from the women letting off steam after many isolated weeks of heavy summer farm work.

Weeds and bugs in the garden vie with poison-ivy remedies. The hot and cold methods of canning tomatoes, corn, and beans elbow ways of keeping heat out of the bedrooms and "cookin' up" sufficient for several meals. The newfound joys of electric refrigeration are divided with the thankfulness over having new potatoes in the cellar, jars of jelly in the "keep," cartons of canned vegetables in the cupboard, and a country at peace in which to live.

The passing years, the wars and temporary cessation of hostilities, the changing ways of life have left no mark on the country supper. It is an occasion bringing rural folk together in concerted effort toward a charitable goal where all the cash profits are net. It is the place for good native food in quantity, airing of local problems, and meeting of people widely separated by necessity on farms. It is an affair of homely hospitality living on through the generations as peacefully as the starlit night guiding each family home, exhausted, full and happy, after an evening feverishly anticipated and long to be remembered.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

The Ethics of a Country Editor *

THE ONLY excuse an editor has for being is that his paper shall print the news. The question that comes to every man running a newspaper is: What is news? That he must settle for himself, and, having found a rule, must stick as closely to it as possible. When an editor begins monkeying with his conscience, stretching his rule to shield his friends or to punish his enemies, he is lost. He becomes wobbly, and has no anchor and no direction.

Every day matters come up in every community, big or little, that are disagreeable to print. Nasty stories are always afloat. Gossip is always in the air. An editor in a town of one hundred people could fill a six-column daily every night with gossip alone, if he could keep from being lynched. Much of it would be false and all of it would be unfair. And yet often these matters come up in such a shape that they may not be ignored. And here is where an editor has to set his jaw and go ahead, following his conscience without fear or favor. Such times come to every attorney, to every doctor, to every preacher, to every man in every relation of life. It is a safe rule to follow, that gossip may be ignored, no matter how loudly it buzzes, till it becomes a matter of court record. Then it may not be left out of the paper. If a man has a grievance against his fellow-man that he or she is too cowardly to air in the court, it is safe to say that there are two sides to the question, and the editor who prints the story prints it at his peril. But, on the other hand, when a man takes his grievance into court, when he spreads it upon the record and gives his opponent a chance to answer in an open, public manner, then the quarrel, no matter whom it involves, is a matter that no editor can overlook. And, after a case gets into court, a newspaper should let the courts try it, printing the claims of each side, not trying to convict or acquit either of the parties.

That, it seems to the *Gazette*, is the fair way to treat unsavory matters. No honest editor cares to have scandal and improper stories in his paper, and no one should print such stories in such a way that they may not be

* The country newspapers, the newspapers edited and published in the small towns of America, have had a tremendous influence in the nation's development. One of the most distinguished of such papers is the *Emporia Gazette*, edited by William Allen White. These selections, in which he sets forth the practical ethics of his paper, are reprinted by permission of the editor from the *Emporia Gazette* for October 12, 1903, January 2, 1917, and December 4, 1924, respectively.

read aloud in the family circle. It is the way news is handled that counts for or against decency. A vile story may be handled with care and the readers be no worse for seeing it.

As we live longer in the newspaper business, we see more and more things which shouldn't be in the paper. To print the kind of a paper we printed ten years ago would turn us yellow with mortification; and the *Gazette* of twenty years ago would stink to high heaven. Divorce news, other than the bare statement of the findings of the court, went out early in the game; resolutions of respect followed. Patent medicines stepped on the heels of the resolutions of respect, and advertising of traveling doctors and painless dentists bumped into the patent medicines. The names of first offenders in police court, unless under unusual circumstances, dropped out after the quack doctors, and advertising of unlisted mining and promotion stock followed the first offenders. Now we are going to refuse after today to take any more advertising of the fellow who gives public notice of his refusal to pay his wife's bills. We've been nursing a growing grouch on him for several years. We don't think a newspaper is the place for him to air his family problems. If his wife is spending too much money, he has two perfectly good avenues of publicity; he can telephone the secretary of the Lyon County Retailers Association, and the secretary will notify every store of any importance of the injured husband's intention. Or, if that fails, he can beat his wife within an inch of her life, and we always give wife-beaters' names the fullest publicity.

Speaking generally, when a family row has to be aired in the newspapers, it should be settled in court. We don't want the money of the poor devil with a fool wife, and we don't want the money of a tightwad husband with a good wife. So nix, after today, of the item from the husband who refuses to pay his wife's bills.

An editor can build up his community only by preaching unselfish citizenship. The booster, the boomer, the rizz-razzer who screams in headlines about the glories of the town gets nowhere. But the editor who, by his own practices as well as his own preaching, stands for decent things and encourages unselfish citizenship, glorifies giving and frowns on taking, has a constructive attitude which is sure to help his town. He may not bring more people in; that is as fate wills it. But he certainly can make life better and happier and broader and more comfortable for the people who live in the town. It is better to have 10,000 people living equitably and happy than to have 10,000 people growing fat upon the toil of 90,000 who live lean and sordid lives. The *Gazette* is printed in a community where there are 13,000 people, without a pauper, with every man at work, without a millionaire, with as many telephones as there are homes, as many automobiles as there are families, as many schools as the children need, as many books in the

library as the people will read, with a municipal band, a bathtub in nearly every house, no homemade crime. The people in our jails come to town to get there, and we haven't an able-bodied person in the poorhouse.

That's the kind of a town a paper should strive for. From purely selfish motives it pays an editor to stand for justice. Because the more equitably the gross income of the town is distributed, the more money more people will have to buy more papers and patronize more advertisers.

The editor who hollers for more population without regard to the kind of population is a fool who doesn't know his own business.

*New American Frontiers **

THE PRESENT era will be recorded in history as one of reaction. The principles of individual freedom, established by revolution in the eighteenth century, are being superseded by the more primitive principles of individual authority and centralized power. Every major nation in the world except the U.S. is now governed by dictatorship or decree. For this fact the so-called democracies of Europe cannot be blamed directly; they have been called upon to meet a war emergency. The fact nevertheless remains, and has a profound bearing upon the future of the world. The ultimate problem of a second world war will be the problem of the peace. And, if in that peace the American people can stand upon the principles of liberty, then those principles will be preserved and may be revived in the international future. But if the American people cannot stand upon them, then no one else will be able to.

Thus, wherever war may be fought, and over whatever issues, it is in the U.S. that the final decision will be made. It is in the U.S. that humanity will be given its last chance to decide between the individual and the state. This decision, however, will not be an arbitrary one. As pointed out here last month, the principles of liberty are frontier principles. They grew from a frontier; they were almost perfectly adapted to the development of a frontier; and their usefulness to mankind lay in the fact that there was a frontier to develop. The principles of liberty are not adapted to war, which destroys; or to a static economy, whose chief problems are those of organization and the distribution of what already exists. In war or in stasis liberty is inefficient. Hence the ultimate decision of the American people with regard to their liberties will be based upon a simple question of fact: whether the U.S. is still in possession of a frontier, or whether it is not.

There is a school of thought which believes that the U.S. frontier has been extinguished; that there is no room for expansion comparable to that of the past; and that radical adjustments must be made. This point of view is plausible. No one can deny that readjustments are necessary, some of them profound. In the future, for instance, the ratio between investment (or savings) and consumption (or spending) may have to be altogether different. It may also be necessary to revise some of our economic concepts to recognize the increasingly important role that is being played by big corporations and quasi monopolies. And indeed a list of readjustments could

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be extended virtually to infinity. But it is only in the light of the assumptions from which such measures proceed, and the purposes toward which they are directed, that they can be judged. And, if they are directed toward a static economy, upon the assumption that there is no more frontier, they are unacceptable.

For the evidences of a frontier are overwhelming. It is a different kind of frontier from that which governed the expansion of the nineteenth century, but it is just as surely here. *Fortune* has been sending out reconnoitering parties for the last six months, and the preliminary reports indicate the existence of a new world that is virtually immeasurable. (Most successful expedition this month was that into the radio industry, where there exists an invention that seems to have a better than even chance of rendering 40,000,000 radio sets obsolete and of upsetting the *status quo* of the broadcasting industry.) This frontier is technological in character, complex, difficult for the layman or even the businessman to comprehend. It is not charted or mapped; even the technicians, though familiar with their special areas, know little about it as a whole. But it is only by virtue of the narrowest sort of definition, together with a thorough ignorance of American industrial science, that anyone can deny that it exists.

There are two prime movers of the frontier: the inventor, who creates it, and the entrepreneur (whether corporate or individual), who develops it. In so far as the two can be separated at all, the businessman is naturally more concerned with the latter; and such also will be *Fortune's* approach in forthcoming frontier studies. Pending those studies, however, it will be well to satisfy ourselves concerning the activities of the industrial scientists. For those activities constitute circumstantial evidence that a frontier exists.

The overwhelming fact with regard to modern industrial research is that for the past eighteen or twenty years it has been growing much faster than American industry itself. Precise statistics, to be sure, are scanty. The best work is that compiled by the National Research Council and analyzed by the WPA; yet even this is subject to wide and indeterminate errors, because of the difficulty involved in defining the word "researcher," and for other reasons. The general trend is, however, impressively clear. Before the last war industrial research, except in a few lines, was regarded as a kind of big-business luxury, and even as late as 1920 it employed fewer than 8,000 persons. But in 1927, according to the Council's lists, there were 17,000 researchers. By 1938 the number had grown to 42,000, an over-all gain in eighteen years of some 425 per cent. Between 1927 and 1938 the number of companies reporting to the Council nearly doubled—from 926 to 1,721. Other estimates indicate that the number of industrial laboratories, including consulting laboratories, increased from about 350 in 1920 to about 1,000 in 1927, to about 1,800 in 1938—an over-all increase of more than 400 per cent.

These figures are fairly reliable, but in trying to reduce them to dollars the analyst runs into difficulties. In 1927 Herbert Hoover estimated the total bill for "applied research," including government, at \$200,000,000; and for the same year Dr. Frederick P. Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation estimated it at \$217,000,000, of which "more than 90 per cent came from industrial and commercial bodies." These figures were probably high. Of 17,000 employed in industrial research in 1927, nearly three quarters, or at least 12,000, were scientists or engineers, the balance being laboratory assistants and employees. Each *scientist*, in other words, incurs expenses for assistants and administrative staff; and to these expenses there should be added various overhead items, laboratory depreciation and replacement, and supplies. The ratio between a scientist's salary and these other charges is known in few laboratories, and varies in all. Nevertheless, if the figure of \$3,500 a year is taken as the average scientist's salary, it is a fair guess that the accessories will run about 70 per cent of that amount. This makes the cost per scientist about \$6,000 per year, and the total bill for industrial research conducted by business in 1927 *at least* \$72,000,000; and in 1938, when there were some 30,000 scientists, it was at least \$180,000,000. These figures are probably low.

Yet over-all figures, whether for employees or for dollars, do not begin to show the spectacular efforts of American industry during the past decade to create a new frontier. Many industries, like coal, leather, and the railroads, are practically dead to research, contributing almost nothing to the total; whereas, on the other hand, certain active industries have shown fabulous gains. The following table, based on the WPA analysis of the National Research Council figures, shows which ones have gained most:

INDUSTRY	RANK 1938 BY RESEARCH		RESEARCH EMPLOYEES		GAIN %
	EMPLOYEES		1927	1938	
1. Radio and apparatus	15		29	1,117	3,852
2. Petroleum and products . . .	2		788	5,033	539
3. Textiles	19		116	442	281
4. Food	12		401	1,424	255
5. Machinery (except transport, electric, and radio) . .	5		1,047	2,335	223
6. Miscellaneous	10		578	1,763	205
7. Iron and steel	11		541	1,521	196
8. Forest products	20		66	192	191
9. Automobiles	8		673	1,953	190
10. Agricultural implements, including tractors	9		634	1,805	185
11. Paper	17		271	752	177

THE AMERICAN TRADITION

INDUSTRY	RANK 1938 BY RESEARCH		RESEARCH EMPLOYEES		GAIN %
	EMPLOYEES		1927	1938	
12. Chemicals	1		3,451	9,467	174
13. Glass, stone, clay	13		527	1,404	166
14. Leather	22		31	78	152
15. Consulting laboratories ..	4		1,173	2,663	127
16. Rubber	6		1,115	2,250	102
17. Trade associations	18		290	571	97
18. Utilities	16		528	1,000	89
19. Nonferrous metals	14		693	1,176	70
20. Electrical machinery	3		1,893	2,992	58
21. Transport accessories ...	21		112	131	17
22. Electrical communication	7		2,052	2,202	7

Various features of this table are enlightening. Reference to the survey of Business Opinion reveals the fact that businessmen think rather more highly of the technological performance of the automobile industry than the industry deserves—judging by the number of researchers it employs. Automobiles rank only eighth in number of researchers and ninth in gain since 1927. The fabulous gain of the radio industry is due partly to its youth, partly also to the fact that much of the early radio research was done by companies in other lines or by independent inventors who did not report to the Council. The accolade for the best showing should probably go to petroleum, which raised its ranking from seventh in 1927 to second in 1938, with a huge increase in personnel. On the other hand, the position of electrical communication (telephone, telegraph, and radio broadcasting) is deceptive. In the Bell Telephone Laboratories this industry possesses the biggest laboratory in the land, which spends approximately \$19,000,000 a year. The industry was one of the first to recognize the necessity for research on a large scale, is justly famed for the frontiers that it has opened up, and has consequently no need for research expansion. But the fact that this group, whose research activities are so well known, has dropped from second place in 1927 to seventh in 1938 sheds a strong light upon the research efforts that other industries have been making. Finally, the relatively large gain registered by the “miscellaneous” group is encouraging, in that it shows a permeation of research effort throughout smaller industries. The WPA report showed a high degree of concentration of research in the hands of big corporations, but a pronounced trend *away* from concentration. In 1927 about half of the total research personnel was employed by only 6 per cent of the reporting companies, whereas in 1938 half was employed by as much as 11 per cent. Thus the acceleration in research is not confined to a few big laboratories but is spread out on a broad front.

With this record behind it, and with the pace still accelerating, American industrial science is in the process of creating the greatest frontier ever known to man. And, if the second step can be taken, if corporations and individuals can be induced to develop these areas as entrepreneurs, a new world will emerge. For it is a fair preliminary guess that the development of this frontier would have the same long-term effects upon the economy as the development of the old frontier. On the one hand, labor shortages would be created, especially in the skilled categories, with a consequent increase in wages; and, on the other hand, the prices of consumers' goods now rated as luxuries or semiluxuries would be cut—relatively—to a fraction of their present level. These results would have the combined effect of raising the standard of living beyond anything so far dreamed, and of increasing manyfold the opportunities available to the individual.

That is the answer that the U.S. should give to a world now crumbling into reaction. If the U.S. had that answer to give, it is fair to say that military warfare could not determine the destiny of humanity in the long run. It could not do so, because there would be a future basis for peace. That future peace would be established upon individualism rather than upon statism. It would be established upon a faith—demonstrated by the most powerful industrial nation in the world—in the creative powers of free men, when they are free. It might even lead to libertarian concepts that the U.S. itself has never been able to achieve; to a lowering of unreasonable tariff barriers, those symptoms of reaction; to freer world trade, a more economic division of world labor. This view seems utterly visionary today. But that is because we have as yet no idea of our own power. We do not yet guess how deeply, or in what directions, it would affect us and all the rest of the world if we were inspired by confidence in our frontier.

But, if the U.S. fails to give that answer, what basis for peace can there be? The reader who would like to see this question in perspective is referred to the article on Germany's economics. Germany has pushed technology. She has probably developed more new products on a large scale during the past five years than any nation in the world. And she has "solved" unemployment. Yet it cannot be said that Germany has created a frontier. Her technological conquests have resulted, not in the creation of new opportunity, but in the destruction of it. She has demonstrated no faith in man. And she has therefore provided no basis for peace. *That* is Germany's answer. And that will be the answer of the U.S. unless it awakes to its own destiny. As the world stands today, he who is not for liberty is against it.

W. M. DARLING

*Acadian Family Achieves Independence **

It's a comfortable but none too capacious house that Octav Cancienne, 54 years old, has on the M. G. Smith plantation at Paradis, Louisiana, on the Old Spanish Trail.

There were signs of life on the screened-in porch when Mrs. Smith, the plantation operator, rode up to it Sunday afternoon. By the time she had alighted, the tiny residence had erupted humanity. It wasn't a convention and it wasn't a church meeting; it was the sixteen children of Mr. and Mrs. Cancienne, and some had wives and husbands and children of their own along.

They all were spending the day together for the first time in years. With the new additions to the family and all, it was the biggest reunion in the Cancienne annals. Back in 1931, at Matthews, Louisiana, there was a Christmas gathering, but only fifteen of the children actually got together, and some of the in-laws hadn't yet joined up.

The normally beaming countenances of the parents and sons and daughters took on Sunday, accordingly, an effulgence akin to the blazing sun's.

And the Canciennes had more to celebrate than the sight of each other's smiles. They were celebrating Papa Cancienne's upturn. He isn't the only one of the ninety tenants on this 8,600-acre spread of fertility who has climbed out of the ruck under Mrs. Smith's tutelage; but, when a man has sixteen children—and never a one lost in death—his good fortune seems to strike highlights off the foreheads of them all.

Mr. and Mrs. Cancienne and ten of the children rode over from Bayou Lafourche three years ago in a rented truck with their scanty belongings and a skiff. There was no water for the skiff to float upon, but, when an Acadian has hewn his boat forth from a single log and shaped it to that firmly delicate precision which causes it to knife through water like a shark's fin, he will take it with him to the Sahara Desert if he has to carry it on his back.

They hadn't a chicken or a head of stock or a farm implement. For five years Cancienne and his older sons had worked at day labor on sugar plantations. Day laborers, especially with ten children, accumulate little, feel lucky to be able to sustain life.

* First published in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, July 27, 1936. Reprinted by permission of the publishers

But word of Paradis had drifted from afar. Cancienne knew where he was going, knew what he wanted. Mrs. Smith put him on a sixty-acre tract, furnished provisions, dinned into him from the outset that he was to raise his own food and feed and depend on no single cash crop. He rented the place on halves, planted his furnished seed, fixed up his house and grounds, and took his garden produce to the community cannery which is set up in a garage near Mrs. Smith's home at Paradis.

This year he was one of thirty-five tenants on the plantation who entered into contracts with the Resettlement Administration under which they pay a flat acreage rental and borrow funds for the purchase of livestock and implements.

Now he has nearly half of his farm in corn, some twelve acres in sugar cane, six in pasture, four in pumpkins, three in cotton, two in rice, and the remainder in sweet potatoes, popcorn, butterbeans, cabbage seed, broom corn, and truck crops.

He has four mules, 250 chickens (he did have two good hogs, but they took a taste to chicken meat and had to be sold), a wagon, cultivator, three plows, a sower, three harrows, a hay rake, a corn planter, shovels, hoes, and scythes.

Beneath the house in the shade are rows and rows of cans, filled with corn, tomatoes, okra, fruit, and beans. In the barn hang tassels of broom corn, awaiting transformation into housewives' helpers.

And in the house are his wife, the former Josephine Thibodaux of Thibodaux, 53 years old, and nine of the children—Uran, 32; Willis, 26; Thomas, 20; Marguerite, 19; Clara, 17; Wilson, 16; Rose, 15; Joseph, 13; and Paul, 11.

Uran is married and has a 9-year-old child. Sylvan, 22, who came to the farm with them, works in New Orleans now for a twine factory.

Others who have had their lives on farms and taken other tangents are Dewey, 31, of New Orleans, whose wife and small child couldn't come; Clevan, 30, of New Orleans, who brought his wife and 7-year-old child; Norman, 29, who brought his wife but left their child in Raceland, where he works for a sugar house; Ivy, 28, a motion-picture operator at Lockport, who came with his wife and 4-year-old child; Elmo, 24, of New Orleans, whose wife was not present; and Dea, 23, married now to Nilton Arabie, clerk at Matthews, whose children, 2 and 4, were very much at hand.

All the New Orleans boys, regardless of their weekday occupations, rent a broom-making machine on Sundays, buy the handles, make brooms, and trade them in for groceries and other necessities. But this was one Sunday they let the brooms shift for themselves.

"It's the best place in the world to raise children," averred Papa Cancienne. "In fact, a farm is the only place to rear such a family as mine. And they've been a great help too—four of them are regular hands now, and the younger boys will be when they finish their schooling.

"Never have we been happier or had so much. The drought has been

bad, but I have had a good year. I'll get me now a milch cow, so I won't have to buy milk; and when my three years with the Resettlement Administration are up, I'm planning to buy a farm—like the one I once had."

The Canciennes wince when they remember the farm in Lafourche parish. Papa Cancienne took a little flyer in sugar cane right after the World War, bought it at \$17 per ton, sold it at \$5, lost \$7,000 and all he had.

He had been a farmer nearly all his life, sometime proprietor, sometime overseer, sometime hand. For ten years he resided in Terrebonne parish, and for three years more near Waggaman, in Jefferson parish. Then he moved back to Lafourche parish.

When they arrived at Paradis, they unloaded their skiff and transformed the stanch, watertight craft into a drinking trough for the stock. It hasn't leaked yet, even where the tapering end has been cut away for an outboard motor attachment. They took the round, galvanized-iron water trough that already was in the yard, turned it over, propped it on stilts, stretched chicken wire over the opening and used it for their first chicken house for baby chicks.

"An inventory of his net worth today will show better than \$2,500, and he owes less than one third," said Mrs. Smith.

Bringing her tenants up out of despair is a fetish with this remarkable woman, left with a plantation and a depression on her hands by the death of her husband, who organized seventeen years ago the company which developed this fruitful farmland from reclaimed swamps.

No one in Louisiana has greater appreciation of the Acadian stock than she.

"They're hard-working, thrifty, and honest," she said. "Their only fault is the illiteracy in which they have been kept purposefully, I believe, by certain planters. They don't know any better; they don't know there is a way to live better; they never have learned the things that must be done to live better. But under instruction they will do anything you tell them to do and do it well.

"It's the only salvation for our tenant class. Government relief is not going to last forever—can't do it. Self-support is what these people need.

"What brought us into this mess of single, 'money crop' farming? Civilization, I guess; the boom times that drove us all crazy. But we've got to get back to raising our own food, to independence, to landowning."

It was Mrs. Smith who persuaded the Resettlement Administration to construct sixteen barn-homes for tenants at an average cost of \$265, including cistern. She has waived her rents on these tracts until the barns are paid for. Then the barns—each with three rooms, spick and span, far more comfortable and convenient than the average tenant home—will be vacated for larger quarters.

"It's better than trying to build a \$2,500 house right crack off the bat,"

said Mrs. Smith. "The first thing is to be able to feed yourself. Then you can think about a house.

"I hope the government never changes from the policy of requiring each tenant to set aside sufficient land to raise truck crops and chickens and keep cows and hogs.

"The single or double crop system never should be allowed to come back. You can't bet on the same thing year after year without losing once in a while. And the years you lose wipe out what you have made during the years you have won."

JAMES M. BAILEY

The Trials of Life *

PUTTING up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove with all the care in the world, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe, and the chair, and here she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is pinned over her waist, and her hands rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents' worth of potblack on her nose, and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And, while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrariness of the pipe, and telling that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such domestic mottoes as—"What's the use of swearing so?" "You know no one has touched that pipe." "You ain't got any more patience than a child." "Do be careful of that chair." And then she goes off and reappears with an armful more of pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem no two pieces are alike.

You join the ends and work them to and fro, and to and fro again, and then you take them apart and look at them. Then you spread one out and jam the other together, and mount them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pieces are inspired with life, and ache to kick them through the window. But *she* doesn't lose her patience. She goes around with that awful exasperating rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm and a long-handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is some people never have any trouble putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You stare into the pipe along the mantel, and down the stove, and off to the floor. Your wife watches you, and is finally thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after; and, on learning, pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go outdoors and swear a hole twelve feet square through a block of

* Reprinted from *Life in Danbury* (Boston, 1873).

brick buildings, but she merely observes, "Why on earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare around like a dummy?"

When that part of the pipe which goes through the wall is up, she keeps it up with the broom, while you are making the connection, and stares at it with an intensity that is entirely uncalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together, of course. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms were slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets.

Here your wife comes to the rescue by inquiring if you are going to be all day doing nothing, and if you think *her* arms are made of cast iron; and then the broom slips off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the chin with the handle, and the pipe comes down on your head with its load of fried soot, and then the chair tilts forward enough to discharge your feet, and you come down on the wrong end of that chair with a force that would bankrupt a piledriver. You don't touch that stove again. You leave your wife examining the chair and bemoaning its injuries, and go into the kitchen and wash your skinned and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes over to the neighbor's with her chair, and tells them about its injuries, and drains the neighborhood dry with its sympathy long before you get home.

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There is one thing no family pretends to do without—that is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to sliver, and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail full and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents. The family hammer is one of those rare articles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail head, and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are outdoors in search of that hammer, and ready to make another trial. The result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails, and mashing whole joints, and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantel ornaments, and breaking the commandments, and cutting up an assortment of astounding and unfortunate antics, without let or hindrance. And yet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up our mutilated and smarting fingers; and yet, if the outrageous thing should happen to disappear, we kick up a

regular hullabaloo until it is found again. Talk about the tyrannizing influence of a bad habit! It is not to be compared to the family hammer.

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If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and, just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolute anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive-looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.

MARK TWAIN

Baker's Bluejay Yarn *

WHEN I first began to understand jay language correctly, there was a little incident happened here. Seven years ago, the last man in this region but me moved away. There stands his house—been empty ever since; a log house, with a plank roof—just one big room, and no more; no ceiling—nothing between the rafters and the floor. Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, and looking at the blue hills, and listening to the leaves rustling so lonely in the trees, and thinking of the home away yonder in the states, that I hadn't heard from in thirteen years, when a bluejay lit on that house, with an acorn in his mouth, and says, "Hello, I reckon I've struck something." When he spoke, the acorn dropped out of his mouth and rolled down the roof, of course, but he didn't care; his mind was all on the thing he had struck. It was a knothole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and put the other one to the hole, like a 'possum looking down a jug; then he glanced up with his bright eyes, gave a wink or two with his wings—which signifies gratification, you understand—and says, "It looks like a hole, it's located like a hole—blamed if I don't believe it *is* a hole!"

Then he cocked his head down and took another look; he glances up perfectly joyful, this time; winks his wings and his tail both, and says, "Oh, no, this ain't no fat thing, I reckon! If I ain't in luck!—why, it's a perfectly elegant hole!" So he flew down and got that acorn, and fetched it up and dropped it in, and was just tilting his head back, with the heavenliest smile on his face, when all of a sudden he was paralyzed into a listening attitude, and that smile faded gradually out of his countenance like breath off'n a razor, and the queerest look of surprise took its place. Then he says, "Why, I didn't hear it fall!" He cocked his eye at the hole again, and took a long look; raised up and shook his head; stepped around to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. He studied a while; then he just went into the *details*—walked round and round the hole and spied into it from every point of the compass. No use. Now he took a thinking attitude on the comb of the roof and scratched the back of his head with his right foot a minute, and finally says, "Well, it's too many for *me*, that's certain; must be a mighty long hole; however, I ain't got

* Reprinted from *A Tramp Abroad* (Hartford, 1880), Chapter III.

no time to fool around here, I got to 'tend to business; I reckon it's all right—chance it, anyway."

So he flew off and fetched another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to flit his eye to the hole quick enough to see what become of it, but he was too late. He held his eye there as much as a minute; then he raised up and sighed, and says, "Confound it, I don't seem to understand this thing, no way; however, I'll tackle her again." He fetched another acorn, and done his level best to see what become of it, but he couldn't. He says, "Well, *I* never struck no such a hole as this before; I'm of the opinion it's a totally new kind of a hole." Then he begun to get mad. He held in for a spell, walking up and down the comb of the roof and shaking his head and muttering to himself; but his feelings got the upper hand of him, presently, and he broke loose and cussed himself black in the face. I never see a bird take on so about a little thing. When he got through, he walks to the hole and looks in again for half a minute; then he says, "Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a mighty singular hole altogether—but I've started in to fill you, and I'm d—d if I *don't* fill you, if it takes a hundred years!"

And, with that, away he went. You never see a bird work so since you was born. He laid into his work like a nigger, and the way he hove acorns into that hole for about two hours and a half was one of the most exciting and astonishing spectacles I ever struck. He never stopped to take a look any more—he just hove 'em in and went for more. Well, at last he could hardly flop his wings, he was so tuckered out. He comes a-drooping down, once more, sweating like an ice pitcher, drops his acorn in, and says, "*Now* I guess I've got the bulge on you by this time!" So he bent down for a look. If you'll believe me, when his head come up again he was just pale with rage. He says, "I've shoveled acorns enough in there to keep the family thirty years, and if I can see a sign of one of 'em I wish I may land in a museum with a belly full of sawdust in two minutes!"

He just had strength enough to crawl up on to the comb and lean his back agin the chimblly, and then he collected his impressions and begun to free his mind. I see in a second that what I had mistook for profanity in the mines was only just the rudiments, as you may say.

Another jay was going by, and heard him doing his devotions, and stops to inquire what was up. The sufferer told him the whole circumstance, and says, "Now yonder's the hole, and if you don't believe me, go and look for yourself." So this fellow went and looked, and comes back and says, "How many did you say you put in there?" "Not any less than two tons," says the sufferer. The other jay went and looked again. He couldn't seem to make it out, so he raised a yell, and three more jays come. They all examined the hole; they all made the sufferer tell it over again; then they all discussed it, and got off as many leather-headed opinions about it as an average crowd of humans could have done.

They called in more jays; then more and more, till pretty soon this whole

region 'peared to have a blue flush about it. There must have been five thousand of them; and such another jawing and disputing and ripping and cussing you never heard. Every jay in the whole lot put his eye to the hole and delivered a more chuckle-headed opinion about the mystery than the jay that went there before him. They examined the house all over, too. The door was standing half open, and at last one old jay happened to go and light on it and look in. Of course, that knocked the mystery galley-west in a second. There lay the acorns, scattered all over the floor. He flopped his wings and raised a whoop. "Come here!" he says. "Come here, everybody; hang'd if this fool hasn't been trying to fill up a house with acorns!" They all came a-swooping down like a blue cloud, and, as each fellow lit on the door and took a glance, the whole absurdity of the contract that that first jay had tackled hit him home and he fell over backwards suffocating with laughter, and the next jay took his place and done the same.

Well, sir, they roosted around here on the housetop and the trees for an hour, and guffawed over that thing like human beings. It ain't any use to tell me a bluejay hasn't got a sense of humor, because I know better. And memory, too. They brought jays here from all over the United States to look down that hole, every summer for three years. Other birds, too. And they could all see the point, except an owl that come from Nova Scotia to visit the Yosemite, and he took this thing in on his way back. He said he couldn't see anything funny in it. But then he was a good deal disappointed about Yosemite, too.

MARK TWAIN

*On Early Rising **

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I don't see it.—GEORGE WASHINGTON

Now both of these are high authorities—very high and respectable authorities—but I am with General Washington first, last, and all the time on this proposition.

Because I don't see it, either.

I have tried getting up early, and I have tried getting up late—and the latter agrees with me best. As for a man's growing any wiser, or any richer, or any healthier, by getting up early, I know it is not so; because I have got up early in the stationhouse many and many a time, and got poorer and poorer for the next half a day, in consequence, instead of richer and richer. And sometimes, on the same terms, I have seen the sun rise four times a week up there at Virginia, and so far from my growing healthier on account of it, I got to looking blue, and pulpy, and swelled, like a drowned man, and my relations grew alarmed and thought they were going to lose me. They entirely despaired of my recovery, at one time, and began to grieve for me as one whose days were numbered—whose fate was sealed—who was soon to pass away from them forever, and from the glad sunshine, and the birds, and the odorous flowers, and murmuring brooks, and whispering winds, and all the cheerful scenes of life, and go down into the dark and silent tomb—and they went forth sorrowing, and jumped a lot in the graveyard, and made up their minds to grin and bear it with that fortitude which is the true Christian's brightest ornament.

You observe that I have put a stronger test on the matter than even Benjamin Franklin contemplated, and yet it would not work. Therefore, how is a man to grow healthier, and wealthier, and wiser by going to bed early and getting up early, when he fails to accomplish these things even when he does not go to bed at all? And as far as becoming wiser is con-

* From the famous San Francisco weekly newspaper of the sixties, *The Golden Era*, for July 3, 1864. Reprinted from *The Washoe Giant in San Francisco* (San Francisco, 1938) by permission of the publisher, George Fields.

cerned, you might put all the wisdom I acquired in these experiments in your eye, without obstructing your vision any to speak of.

As I said before, my voice is with George Washington's on this question.

Another philosopher encourages the world to get up at sunrise because "it is the early bird that catches the worm."

It is a seductive proposition, and well calculated to trap the unsuspecting. But its attractions are all wasted on me, because I have no use for the worm. If I had, I would adopt the Unreliable's plan. He was much interested in this quaint proverb, and directed the powers of his great mind to its consideration for three or four consecutive hours. He was supposing a case. He was supposing, for instance, that he really wanted the worm—that the possession of the worm was actually necessary to his happiness—that he yearned for it and hankered after it, therefore, as much as a man could yearn for and hanker after a worm under such circumstances—and he was supposing, further, that he was opposed to getting up early in order to catch it (which was much the more plausible of the two suppositions). Well, at the end of three or four hours' profound meditation upon the subject, the Unreliable rose up and said: "If he were so anxious about the worm, and he couldn't get along without him, and he didn't want to get up early in the morning to catch him—why then, by George, he would just lay for him the night before." I never would have thought of that. I looked at the youth, and said to myself, he is malicious, and dishonest, and unhand-some, and does not smell good—yet how quickly do these trivial demerits disappear in the shadow, when the glare from this great intellect shines out above them!

I have always heard that the only time in the day that a trip to the Cliff House could be thoroughly enjoyed was early in the morning (and I suppose it might be as well to withhold an adverse impression while the flow-tide of public opinion continues to set in that direction).

I tried it the other morning with Harry, the stockbroker, rising at 4 A.M., to delight in the following described things, to wit:

A road unencumbered by carriages, and free from wind and dust; a bracing atmosphere; the gorgeous spectacle of the sun in the dawn of his glory; the fresh perfume of flowers still damp with dew; a solitary drive on the beach while its smoothness was yet unmarred by wheel or hoof; and a vision of white sails glinting in the morning light far out at sea.

These were the considerations, and they seemed worthy a sacrifice of seven or eight hours' sleep.

We sat in the stable, and yawned, and gaped, and stretched, until the horse was hitched up, and then drove out into the bracing atmosphere. (When another early voyage is proposed to me, I want it understood that there is to be no bracing atmosphere in the program. I can worry along without it.) In half an hour we were so thoroughly braced up with it that it was just a scratch that we were not frozen to death. Then the harness

came unshipped, or got broken, or something, and I waxed colder and drowsier while Harry fixed it. I am not fastidious about clothes, but I am not used to wearing fragrant, sweaty horse blankets, and not partial to them, either; I am not proud, though, when I am freezing, and I added the horse blanket to my overcoats, and tried to wake up and feel warm and cheerful. It was useless, however—all my senses slumbered and continued to slumber, save the sense of smell.

When my friend drove past suburban gardens and said the flowers never exhaled so sweet an odor before, in his experience, I dreamily but honestly endeavored to think so too, but in my secret soul I was conscious that they only smelled like horse blankets. (When another early voyage is proposed to me, I want it understood that there is to be no "fresh perfume of flowers" in the program, either. I do not enjoy it. My senses are not attuned to the flavor—there is too much horse about it and not enough eau de cologne.)

The wind was cold and benumbing, and blew with such force that we could hardly make headway against it. It came straight from the ocean, and I think there are icebergs out there somewhere. True, there was not much dust, because the gale blew it all to Oregon in two minutes; and, by good fortune, it blew no gravel-stones, to speak of—only one of any consequence, I believe—a three-cornered one—it struck me in the eye. I have it there yet. However, it does not matter—for the future I suppose I can manage to see tolerably well out of the other. (Still, when another early voyage is proposed to me, I want it understood that the dust is to be put in, and the gravel left out of the program. I might want my other eye if I continue to hang on until my time comes; and besides, I shall not mind the dust much hereafter, because I have only got to shut one eye, now, when it is around.)

No, the road was not encumbered by carriages—we had it all to ourselves. I suppose the reason was that most people do not like to enjoy themselves too much, and therefore they do not go out to the Cliff House in the cold and the fog and the dread silence and solitude of four o'clock in the morning. They are right. The impressive solemnity of such a pleasure trip is only equaled by an excursion to Lone Mountain in a hearse. Whatever of advantage there may be in having that Cliff House road all to yourself we had—but to my mind a greater advantage would be in dividing it up in small sections among the entire community; because, in consequence of the repairs in progress on it just now, it's as rough as a corduroy bridge (in a good many places) and, consequently, the less you have of it, the happier you are likely to be and the less shaken up and disarranged on the inside. (Wherefore, when another early voyage is proposed to me, I want it understood that the road is not to be unencumbered with carriages, but just the reverse—so that the balance of the people shall be made to stand their share of the jolting and the desperate lonesomeness of the thing.)

From the moment we left the stable, almost, the fog was so thick that

we could scarcely see fifty yards behind or before, or overhead; and for a while, as we approached the Cliff House, we could not see the horse at all, and were obliged to steer by his ears, which stood up dimly out of the dense white mist that enveloped him. But for those friendly beacons, we must have been cast away and lost.

I have no opinion of a six-mile ride in the clouds; but, if I ever have to take another, I want to leave the horse in the stable and go in a balloon. I shall prefer to go in the afternoon, also, when it is warm, so that I may gape, and yawn, and stretch, if I am drowsy, without disarranging my horse blanket and letting in a blast of cold wind.

We could scarcely see the sportive seals out on the rocks, writhing and squirming like exaggerated maggots, and there was nothing soothing in their discordant barking, to a spirit so depressed as mine was.

Harry took a cocktail at the Cliff House, but I scorned such ineffectual stimulus; I yearned for fire, and there was none there; they were about to make one, but the barkeeper looked altogether too cheerful for me—I could not bear his unnatural happiness in the midst of such a ghastly picture of fog, and damp, and frosty surf, and dreary solitude. I could not bear the sacrilegious presence of a pleasant face at such a time; it was too much like sprightliness at a funeral, and we fled from it down the smooth and vacant beach.

We had that all to ourselves, too, like the road—and I want it divided up, also, hereafter. We could not drive in the roaring surf and seem to float abroad on the foamy sea, as one is wont to do in the sunny afternoon, because the very thought of any of that icy-looking water splashing on you was enough to congeal your blood, almost. We saw no white-winged ships sailing away on the billowy ocean, with the pearly light of morning descending upon them like a benediction—"because the fog had the bulge on the pearly light," as the Unreliable observed when I mentioned it to him afterwards; and we saw not the sun in the dawn of his glory, for the same reason. Hill and beach and sea and sun were all wrapped in a ghostly mantle of mist, and hidden from our mortal vision. (When another early voyage is proposed to me, I want it understood that the sun in his glory, and the morning light, and the ships at sea, and all that sort of thing are to be left out of the program, so that, when we fail to see them, we shall not be so infernally disappointed.)

We were human icicles when we got to the Ocean House, and there was no fire there, either. I banished all hope, then, and succumbed to despair; I went back on my religion, and sought surcease of sorrow in soothing blasphemy. I am sorry I did it, now, but it was a great comfort to me, then. We could have had breakfast at the Ocean House, but we did not want it; can statues of ice feel hunger? But we adjourned to a private room and ordered red-hot coffee, and it was a sort of balm to my troubled mind to observe that the man who brought it was as cold, and as silent, and as

solemn, as the grave itself. His gravity was so impressive, and so appropriate and becoming to the melancholy surroundings, that it won upon me and thawed out some of the better instincts of my nature, and I told him he might ask a blessing if he thought it would lighten him up any—because he looked as if he wanted to, very bad—but he only shook his head resignedly and sighed.

That coffee did the business for us. It was made by a master artist, and it had not a fault; and the cream that came with it was so rich and thick that you could hardly have strained it through a wire fence. As the generous beverage flowed down our frigid throats, our blood grew warm again, our muscles relaxed, our torpid bodies awoke to life and feeling, anger and uncharitableness departed from us, and we were cheerful once more. We got good cigars, also, at the Ocean House, and drove into town over a smooth road, lighted by the sun and unclouded by fog.

Near the Jewish cemeteries we turned a corner too suddenly, and got upset, but sustained no damage, although the horse did what he honestly could to kick the buggy out of the state while we were groveling in the sand. We went on down to the steamer, and, while we were on board, the buggy was upset again by some outlaw, and an axle broken.

However, these little accidents, and all the deviltry and misfortune that preceded them, were only just and natural consequences of the absurd experiment of getting up at an hour in the morning when all God-fearing Christians ought to be in bed. I consider that the man who leaves his pillow, deliberately, at sunrise, is taking his life in his own hands, and he ought to feel proud if he don't have to put it down again at the coroner's office before dark.

Now, for that early trip, I am not any healthier or any wealthier than I was before, and only wiser in that I know a good deal better than to go and do it again. And, as for all those notable advantages, such as the sun in the dawn of his glory, and the ships, and the perfume of the flowers, etc., etc., etc., I don't see them, any more than myself and Washington see the soundness of Benjamin Franklin's attractive little poem.

If you go to the Cliff House at any time after seven in the morning, you cannot fail to enjoy it—but never start out there before daylight, under the impression that you are going to have a pleasant time and come back insufferably healthier and wealthier and wiser than your betters on account of it. Because, if you do, you will miss your calculation, and it will keep you swearing about it right straight along for a week, to get even again.

Put no trust in the benefits to accrue from early rising, as set forth by the infatuated Franklin—but stake the last cent of your substance on the judgment of old George Washington, the Father of his Country, who said "he couldn't see it."

And you hear me endorsing that sentiment.

JAMES THURBER

University Days *

I PASSED all the other courses that I took at my university, but I could never pass botany. This was because all botany students had to spend several hours a week in a laboratory looking through a microscope at plant cells, and I could never see through a microscope. I never once saw a cell through a microscope. This used to enrage my instructor. He would wander around the laboratory pleased with the progress all the students were making in drawing the involved and, so I am told, interesting structure of flower cells, until he came to me. I would just be standing there. "I can't see anything," I would say. He would begin patiently enough, explaining how anybody can see through a microscope, but he would always end up in a fury, claiming that I could *too* see through a microscope but just pretended that I couldn't. "It takes away from the beauty of flowers anyway," I used to tell him. "We are not concerned with beauty in this course," he would say. "We are concerned solely with what I may call the *mechanics* of flars." "Well," I'd say, "I can't see anything." "Try it just once again," he'd say, and I would put my eye to the microscope and see nothing at all, except, now and again, a nebulous milky substance—a phenomenon of maladjustment. You were supposed to see a vivid, restless clockwork of sharply defined plant cells. "I see what looks like a lot of milk," I would tell him. This, he claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the microscope properly; so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself. And I would look again and see milk.

I finally took a deferred pass, as they called it, and waited a year and tried again. (You had to pass one of the biological sciences or you couldn't graduate.) The professor had come back from vacation brown as a berry, bright-eyed, and eager to explain cell structure again to his classes. "Well," he said to me, cheerily, when we met in the first laboratory hour of the semester, "we're going to see cells this time, aren't we?" "Yes, sir," I said. Students to right of me and to left of me and in front of me were seeing cells; what's more, they were quietly drawing pictures of them in their notebooks. Of course, I didn't see anything.

"We'll try it," the professor said to me, grimly, "with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. As God is my witness, I'll arrange this glass so that you see cells through it or I'll give up teaching. In twenty-two years

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of botany, I—" He cut off abruptly, for he was beginning to quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore, and he genuinely wished to hold onto his temper; his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him.

So we tried it with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. With only one of them did I see anything but blackness or the familiar lacteal opacity, and that time I saw, to my pleasure and amazement, a variegated constellation of flecks, specks, and dots. These I hastily drew. The instructor, noting my activity, came back from an adjoining desk, a smile on his lips and his eyebrows high in hope. He looked at my cell drawing. "What's that?" he demanded, with a hint of a squeal in his voice. "That's what I saw," I said. "You didn't, you didn't, you *didn't*!" he screamed, losing control of his temper instantly, and he bent over and squinted into the microscope. His head snapped up. "That's your eye!" he shouted. "You've fixed the lens so that it reflects. You've drawn your eye!"

Another course that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was economics. I went to that class straight from the botany class, which didn't help me any in understanding either subject. I used to get them mixed up. But not as mixed up as another student in my economics class who came there direct from a physics laboratory. He was a tackle on the football team, named Bolenciecwcwz. At that time Ohio State University had one of the best football teams in the country, and Bolenciecwcwz was one of its outstanding stars. In order to be eligible to play it was necessary for him to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for, while he was not dumber than an ox, he was not any smarter. Most of his professors were lenient and helped him along. None gave him more hints, in answering questions, or asked him simpler ones than the economics professor, a thin, timid man named Bassum. One day, when we were on the subject of transportation and distribution, it came Bolenciecwcwz's turn to answer a question. "Name one means of transportation," the professor said to him. No light came into the big tackle's eyes. "Just any means of transportation," said the professor. Bolenciecwcwz sat staring at him. "That is," pursued the professor, "any medium, agency, or method of going from one place to another." Bolenciecwcwz had the look of a man who is being led into a trap. "You may choose among steam, horse-drawn, or electrically propelled vehicles," said the instructor. "I might suggest the one which we commonly take in making long journeys across land." There was a profound silence in which everybody stirred uneasily, including Bolenciecwcwz and Mr. Bassum. Mr. Bassum abruptly broke this silence in an amazing manner. "Choo-choo-choo," he said, in a low voice, and turned instantly scarlet. He glanced appealingly around the room. All of us, of course, shared Mr. Bassum's desire that Bolenciecwcwz should stay abreast of the class in economics, for the Illinois game, one of the hardest and most important of the season, was only a week off. "Toot, toot, too-tooooooot!" some student with a deep voice moaned, and we all looked encouragingly at Bolenciecwcwz. Somebody

else gave a fine imitation of a locomotive letting off steam. Mr. Bassum himself rounded off the little show. "Ding, dong, ding, dong," he said, hopefully. Bolenciewicz was staring at the floor now, trying to think, his great brow furrowed, his huge hands rubbing together, his face red.

"How did you come to college this year, Mr. Bolenciewicz?" asked the professor. "*Chuffa chuffa, chuffa chuffa.*"

"M'father sent me," said the football player.

"What on?" asked Bassum.

"I git an 'lowance," said the tackle, in a low, husky voice, obviously embarrassed.

"No, no," said Bassum. "Name a means of transportation. What did you *ride* here on?"

"Train," said Bolenciewicz.

"Quite right," said the professor. "Now, Mr. Nugent, will you tell us—"

If I went through anguish in botany and economics—for different reasons—gymnasium work was even worse. I don't even like to think about it. They wouldn't let you play games or join in the exercises with your glasses on, and I couldn't see with mine off. I bumped into professors, horizontal bars, agricultural students, and swinging iron rings. Not being able to see, I could take it but I couldn't dish it out. Also, in order to pass gymnasium (and you had to pass it to graduate), you had to learn to swim if you didn't know how. I didn't like the swimming pool, I didn't like swimming, and I didn't like the swimming instructor, and after all these years I still don't. I never swam, but I passed my gym work anyway, by having another student give my gymnasium number (978) and swim across the pool in my place. He was a quiet, amiable, blond youth, number 473, and he would have seen through a microscope for me if we could have got away with it, but we couldn't get away with it. Another thing I didn't like about gymnasium work was that they made you strip the day you registered. It is impossible for me to be happy when I am stripped and being asked a lot of questions. Still, I did better than a lanky agricultural student who was cross-examined just before I was. They asked each student what college he was in—that is, whether Arts, Engineering, Commerce, or Agriculture. "What college are you in?" the instructor snapped at the youth in front of me. "Ohio State University," he said promptly.

It wasn't that agricultural student but it was another a whole lot like him who decided to take up journalism, possibly on the ground that, when farming went to hell, he could fall back on newspaper work. He didn't realize, of course, that that would be very much like falling back full-length on a kit of carpenter's tools. Haskins didn't seem cut out for journalism, being too embarrassed to talk to anybody and unable to use a typewriter, but the editor of the college paper assigned him to the cow barns, the sheep house, the horse pavilion, and the animal-husbandry department generally. This was a genuinely big "beat," for it took up five times as much ground

and got ten times as great a legislative appropriation as the College of Liberal Arts. The agricultural student knew animals, but nevertheless his stories were dull and colorlessly written. He took all afternoon on each of them, because he had to hunt for each letter on the typewriter. Once in a while he had to ask somebody to help him hunt. C and L, in particular, were hard letters for him to find. His editor finally got pretty much annoyed at the farmer-journalist because his pieces were so uninteresting. "See here, Haskins," he snapped at him one day, "why is it we never have anything hot from you on the horse pavilion? Here we have two hundred head of horses on this campus—more than any other university in the Western Conference except Purdue—and yet you never get any real low-down on them. Now shoot over to the horse barns and dig up something lively." Haskins shambled out and came back in about an hour; he said he had something. "Well, start it off snappily," said the editor. "Something people will read." Haskins set to work and in a couple of hours brought a sheet of typewritten paper to the desk; it was a two-hundred-word story about some disease that had broken out among the horses. Its opening sentence was simple but arresting. It read: "Who has noticed the sores on the tops of the horses in the animal-husbandry building?"

Ohio State was a land-grant university, and therefore two years of military drill was compulsory. We drilled with old Springfield rifles and studied the tactics of the Civil War even though the World War was going on at the time. At eleven o'clock each morning thousands of freshmen and sophomores used to deploy over the campus, moodily creeping up on the old chemistry building. It was good training for the kind of warfare that was waged at Shiloh, but it had no connection with what was going on in Europe. Some people used to think there was German money behind it, but they didn't dare say so or they would have been thrown in jail as German spies. It was a period of muddy thought and marked, I believe, the decline of higher education in the Middle West.

As a soldier I was never any good at all. Most of the cadets were glumly indifferent soldiers, but I was no good at all. Once General Littlefield, who was commandant of the cadet corps, popped up in front of me during regimental drill and snapped, "You are the main trouble with this university!" I think he meant that my type was the main trouble with the university, but he may have meant me individually. I was mediocre at drill, certainly—that is, until my senior year. By that time I had drilled longer than anybody else in the Western Conference, having failed at military at the end of each preceding year so that I had to do it all over again. I was the only senior still in uniform. The uniform which, when new, had made me look like an interurban railway conductor, now that it had become faded and too tight made me look like Bert Williams in his bellboy act. This had a definitely bad effect on my morale. Even so, I had become by sheer practice little short of wonderful at squad maneuvers.

One day General Littlefield picked our company out of the whole regiment and tried to get it mixed up by putting it through one movement after another as fast as we could execute them: squads right, squads left, squads on right into line, squads right about, squads left front into line, etc. In about three minutes one hundred and nine men were marching in one direction and I was marching away from them at an angle of forty degrees, all alone. "Company, halt!" shouted General Littlefield. "That man is the only man who has it right!" I was made a corporal for my achievement.

The next day General Littlefield summoned me to his office. He was swatting flies when I went in. I was silent, and he was silent too, for a long time. I don't think he remembered me or why he had sent for me, but he didn't want to admit it. He swatted some more flies, keeping his eyes on them narrowly before he let go with the swatter. "Button up your coat!" he snapped. Looking back on it now I can see that he meant me although he was looking at a fly, but I just stood there. Another fly came to rest on a paper in front of the General and began rubbing its hind legs together. The General lifted the swatter cautiously. I moved restlessly and the fly flew away. "You startled him!" barked General Littlefield, looking at me severely. I said I was sorry. "That won't help the situation!" snapped the General, with cold military logic. I didn't see what I could do except offer to chase some more flies toward his desk, but I didn't say anything. He stared out the window at the faraway figures of co-eds crossing the campus toward the library. Finally, he told me I could go. So I went. He either didn't know which cadet I was or else he forgot what he wanted to see me about. It may have been that he wished to apologize for having called me the main trouble with the university; or maybe he had decided to compliment me on my brilliant drilling of the day before and then at the last minute decided not to. I don't know. I don't think about it much any more.

Part IV

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN LETTERS AND LEARNING

IN AMERICA education long ago became a religion. No other country has placed such faith in the schoolhouse and the college, and no other nation has spent so much upon popular education. The great universities have stimulated learning, fostered research in science and the humanities, and provided an atmosphere in which liberal thought might flourish. Despite a materialism which at times has dominated our national life, we have developed a literature that has vitality and strength.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

On Popular Education *

ANOTHER object of the revisal is to diffuse knowledge more generally through the mass of the people. This bill proposes to lay off every county into small districts of five or six miles square, called hundreds, and in each of them to establish a school for teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic; the tutor to be supported by the hundred, and every person in it entitled to send their children three years gratis, and as much longer as they please, paying for it; these schools to be under a visitor who is annually to choose the boy of best genius in the school, of those whose parents are too poor to give them further education, and to send him forward to one of the grammar schools, of which twenty are proposed to be erected in different parts of the country, for teaching Greek, Latin, geography, and the higher branches of numerical arithmetic. Of the boys thus sent in one year, trial is to be made at the grammar schools one or two years, and the best genius of the whole selected, and continued six years, and the residue dismissed. By this means twenty of the best geniuses will be raked from the rubbish annually, and be instructed, at the public expense, so far as the grammar schools go. At the end of six years' instruction, one half are to be discontinued (from among whom the grammar schools will probably be supplied with future masters); and the other half, who are to be chosen for the superiority of their parts and disposition, are to be sent and continued three years in the study of such sciences as they shall choose, at William and Mary College, the plan of which is proposed to be enlarged, as will be hereafter explained, and extended to all the useful sciences. The ultimate result of the whole scheme of education would be the teaching all the children of the state reading, writing, and common arithmetic; turning out ten annually, of superior genius, well taught in Greek, Latin, geography, and the higher branches of arithmetic; turning out ten others annually, of still superior parts, who to those branches of learning shall have added such of the sciences as their genius shall have led them to; the furnishing to the wealthier part of the people convenient schools at which their children may be educated at their own expense. The general objects of this law are to

* A revision of the laws of Virginia had been made and placed before the lawmakers for consideration. Jefferson, writing in 1782, enumerates the various changes in the proposed revision. From *Notes on Virginia*, privately printed by Jefferson in Paris in 1784.

provide an education adapted to the years, to the capacity, and the condition of everyone, and directed to their freedom and happiness. Specific details were not proper for the law. These must be the business of the visitors entrusted with its execution. The first stage of this education being the schools of the hundreds, wherein the great mass of the people will receive their instruction, the principal foundations of future order will be laid here. Instead, therefore, of putting the Bible and Testament into the hands of the children at an age when their judgments are not sufficiently matured for religious inquiries, their memories may here be stored with the most useful facts from Grecian, Roman, European, and American history. The first elements of morality too may be instilled into their minds; such as, when further developed as their judgments advance in strength, may teach them how to work out their own greatest happiness, by showing them that it does not depend on the condition of life in which chance has placed them, but is always the result of a good conscience, good health, occupation, and freedom in all just pursuits. Those whom either the wealth of their parents or the adoption of the state shall destine to higher degrees of learning will go on to the grammar schools, which constitute the next stage; there to be instructed in the languages. The learning Greek and Latin, I am told, is going into disuse in Europe. I know not what their manners and occupations may call for; but it would be very ill-judged in us to follow their example in this instance. There is a certain period of life, say from eight to fifteen or sixteen years of age, when the mind, like the body, is not yet firm enough for laborious and close operations. If applied to such, it falls an early victim to premature exertion; exhibiting, indeed, at first, in these young and tender subjects, the flattering appearance of their being men while they are yet children, but ending in reducing them to be children when they should be men. The memory is then most susceptible and tenacious of impressions; and the learning of languages being chiefly a work of memory, it seems precisely fitted to the powers of this period, which is long enough, too, for acquiring the most useful languages, ancient and modern. I do not pretend that language is science. It is only an instrument for the attainment of science. But that time is not lost which is employed in providing tools for future operation; more especially as in this case the books put into the hands of the youth for this purpose may be such as will at the same time impress their minds with useful facts and good principles. If this period be suffered to pass in idleness, the mind becomes lethargic and impotent, as would the body it inhabits if unexercised during the same time. The sympathy between body and mind, during their rise, progress, and decline, is too strict and obvious to endanger our being missed while we reason from the one to the other. As soon as they are of sufficient age, it is supposed they will be sent on from the grammar schools to the university, which constitutes our third and last stage, there to study those sciences which may be adapted to their views. By that part of our

plan which prescribes the selection of the youths of genius from among the classes of the poor, we hope to avail the state of those talents which nature has sown as liberally among the poor as the rich, but which perish without use, if not sought for and cultivated. But of the views of this law none is more important, none more legitimate, than that of rendering the people the safe, as they are the ultimate, guardians of their own liberty. For this purpose the reading in the first stage, where *they* will receive their whole education, is proposed, as has been said, to be chiefly historical. History, by apprising them of the past, will enable them to judge of the future; it will avail them of the experience of other times and other nations; it will qualify them as judges of the actions and designs of men; it will enable them to know ambition under every disguise it may assume; and, knowing it, to defeat its views. In every government on earth is some trace of human weakness, some germ of corruption and degeneracy, which cunning will discover, and wickedness insensibly open, cultivate, and improve. Every government degenerates when trusted to the rulers of the people alone. The people themselves therefore are its only safe depositories. And, to render even them safe, their minds must be improved to a certain degree. This indeed is not all that is necessary, though it be essentially necessary. An amendment of our constitution must here come in aid of the public education. The influence over government must be shared among all the people. If every individual which composes their mass participates of the ultimate authority, the government will be safe; because the corrupting the whole mass will exceed any private resources of wealth; and public ones cannot be provided but by levies on the people. In this case every man would have to pay his own price. The government of Great Britain has been corrupted, because but one man in ten has a right to vote for members of Parliament. The sellers of the government, therefore, get nine tenths of their price clear. It has been thought that corruption is restrained by confining the right of suffrage to a few of the wealthier of the people; but it would be more effectually restrained by an extension of that right to such members as would bid defiance to the means of corruption.

Lastly, it is proposed, by a bill in this revision, to begin a public library and gallery, by laying out a certain sum annually in books, paintings, and statues.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The American Scholar *

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our contemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the polestar for a thousand years?

In this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day—the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and

* An oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 31, 1837.

scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state these functions are parceled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is *Man Thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory, pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. Is not indeed every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? But the old oracle said, "All things have two handles: beware of the wrong one." In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after the sunset, Night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find—so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without center, without circumference—in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classi-

fication begins. To the young mind everything is individual, stands by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem. It presently learns that since the dawn of history there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on forever to animate the last fiber of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this schoolboy under the bending dome of day, is suggested that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that root? Is not that the soul of his soul? A thought too bold; a dream too wild. Yet, when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures, when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first groupings of its gigantic hand, he shall look forward to an ever-expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator. He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept "Know thyself" and the modern precept "Study nature" become at last one maxim.

II. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the Past—in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth—learn the amount of this influence more conveniently—by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. It came to him short-lived actions; it went out from him immortal thoughts. It came to him business; it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now

endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity as to contemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or, rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit: henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statute. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates. In this action it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look

backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead: man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his; cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by overinfluence. The literature of every nation bears me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakespeareanized now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But, when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must—when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining—we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig tree, looking on a fig tree, becometh fruitful."

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us with the conviction that one nature wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer, of Marvell, of Dryden, with the most modern joy—with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all *time* from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well-nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some pre-established harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know that, as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is then creative reading as well as creative writing. When

the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that, as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato or Shakespeare, only that least part—only the authentic utterances of the oracle; all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakespeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

III. There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian—as unfit for any handiwork, or public labor, as a penknife for an ax. The so-called “practical men” sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or *see*, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy—who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day—are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and indeed there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world—this shadow of the soul, or *other me*—lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of

the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action passed by, as a loss of power. It is the raw material out of which the intellect molds her splendid products. A strange process too, this by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin. The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions, with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life, remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Henceforth it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe too the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state, it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean. Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules, the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action, and transplant an oak into a flower pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen, for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many

men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of today. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the workyard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and, as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity—these “fits of easy transmission and reflection,” as Newton called them, are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks, now acts, and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended and books are a weariness—he has always the resource *to live*. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truth? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those “far from fame,” who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandseled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkers, come at last Alfred and Shakespeare.

I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men

by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed and Herschel, in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and, the results being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such—watching days and months sometimes for a few facts, correcting still his old records—must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forgo the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept—how often!—poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions—these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of today—this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time—happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has

descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in crowded cities find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers—that they drink his words because he fulfills for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, this is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, ‘without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution.’ Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that, like children and women, his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin—see the whelping of this lion—which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but, in proportion as a man has anything in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men, by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnaeus makes

botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman; Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed, darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of today, are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say, one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being—ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so *that* may attain to its full stature. What a testimony, full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief. The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrod selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men, such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money—the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them, and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we

have been that man, and have passed on. First one, then another, we drain all cisterns, and, waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say of nearer reference to the time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age. With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not, however, that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical; we are embarrassed with second thoughts; we cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists; we are lined with eyes; we see with our feet; the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,

Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

It is so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with some joy of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state assumed in litera-

ture a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign—is it not?—of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body—show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plow, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing—and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber room, but has form and order; there is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, and, in a newer time, of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope, of Johnson, of Gibbon, looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated—I mean Emanuel Swedenborg. The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavored to engraft a purely philosophical ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt of course must have difficulty which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connection between nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret

the lower parts of nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Everything that tends to insulate the individual—to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state—tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi, "that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be a university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, the world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust, some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career do not yet see, that, if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience—patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world not to be a unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our

own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defense and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

HANS KOHN

Academic Freedom in Our Time *

ACADEMIC freedom in the present meaning of the word is a product of recent times. Originally academic freedom meant the administrative and judicial autonomy of the university corporation of teachers and students. It was one of the many "freedoms" upon which medieval life was based. It did not and could not imply *Lehrfreiheit*, a notion entirely alien to the Middle Ages and to early modern times. Academic freedom in the modern sense is a product of the epoch of enlightenment, of liberalism and rationalism, of the triumph of intellectual and moral individualism. Therefore we find academic freedom today, with the great central European counter-revolution against enlightenment, liberalism, and individualism, again being threatened in its existence.

Academic freedom is, above all, a duty of the teacher. It is, to use a word from Cicero, his duty never to say anything false and never to dare to withhold anything true. *Nam quis nescit primam esse historiae legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat? Deinde ne quid veri non audeat?* (Cicero, *De Oratore*, II, 15.) The teacher is expected to present to his students the whole truth, as he understands it in the light of his research and thought. He should put his whole individuality into his teaching with no other guide but his individual conscience. Only in this way can he present to the student, and make the student share in, the dignity of spiritual and intellectual endeavor and the seriousness which it exacts. The teacher must be free to speak his mind; the student must experience his effort at truth. This is impossible in totalitarian countries where the objectivity of truth and thereby the dignity of the teaching profession are not recognized.

Different from academic freedom as a duty of the teacher is academic freedom as a right of the teacher, the right to speak the truth as he understands it. This right is no professional right of the teacher; it is part of the general right to freedom of every citizen, the freedom to think for himself and to express his thoughts by word and in print. The academic teacher does not possess more rights than any other citizen; he has only

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greater duties. Everybody has the right to speak the truth. The teacher *must* speak the truth. This is the meaning of his calling.

Academic freedom is therefore thinkable only within a certain intellectual order, that of individual rights, based upon that interpretation of man's nature and his place in history which we call liberalism. This attitude is not a "natural" birthright of man. It is a product of a great historical struggle, which started in the seventeenth century and was won, at least for the time being, in the nineteenth century for Western humanity. This struggle, waged by Milton and Locke, by Grotius and Condorcet, by the Encyclopedists and Kant, produced all the liberties, which are fundamentally one liberty. Academic freedom is nothing in itself, no abstraction which can be invoked at will; it is an indissoluble part of the whole system of liberalism, of individual rights, of a rational order, and only thinkable within it.

There is much confusion today with regard to this point. Academic freedom, or the right to free speech, or the right to self-determination, are today often invoked by those who do not believe in them and in their liberal foundations, and who wish to use them solely for the purpose of undermining and destroying these liberties and their foundation. Enemies of liberalism should not be allowed to claim and use the instruments of liberalism in their fight against it. It is characteristic that a recent writer on Italian fascism could say of Mussolini's paper, *Popolo d'Italia*, that "no other newspaper in Italy took such advantage of the freedom from legal and political responsibility which the Italian press enjoyed." It took it to destroy that freedom entirely.

For all these freedoms are nothing disassociated from their common root, which alone makes them possible. They are a corollary of a certain interpretation of the nature of man and his place in history. It is the faith, to use the words of Thomas Jefferson, in the "illimitable freedom of the human mind," in universal reason, shared, at least potentially, by every human being, irrespective of his class or caste, faith or creed, birth or race. The faith without which all academic freedom and all rights of the individual become meaningless is a faith in the dignity and equality of all individuals, as rational beings or as created in the image of God. From this assumption alone we can arrive at the conclusion that men are able and entitled to think independently, that truth can be found by their efforts and common discussion.

This free discussion appears to us as the only way in which science and truth can be promoted. Scholarship can prosper only by an unhampered free intercourse above all the frontiers of states, creeds, races, and classes. A totalitarian order, whether based upon the absolutization of the race or of the class or of any other relative division of mankind, undermines the development of truth and of scholarship, where the contribution of every

fellowman is welcome only according to its intrinsic value.¹ Liberalism presupposes the existence of a universal truth, of universally applicable laws. It accepts the objectivity of science and of the search for truth. The communist or the fascist will ask who you are, to which class or race you belong, before evaluating or accepting any contribution in the field of scholarship. The liberal will ask what have you to say, and accept the contribution on its objective value in the universal and unceasing search for truth. Academic freedom and freedom of scholarship are only possible within the system of liberalism.

Thus academic freedom has been accepted in the Western world as part of the liberal order. Certainly there are everywhere failures to live up to it. Academic freedom, like all liberties, is never completely realized. Although we may not always live up to it, it remains before us as a regulative ideal, a demand, and a reproach. Even if liberties, in a liberal order, are denied again and again, they can be fought for, and those who in actual fact deny them find themselves on the defensive. In theory, at least, they have to pay lip service to them, to recognize their general applicability. The shameful situation in Russia, in Italy, in Germany, today does not consist in the fact that in some or many cases the freedom to speak one's thoughts is denied, but that there is no battle being waged for it, that graveyard silence reigns, that the ideal as such, the objectivity of truth, is denied.

We see the results of this attitude in the press and literary productions of the totalitarian countries with their completely one-sided and distorted views, their ludicrous judgments on the forces at work in history and in the contemporary world. Of course foolish opinions can also be put forward in liberal countries, but here they can be combated and rectified; the public can make its choice. In totalitarian countries no defense exists against the dulling of the intellect, against obscurantism, against cutting loose from world currents. Today the language even, used in the totalitarian countries, has nothing in common with the language used outside of these countries. The same words do in no way convey the same meaning.

Academic freedom is an indispensable part of the democratic, liberal order. But this order is denied today not only for Italy or Germany, but universally. A new interpretation of man and of his place in history wishes to impose itself upon the whole of mankind. (It is not a question of certain

¹ There is an essential difference between communism and fascism. Communism destroys the foundations of scholarship, the possibility of human freedom and of human dignity. It restricts "man" to "proletarian." But ultimately communism believes in the abolition of all separating and dividing exclusiveness, in one universal, rational truth, although in a future which may never dawn. After all, communism is a grandchild of Hegel. Fascism, in all its forms, denies any future universal truth, strengthens, idealizes, and absolutizes the exclusive divisions of mankind with their different kinds of "truth." It thus proclaims the eternal anarchism of all values. Only its dynamism is universal in the sense that it is unlimited and unlimitable. It will not and cannot rest until the whole of mankind acknowledges it.

nations, although certain nations, on account of historical reasons, succumb to it more easily; it is not the problem of a fight against Italy or Germany, but against the fundamental attitude which denies the equality of men, the universality of truth, the dignity of reason.) This new attitude threatens academic freedom and free scholarship, as it threatens all other freedom. In such a situation the academic teacher has a greater responsibility, to be wide awake to the dangers threatening not only academic freedom but the whole liberal tradition which produced academic freedom. He has no right to withdraw into an ivory tower, to care only for academic freedom. Academic freedom lives and dies with the whole liberal order.

If we care for academic freedom, we have to fight for freedom generally, in the universities and in all other walks of life, in the United States, and everywhere. The enemies of freedom in their tactics destroy one isolated position after another; they can do it because they do not encounter united opposition. The forces for freedom are divided, not only among nations but also among professions. The attack, however, is a totalitarian attack. The fight for academic freedom is today, when liberalism itself is threatened, no longer a professional fight for the factual realization of a generally acknowledged principle. It is part of a fight for the survival of the fundamental values of liberalism for everybody and everywhere. It is a special application of the most fundamental battle in which man can be enlisted, the fight centered around the interpretation of the values governing the life and history of man.

SIDNEY HOOK

*The "Trojan Horse" in American Education**

THOSE of us who have faith in the democratic process are always confronted with the problem of how to deal with its enemies. The problem becomes acute when an antidemocratic minority invokes the protection of the Bill of Rights with the declared purpose, once it has power, of denying to others those very rights it now demands for itself.

The answer of the genuine believer in democracy is that, like every other adventure of the human spirit, democracy must take its risks. Democracy is neither a law of nature nor of history but a reasonable faith that methods of registering the freely given consent of a people are better than other methods of settling social conflicts. Theoretically, it is quite possible for a people through democratic processes to relinquish its freedom for the blandishments of a dictator. In practice, however, this has rarely occurred. The transition from democracy to totalitarianism is almost always the result, not of persuasion, but of usurpation.

The point is simple but fundamental. Democrats extend to their enemies the freedoms of the Bill of Rights in full confidence that human beings will not knowingly accept slavery for freedom, or surrender that right to free decision which lifts man above the level of the animal. We cannot believe or act in any other way and remain democrats.

It follows that the basic assumption of the democratic process is that the citizens of a community are given a choice between, so to speak, honest bills of goods. One has a right to represent or defend any cause, provided he honestly declares what that cause is, provided he does not masquerade under false labels, provided he does not have a secret program that he plans to substitute for the public program on which he solicits confidence. The difference between the man who invokes the Bill of Rights to profess his beliefs—whatever they are—and the man who invokes it to conceal them is the difference between honest opposition, on the one hand, and conspiracy, on the other. No democracy can survive which does not recognize the essential nature of this distinction.

Recent political history has shown that there are several totalitarian groups in the United States which have been masquerading under dis-

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honest disguises. Although they give lip allegiance to democracy, usually qualified with the phrase "in a higher sense," although they are strenuous in their insistence that theirs is the true, the twentieth-century, Americanism, their real function is to sell to the American people the foreign policy of the nation whose agents they are—Germany or Russia.

My main concern today is not with the tactics of duplicity on the political scene but with the emergence of similar tendencies in the field of American education and culture. These tendencies not only represent a grave threat to the intellectual integrity of American cultural life but may inspire a reaction which will sweep away the hard-won and precariously held right of academic freedom and independence of the teaching profession.

The fight for academic freedom has in the main been a fight against narrow-minded legislatures and business-minded boards of trustees which have attempted to restrict or control the content of instruction by the teaching staffs of colleges and universities. Although conditions are still far from ideal today, public opinion generally supports the contention of the American Association of University Professors that any professor who is certified as competent in his field has the right to teach the truth as he sees it, and is entitled, after a probationary period, to permanent tenure. For without academic tenure there is no academic freedom. But, just as the Bill of Rights has as its basic assumption that those who live by it honestly profess their allegiance, no matter how unpopular it is, so the right to academic freedom has as its controlling assumption that teachers will abide by the ethics and logic of scientific inquiry. This means, at the very least, that they will not take orders or political commissions from conspiratorial groups who seek to impose a party line on the cultural and intellectual life of America. Just as a citizen in a democracy has a right to be protected in his differences, so a member of the republic of arts and sciences has a right to his views, be they correct or incorrect, popular or unpopular. The sole and all-important proviso is that he declare them openly, submit them to the court of critical inquiry, and not cook his conclusions in advance according to some political recipe handed to him by organizations interested not in education but in espionage, political propaganda for foreign powers, and in character assassination of leading American educators who refuse to be bribed, intimidated, or browbeaten into silence.

In this country there are two groups which in different ways work to undermine the integrity of the teaching profession. The first group consists of Hitler partisans, whose approach is as crude and obvious as that of the Nazi government. Dr. John Harvey Sherman, President of Tampa University, testified a few months ago that in 1938 he was visited by the German Consul General at New Orleans, who bore the imposing name of Baron Edgar Freiherr Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim, and by the German Consular Agent at Tampa, Ernest Berger. They offered to endow the university with a library of German books, with the implication that

the university should dismiss its anti-Nazi professor of German. Special attention has been paid by the German government to teachers in Southern universities in the hope of coupling anti-Negro feeling with anti-Jewish feeling. Until recently, German exchange students were trained, before being sent here, in the techniques of disseminating propaganda for National Socialism, discrediting anti-Nazi teachers of German, and winning American converts to Nazi ideology.

The outbreak of the war seems to have brought the activities of this group to a halt. It is doubtful whether they would have gone far in any event. A glance at the state to which German (and Russian) universities have been reduced is sufficient to show what the outcome of a party line in education is. A totalitarian may make an efficient government agent: he cannot be an honest teacher or scholar. By appealing to, and indoctrinating for, a party dogma from which there is no appeal, he betrays the critical method. Without critical method people may be trained; they cannot be educated.

Much more numerous, and even more devious in their methods of penetration, are the partisans of the Stalin regime on the American educational and cultural front. They are divided into two groups. The first holds secret membership in the Communist Party under assumed names. The second are fellow-travelers who do not want to run the risk of even undercover affiliation but willingly lend themselves to the uses of the Communist Party when a job must be done. They are very adept in the techniques of protective coloration. But there is one sure sign by which they can be recognized. Vociferous in their protests against abuses of cultural and academic freedom in this country, and in every other country which happens at the moment to be at odds with Russia, they noisily acclaim the intellectual and academic terrorism that exists in the Soviet Union as the high-water mark of progress. Their strongest fire is directed, at the behest of the Communist Party, against American liberals and educators who are opposed to *all* forms of totalitarianism. Instead of openly avowing their allegiance, as they have a right to under the Bill of Rights, they raise a hue and cry against any criticism of them as itself an attack on the Bill of Rights. This amazing exhibition of brass and gall is in turn defended by people who fail to distinguish between the right to hold a view and the wrong of dissembling that view. The result is that ripples of confusion grow ever wider. In the end, reactionaries who would like to achieve an educational monopoly of views of their own brand are the sole gainers.

The techniques of the Stalinist totalitarians vary. They extend from pseudonymous and abusive attacks on liberals in party journals, to anonymous slanders in the literature of party cells in universities, and to public attempts, with the aid of fellow-travelers, at intellectual lynching of those who refuse to except Russia from their condemnation of totalitarianism. I take as one of many possible illustrations an incident that occurred this

summer. Last May the Committee for Cultural Freedom, organized by John Dewey, Ferdinand Lundberg, Norman Thomas, and other well-known progressives, issued a manifesto which made a ringing appeal for the inviolability of intellectual and cultural freedom throughout the world, and particularly in this country. It referred to the victory of the totalitarian mind in Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, and Japan. The formation of the committee was hailed with enthusiasm by lovers of freedom throughout the United States.

Appalled by the remarkable reception which the manifesto of the committee received, the partisans of Stalin decided upon a counterstroke. In August, an open letter was issued, allegedly signed by 400 people, addressed to "all active supporters of democracy and peace." The letter attacked by name the Committee for Cultural Freedom. It declared that Russia was a "consistent bulwark against war and aggression"—this on the eve of the Stalinazi pact which precipitated the Second World War and the invasion of Poland. It denied the absence of cultural and intellectual freedom in Russia. It branded as a falsehood reference to Russia as a totalitarian state. It accused the Committee for Cultural Freedom of attempting to disrupt diplomatic relations between Russia and the United States. And, to crown it all, it referred to the organizers and members of the Committee for Cultural Freedom as "fascists and allies of fascists."

The facts behind this open letter are these. It was written by the chairman of the Friends of the Soviet Union, an organization whose role is analogous to the German-American Bund. It was circulated with the help of the Communist Party and its peripheral groups. It was mailed from the offices of the American Council on Soviet Relations. The initiating committee, over whose signatures it was sent out, consisted of ten people who, with one possible exception, are all close fellow-travelers, if not members, of the Communist Party. Most of those who signed it (less than 175 names were actually disclosed) had previously revealed themselves as Stalinist fellow-travelers. A considerable portion are known as members of the Communist Party.

Those who signed this letter are entitled to believe anything they please about Russia. The Committee for Cultural Freedom is prepared to defend their right to do so. But to characterize, at the behest of the Communist Party, those who disagree with them—great Americans like John Dewey and Norman Thomas—as "fascists and allies of fascists" is to desert the plane of honest discussion and to become the instruments of totalitarian reaction. I wish I had time to list the names of the individuals, particularly the forty odd in twenty-one universities, from coast to coast, who lent themselves to this dishonorable tactic. It is an incomplete but open chart of the influence of the Communist Party in American education and culture. . . .

By disguising themselves as liberals and progressives, Communist Party fellow-travelers lead the public to suspect the sincerity of *genuine* liberals

and progressives. If it were only a matter of their personal dishonor, we could leave them to their own shame. But by deliberately blurring the lines and principled divisions between themselves and others, by carrying out the secret directives of the Communist Party and publicly disavowing any connection with it, they are playing into the hands of native reaction, which would like to wipe out all liberal dissent in times of crisis. That crisis may be here tomorrow. Only a heroic struggle will preserve the Bill of Rights in wartime. The struggle will be weakened and compromised if the Stalinazi blight of hypocrisy remains unchecked.

How should this menace to the free life of mind be met? I cannot underscore too strongly my conviction *that it must be met not by governmental repression but by public exposure and criticism in the educational and cultural professions themselves*. Educational institutions under democratic control must purge themselves of those whose behavior is incompatible with the ethics and intellectual integrity of their calling. Those who deny the fact of their affiliation with totalitarian organizations, who perjure themselves under oath, who pseudonymously publish diatribes and scurrilities against their colleagues, are obviously unfit to be members of institutions of learning.

On grounds of principle as well as expediency, we must not permit our justifiable indignation with totalitarian duplicity to take a repressive form. If we are opposed to totalitarianism, we cannot adopt totalitarian methods of combating it. A vigorous educational campaign will do the work more effectively. Furthermore, if these groups are driven underground by repression, they will *then* have the justification they *now* lack for concealing their ideas under false fronts.

The Trojan horse has already been drawn into our temples of learning. We need not fear it so long as we know what its purpose is, where it comes from, and who is hidden within it. By training the searchlights of pitiless publicity and analysis upon it, we can compel every dark figure lurking in its shadows to emerge into the light and fight for his ideas in the open. More than this those who believe in democracy do not require. More than this we do not need for victory.

I have concerned myself in these remarks primarily with educational issues. In the political arena the same general principles seem to me to be valid with one proviso which it is necessary to make in the light of political behavior in the twentieth century. Any group which is part of the organizational apparatus of a foreign government, accepts its directives on all political matters, and engages in espionage and sabotage, does not constitute a genuine political party. It is no more entitled to the privileges of democratic *political* life than a gang of underworld characters, organized for criminal purposes, is entitled to the *legal* rights and privileges of a business corporation. In both cases they are only entitled—and this on our principles, not theirs—to justice according to law.

CARL BECKER

The Cornell Tradition: Freedom and Responsibility *

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago today Reuben E. Fenton, the Governor of the State of New York, signed a charter for Cornell University. The founding of the university was made possible, in great part, by the generosity of Ezra Cornell, a citizen of Ithaca. The first faculty was assembled, the university was organized, and instruction was begun under the farsighted leadership of the first president, Andrew D. White; and in a relatively short time, as such things go, the new institution, as a result of the distinguished achievements of its faculty and the high quality of instruction offered to its students, acquired a reputation which placed it among the leading universities of the country.

In the process of acquiring a reputation Cornell acquired something better than a reputation, or rather it acquired something which is the better part of its reputation. It acquired a character. Corporations are not necessarily soulless; and of all corporations universities are the most likely to have, if not souls, at least personalities. Perhaps the reason is that universities are, after all, largely shaped by presidents and professors, and presidents and professors, especially if they are good ones, are fairly certain to be men of distinctive, not to say eccentric, minds and temperaments. A professor, as the German saying has it, is a man who thinks otherwise. Now an able and otherwise-thinking president, surrounded by able and otherwise-thinking professors, each resolutely thinking otherwise in his own manner, each astounded to find that the others, excellent fellows as he knows them in the main to be, so often refuse in matters of the highest import to be informed by knowledge or guided by reason—this is indeed always an arresting spectacle and may sometimes seem to be a futile performance. Yet it is not futile unless great universities are futile. For the essential quality of a great university derives from the corporate activities of such a community of otherwise-thinking men. By virtue of a divergence as well as of a community of interests, by the sharp impress of their minds and temperaments and eccentricities upon each other and upon their pupils, there is created a continuing tradition of ideas and attitudes and habitual

* Address delivered at Cornell University on April 27, 1940, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the charter of the university, originally published by Cornell University. Reprinted by permission of the author and Cornell University.

responses that has a life of its own. It is this continuing tradition that gives to a university its corporate character or personality, that intangible but living and dynamic influence which is the richest and most durable gift any university can confer upon those who come to it for instruction and guidance.

Cornell has a character, a corporate personality, in this sense, an intellectual tradition by which it can be identified. The word which best symbolizes this tradition is *freedom*. There is freedom in all universities, of course—a great deal in some, much less in others; but it is less the amount than the distinctive quality and flavor of the freedom that flourishes at Cornell that is worth noting. The quality and flavor of this freedom is easier to appreciate than to define. *Academic* is not the word that properly denotes it. It includes academic freedom, of course, but it is something more, and at the same time something less, than that—something less formal, something less self-regarding, something more worldly, something, I will venture to say, a bit more impudent. It is, in short, too little schoolmasterish to be defined by a formula or identified with a professional code. And I think the reason is that Cornell was not founded by schoolmasters or designed strictly according to existing educational models. The founders, being both in their different ways rebels against convention, wished to establish not merely another university but a somewhat novel kind of university. Mr. Cornell desired to found an institution in which any person could study any subject. Mr. White wished to found a center of learning where mature scholars and men of the world, emancipated from the clerical tradition and inspired by the scientific idea, could pursue their studies uninhibited by the cluttered routine or the petty preoccupations of the conventional cloistered academic life. In Mr. White's view the character and quality of the university would depend upon the men selected for its faculty: devoted to the general aim of learning and teaching, they could be depended upon to devise their own ways and means of achieving that aim. The emphasis was, therefore, always on men rather than on methods; and during Mr. White's administration and that of his immediate successors there was assembled at Cornell, from the academic and the nonacademic world, a group of extraordinary men—erudite or not as the case might be, but at all events as highly individualized, as colorful, as disconcertingly original and amiably eccentric a group of men as was ever got together for the launching of a new educational venture. It is in the main to the first president and this early group of otherwise-thinking men that Cornell is indebted for its tradition of freedom.

Many of those distinguished scholars and colorful personalities were before my time. Many of those whom I was privileged to know are now gone. A few only are still with us—worthy bearers of the tradition, indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, in the service of Cornell, in the promotion of the public good, young men still, barely eighty or a little more.

Present or absent, the influence of this original group persists, and is attested by stories of their sayings and exploits that still circulate, a body of ancient but still living folklore. It is a pity that someone has not collected and set down these stories; properly arranged they would constitute a significant mythology, a Cornell epic which, whether literally true or only characteristic, would convey far better than official records in deans' offices the real significance of this institution. Some of these stories I have heard, and for their illustrative value will venture to recall a few of them. Like Herodotus, I give them as they were related to me without vouching for their truth, and, like Herodotus, I hope no god or hero will take offense at what I say.

There is the story of the famous professor of history, passionate defender of majority rule, who, foreseeing that he would be outvoted in the faculty on the question of the location of Risley Hall, declared with emotion that he felt so strongly on the subject that he thought he ought to have two votes. The story of another professor of history who, in reply to a colleague who moved as the sense of the faculty that during wartime professors should exercise great discretion in discussing public questions, declared that for his part he could not understand how anyone could have the Prussian arrogance to suppose that everyone could be made to think alike, or the Pomeranian stupidity to suppose that it would be a good thing if they could. The story of the eccentric and lovable professor of English who suggested that it would be a good thing, during the winter months when the wind sweeps across the hill, if the university would tether a shorn lamb on the slope south of the library building; who gave all of his students a grade of eighty-five, on the theory that they deserved at least that for patiently listening to him while he amused himself reading his favorite authors aloud, and for so amiably submitting to the ironical and sarcastic comments—too highly wrought and sophistically phrased in latinized English to be easily understood by them—with which he berated their indifference to good literature. There is the story of the professor who reluctantly agreed to serve as dean of a school on condition that he be relieved of the irksome task at a certain date; who, as the date approached with no successor appointed, repeatedly reminded the president that he would retire on the date fixed; and who, on that date, although no successor had meantime been appointed, cleared out his desk and departed; so that, on the day following, students and heads of departments found the door locked and no dean to affix the necessary signature to the necessary papers. A school without a dean—strange interlude indeed, rarely occurring in more decorous institutions, I should think; but one of those things that could happen in Cornell. And there is the story of the professor of entomology abruptly leaving a faculty meeting. It seems that the discussion of a serious matter was being sidetracked by the rambling, irrelevant, and would-be facetious remarks of a dean who was something of a wag, when the professor of entomology, not being a wag and being quite fed up, suddenly reached for his hat and,

as he moved to the door, delivered himself thus: "Mr. President, I beg to be excused; I refuse to waste my valuable time any longer listening to this damned nonsense." And even more characteristic of the Cornell tradition is a story told of the first president, Andrew D. White. It is related that the lecture committee had brought to Cornell an eminent authority to give, in a certain lecture series, an impartial presentation of the free-silver question. Afterwards Mr. White, who had strong convictions on the subject, approached the chairman of the committee and asked permission to give a lecture in that series in reply to the eminent authority. But the chairman refused, saying in substance: "Mr. President, the committee obtained the best man it could find to discuss this question. It is of the opinion that the discussion was a fair and impartial presentation of the arguments on both sides. The committee would welcome an address by you on any other subject, or on this subject on some other occasion, but not on this subject in this series in reply to the lecture just given." It is related that Mr. White did not give a lecture on that subject in that series; it is also related that Mr. White became a better friend and more ardent admirer of the chairman of the committee than he had been. It seems that Mr. White really liked to have on his faculty men of that degree of independence and resolution.

These stories are in the nature of little flashlights illuminating the Cornell temper. A little wild, at times, the Cornell temper; riding, not infrequently, as one may say, high, wide, and handsome. Some quality in it that is native to these states, some pungent tang of the soil, some acrid smell of the frontier and the open spaces—something of the genuine American be-damned-to-you attitude. But I should like to exhibit the Cornell tradition in relation to a more general and at the same time a more concrete situation; and I will venture to do this, even risking a lapse from good taste, by relating briefly my own experience in coming to Cornell and in adjusting myself to its peculiar climate of opinion.

My first contact with the Cornell tradition occurred in December, 1916, at the meeting of the American Historical Association at Cincinnati, when Professor Charles Hull invited me to come to his room in the hotel to meet his colleagues of the history group. Intimations had reached me that I was, as the saying is, being considered at Cornell for a position in European history, so that I was rather expecting to be offered a job, at a certain salary, on condition that I should teach a certain number of courses, assume certain administrative duties, and the like. I took it for granted that Cornell would handle these matters in the same businesslike way that other universities did. But I found that Professor Hull had a manner and a method all his own. He did not offer me a job—nothing as crude as that; he invited me, on behalf of his colleagues, to join the faculty of Cornell University. The difference may be subtle, but I found it appreciable. On the chance that I might have formed a too favorable opinion of Cornell, Professor Hull hastened to set me right by itemizing, in great detail, the disadvantages

which, from a disinterested point of view, there might be in being associated with the institution, as well as, more doubtfully, certain possible advantages. Among the disadvantages, according to Professor Hull, was the salary; but he mentioned, somewhat apologetically, a certain sum which I could surely count on, and intimated that more might be forthcoming if my decision really depended upon it. By and large, from Professor Hull's elaborate accounting, I gathered that Cornell, as an educational institution, was well over in the red, but that, such as it was, with all its sins of omission heavy upon it, it would be highly honored if I could so far condescend to its needs as to associate myself with it.

There apparently, so far as Professor Hull was concerned, the matter rested. Nothing was said of courses to be taught, minimum hours of instruction, or the like mundane matters. In the end I had to inquire what the homework would be—how many hours and what courses I would be required to teach. Professor Hull seemed mildly surprised at the question. "Why," he said, "I don't know that anything is *required* exactly. It has been customary for the professor of modern history to give to the undergraduates a general survey course in modern history, and sometimes, if he deems it advisable, a more advanced course in some part of it in which he is especially interested, and in addition to supervise, to whatever extent may seem to him desirable, the work of such graduate students as may come to him. We had rather hoped that you would be disposed to do something of this sort, but I don't know that I can say that anything specific in the way of courses is really *required*. We have assumed that whatever you found convenient and profitable to do would be sufficiently advantageous to the university and satisfactory to the students." Well, there it was. Such a magnification of the professor, such a depreciation of the university, had never before, in similar circumstances, come my way. After a decent interval I condescended to join the faculty of Cornell University. And why not? To receive a good salary for doing as I pleased—what could be better? The very chance I had been looking for all my life.

And so in the summer of 1917 I came to Cornell, prepared to do as I pleased, wondering what the catch was, supposing that Professor Hull's amiable attitude must be either an eccentric form of ironic understatement or else a supersubtle species of bargaining technique. Anyway, I proposed to try it out. I began to do as I pleased, expecting someone would stop me. No one did. I went on and on, and still no one paid any attention. Personally I was cordially received, but officially no one made any plans to entertain me, to give me the right steer, to tell me what I would perhaps find it wise to do or to refrain from doing. Professor Hull's attitude did seem after all to represent, in some idealized fashion, the attitude of Cornell University. There was about the place a refreshing sense of liberation from the prescribed and the insistent, an atmosphere of casual urbanity, a sense of leisurely activity going on, with time enough to admire the view, and

another day coming. No one seemed to be in a hurry, except Mr. Burr, of course, and sometimes perhaps Mr. Ranum. But that was their affair—a response, no doubt, to the compulsion of some inner daemon. At least I saw no indication that deans or heads of departments were exerting pressure or pushing anyone around. Certainly no head of the history department was incommoding me for the simple reason, if for no other, that there didn't seem to be any history department, much less a head. There were seven professors of history, and when we met we called ourselves the "History Group," but no one of us had any more authority than any other. On these occasions Professor Hull presided, for no reason I could discover except that we met in his office because it was the largest and most convenient. Whatever the History Group was, it was not a department. If there was any department of history, then there were six; in which case I was the sole member, and presumably the head, of the department of modern European history. The only evidence of this was that twice a year I received a communication from the president: one requesting me to prepare the budget, which consisted chiefly in setting down the amount of my own salary, an item which the president presumably already knew more about than I did; the other a request for a list of the courses given and the number of students, male and female, enrolled during the year. I always supposed, therefore, that there were six departments of history, each manned by one professor, except the department of American history, which ran to the extraordinary number of two. I always supposed so, that is, until one day Professor Hull said he wasn't sure there were, officially speaking, any departments of history at all; the only thing he was sure of was that there were seven professors of history. The inner truth of the matter I never discovered. But the seven professors were certainly members of the Faculty of Arts, the Graduate Faculty, and the University Faculty since they were often present at the meetings of these faculties. They were also, I think, members of the Faculty of Political Science, a body that seemed to have no corporeal existence since it never met, but that nevertheless seemed to be something—a rumor perhaps, a disembodied tradition or vestigial remainder never seen, but lurking about somewhere in the more obscure recesses of Goldwin Smith Hall. I never had the courage to ask Professor Hull about the university—about its corporate administrative existence, I mean—for fear he might say that he wasn't sure it had any: it was on the cards that the university might turn out to be nothing more than forty or fifty professors.

At all events, the administration (I assumed on general principles that there was one somewhere) wasn't much in evidence and exerted little pressure. There was a president (distinguished scholar and eminent public figure) who presided at faculty meetings and had something to do with the Board of Trustees, and always delivered the commencement address. But the president, so far as I could judge, was an umpire rather than a captain,

and a Gallup poll would have disclosed the fact that some members of the community regarded him as an agreeable but purely decorative feature, his chief function being, as one of my colleagues said, "to obviate the difficulties created by his office." I never shared this view. I have a notion that the president obviated many difficulties, especially for the faculty, that were in no sense created by his office. There were also deans, but not many or much looked up to for any authority they had or were disposed to exercise. Even so, the general opinion seemed to be that the appointment of professors to the office was a useless waste of talent. "Why is it," asked Professor Nichols, "that as soon as a man has demonstrated that he has an unusual knowledge of books, someone immediately insists on making him a bookkeeper?" In those days the dean of the college, at all events, was scarcely more than a bookkeeper—a secretary elected by the faculty to keep its records and administer the rules enacted by it.

The rules were not many or much displayed or very oppressive—the less so since in so many cases they were conflicting, so that one could choose the one which seemed most suitable. The rules seemed often in the nature of miscellaneous conveniences lying about for a professor to use if he needed something of the sort. An efficient administrator, if there had been one, would no doubt have found much that was ill-defined and haphazard in the rules. Even to a haphazard professor, like myself, it often seemed so, for, if I inquired what the authority for this or that rule was, the answer would perhaps be that it wasn't a rule but only a custom; and upon further investigation the custom, as like as not, would turn out to be two other customs, varying according to the time and the professor. Even in the broad distribution of powers the efficient administrator might have found much to discontent his orderly soul. I was told that according to the Cornell statutes the university is subject to the control of the Board of Trustees, but that according to the laws of the state it is subject to the Board of Regents. It may or may not be so. I never pressed the matter. I was advised not to, on the theory that at Cornell it always creates trouble when anyone looks up the statutes. The general attitude, round and round about, seemed to be that the university would go on very well indeed so long as no one paid too much attention to the formal authority with which anyone was invested. And, in fact, in no other university that I am acquainted with does formal authority count for so little in deciding what shall or shall not be done.

In this easygoing, loose-jointed institution the chances seemed very good indeed for me to do as I pleased. Still there was an obvious limit. The blest principle of doing as one pleased presumably did not reach to the point of permitting me to do nothing. Presumably, the general expectation would be that I would at least be pleased to do something, and the condition of doing something was that I alone had to decide what that something should be. This was for me something of a novelty. Hitherto many of the main points—the courses to be given, the minimum hours of instruction, the

administrative duties to be assumed—had mostly been decided for me. I had only to do as I was told. This might be sometimes annoying, but it was never difficult. Mine not to question why, mine not to ask whether what I was doing was worth while or the right thing to do. It was bound to be the right thing to do since someone else, someone in authority, so decided. But now, owing to the great freedom at Cornell, I was in authority and had to decide what was right and worth while for me to do. This was not so easy, and I sometimes tried to shift the responsibility to Professor Burr, by asking him whether what I proposed to do was the right thing to do. But Professor Burr wasn't having any. He would spin me a long history, the upshot of which was that what I proposed to do had sometimes been done and sometimes not, so that whatever I did I was sure to have plenty of precedents on my side. And, if I tried to shift the responsibility to Professor Hull, I had no better luck. He too would spin me a history, not longer than that of Professor Burr, but only taking longer to relate, and the conclusion which he reached was always the same: the conclusion always was, "and so, my dear boy, you can do as you please."

In these devious ways I discovered that I could do as I pleased all right. But in the process of discovering this I also discovered something else. I discovered what the catch was. The catch was that, since I was free to do as I pleased, I was responsible for what it was that I was pleased to do. The catch was that, with all my great freedom, I was in some mysterious way still very much bound. Not bound by orders imposed upon me from above or outside, but bound by some inner sense of responsibility, by some elemental sense of decency or fair play or mere selfish impulse to justify myself; bound to all that comprised Cornell University, to the faculty that had so politely invited me to join it without imposing any obligations, to the amiable deans who never raised their voices or employed the imperative mood, to the distinguished president and the Board of Trustees in the offing who every year guaranteed my salary without knowing precisely what, if anything, I might be doing to earn it—to all these I was bound to justify myself by doing, upon request and in every contingency, the best I was capable of doing. And thus I found myself working, although without interference and under no outside compulsion, with more concentration, with greater satisfaction, and, I dare say, with better effect, than I could otherwise have done. I relate my own experience, well aware that it cannot be in all respects typical, since it is characteristic of Cornell to permit a wide diversity in departmental organization and procedure. Yet this very diversity derives from the Cornell tradition which allows a maximum of freedom and relies so confidently upon the sense of personal responsibility for making a good use of it.

I should like to preserve intact the loose-jointed administrative system and the casual freedoms of the old days. But I am aware that it is difficult to do so in the present-day world in which the complex and impersonal

forces of a technological society tend to diminish the importance of the individual and to standardize his conduct and thinking, a society in which life often seems impoverished by the overhead charges required to maintain it. Universities cannot remain wholly unaffected by this dominant trend in society. As they become larger and more complicated, a more reticulated organization is called for, rules multiply and become more uniform, and the members of the instructing staff, turned out as a standardized article in mass production by our graduate schools, are more subdued to a common model. Somewhat less than formerly, it seems, is the professor a man who thinks otherwise. More than formerly the professor and the promoter are in costume and deportment if not of imagination all compact; and every year it becomes more difficult, in the market place or on the campus, to distinguish the one from the other at ninety yards by the naked eye. On the whole we all deplore this trend towards standardization, but in the particular instance the reasons for it are often too compelling to be denied. Nevertheless, let us yield to this trend only as a necessity and not as something good in itself. Let us hold, in so far as may be, to the old ways, to the tradition in which Cornell was founded and by which it has lived.

But after all, one may ask, and it is a pertinent question, why is so much freedom desirable? Do we not pay too high a price for it in loss of what is called efficiency? Why should any university pay its professors a good salary, and then guarantee them so much freedom to follow their own devices? Surely not because professors deserve, more than other men, to have their way of life made easy. Not for any such trivial reason. Universities are social institutions, and should perform a social service. There is indeed no reason for the existence of Cornell, or of any university, or for maintaining the freedom of learning and teaching which they insist upon, except in so far as they serve to maintain and promote the humane and rational values which are essential to the preservation of democratic society, and of civilization as we understand it. Democratic society, like any other society, rests upon certain assumptions as to what is supremely worth while. It assumes the worth and dignity and creative capacity of the human personality as an end in itself. It assumes that it is better to be governed by persuasion than by compulsion, and that good will and humane dealing are better than a selfish and a contentious spirit. It assumes that man is a rational creature, and that to know what is true is a primary value upon which in the long run all other values depend. It assumes that knowledge and the power it confers should be employed for promoting the welfare of the many rather than for safeguarding the interests of the few.

These are the rational and the humane values which are inseparable from democracy if democracy is to be of any worth. Yet they are older than democracy and are not dependent upon it. They have a life of their own apart from any form of government or type of civilization. They are the values which, since the time of Buddha and Confucius, Solomon and

Zoroaster, Socrates and Plato and Jesus, men have commonly recognized as good even when they have denied them in practice, the values which men have commonly celebrated in the saints and martyrs they have agreed to canonize. They are the values which readily lend themselves to rational justification, but need no justification. No man ever yet found it necessary to justify a humane act by saying that it was really a form of oppression, or a true statement by swearing that it was a sacred lie. But every departure from the rational and the humane, every resort to force and deception, whether in civil government, in war, in the systematic oppression of the many or the liquidation of the few, calls for justification, at best by saying that the lesser evil is necessary for the greater good, at worst by resorting to that hypocrisy which, it has been well said, is the tribute that vice customarily pays to virtue.

In the long history of civilization the rational and humane values have sometimes been denied in theory, and persistently and widely betrayed in fact; but not for many centuries has the denial in theory or the betrayal in fact been more general, more ominous, or more disheartening than in our own day. Half the world is now controlled by self-inspired autocratic leaders who frankly accept the principle that might makes right, that justice is the interest of the stronger; leaders who regard the individual as of no importance except as an instrument to be used, with whatever degree of brutality may be necessary, for the realization of their shifting and irresponsible purposes; leaders who subordinate reason to will, identify law and morality with naked force as an instrument of will, and accord value to the disinterested search for truth only in so far as it may be temporarily useful in attaining immediate political ends. If these are indeed the values we cherish, then we too should abandon democracy, we too should close our universities or degrade them, as in many countries whose most distinguished scholars now live in exile they have been degraded, to the level of servile instruments in the support of state policy. But, if we still cherish the democratic way of life and the rational and humane values which are inseparable from it, then it is of supreme importance that we should preserve the tradition of freedom of learning and teaching without which our universities must cease to be institutions devoted to the disinterested search for truth and the increase of knowledge as ends in themselves desirable.

These considerations make it seem to me appropriate, on this memorial occasion, to recall the salient qualities which have given Cornell University its peculiar character and its high distinction, and, in conclusion, to express the hope that Cornell in the future, whatever its gains, whatever its losses, may hold fast to its ancient tradition of freedom and responsibility—freedom for the scholar to perform his proper function, restrained and guided by the only thing that makes such freedom worth while, the scholar's intellectual integrity, the scholar's devotion to the truth of things as they are and to good will and humane dealing among men.

WILLIAM B. MUNRO

Cheap Bread and Costly Brains *

PERHAPS the most hackneyed saying in the literature of American education is the definition of a college as "Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other." This epigram has been used innumerable times during the past thirty years as a protest against mass education. Educators utilize it in their speeches and writings to drive home the idea that college education ought to aim at the closest individual contact between instructor and student. Those who want college enrollments kept down pounce upon it as a gospel text. Likewise those who urge the merits of preceptorial and tutorial instruction, or the division of college classes into small sections, have found this aphorism exactly what they want. It has become one of our natural-born pietisms—like the proposition that all men are created equal and that the office should seek the man, which it never does.

But age and reiteration do not make truth out of falsehood. Educators have been taking too much liberty with this epigram. They have turned its implications end for end, and pointed them in the wrong direction. It is time for someone to protest that there is no historical basis for the log definition as it is customarily used, nor was it ever intended to point the moral which is invariably drawn from it nowadays. In this instance there has happened what too often happens when a short paragraph is cut out of its context and passed along from pen to pen for a couple of generations. Its author, were he to rise up and reappear among us, would be amazed to find his words doing service on behalf of educational practices which he did not have in mind at all.

Thirty years ago I had the good fortune to serve for a time as an instructor in history at Williams College. It was my privilege to live in the house which Mark Hopkins had occupied during part of his term as president of Williams, for it was then in use as a faculty club. One stormy winter evening, as I idled in front of the fireplace which had been his, it occurred to me to wonder whether the famous log, of which I had heard so much, was being properly preserved in a museum as it ought to be. Or was it being left as a prey to the wintry blasts outside? Come to think of it, this landmark had never been pointed out to me, along with the haystack monu-

* Reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1932, by permission of the author and the publishers.

ment and various other things of historical interest in the little college town. Was the log merely a figment of someone's imagination, a myth like Washington's cherry tree, to which, indeed, it might be distantly related?

At any rate, as a fledgling doctor of philosophy, just emerged from a sound pummeling in the methods of historical research at Harvard, it seemed appropriate to go and find out just when and where and how this whole log business originated. Even if the outcome did not add one tittle to the sum of human knowledge, it would demonstrate my fidelity to the cult of research, which has been defined as the art of taking things out of old books which nobody has ever read and putting them into a new book which nobody is ever going to read. So why not find out when, by whom, and under what provocation a college was defined as the head and tail of a fallen tree with a dialogue in between.

The quest, as matters turned out, proved neither difficult nor prolonged, for it quickly appeared that James Abram Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, was the author of the famous definition. But apparently he did not launch it in any such ambiguous form as had become traditional. A volume by B. A. Hinsdale, entitled *President Garfield and Education*, published in 1882, provided me with a direct quotation from an address made by General Garfield to the Williams alumni of New York City at a banquet there in 1871. The General was then a member of Congress, and had not yet become a dark-horse candidate for the Presidency.

Here was what seemed to be the passage from which, by a liberal amount of trimming and torturing, the illustrious epigram had been adduced: "I am not willing that this discussion should close," said Garfield on this occasion to his fellow Williams men, "without mention of the value of a true teacher. Give me a log hut, with only a simple bench, Mark Hopkins at one end and I at the other, and you may have all the buildings, apparatus, and libraries without him."

Not a log at all, but a log hut. And not a plea for the individualizing of instruction, but for a recognition of the teacher as the core of the academic community. James Russell Lowell expressed the same idea when he wrote that "the fame and glory of a college depend on the teachers who teach therein." Not a protest against mass education, moreover, but against the setting of undue emphasis upon buildings and apparatus to the neglect of those apostles of light who, like Mark Hopkins, were striving to pass the torch of learning to new generations. Usage, it would seem, had been sanctifying a misapprehension by attributing to General Garfield something that was not in his mind at all.

What was the circumstance that drew from him this tribute to the idol of his undergraduate days? It was the fact that a preceding speaker at the banquet had discoursed at length upon the backwardness of the physical Williams and the need for money with which to erect new buildings. Most

of this speech had been addressed to that theme, as has so often been the case at gatherings of college alumni.

When Garfield was called upon, he assented briefly to what had been said. Good buildings were worth having, he agreed. But he protested against the assumption that they were the chief collegiate objective, and insisted that capable professors were far more important to the effectiveness of a college. Men, not bricks and mortar, made a seat of learning, as he saw it. No amount of material apparatus would atone for the lack of them. Referring to his own college days, General Garfield declared that no array of buildings would have given him the amount of intellectual stimulus which he had "received from the faculty and particularly from the president."

Virtually the whole address, in fact, was a plea for the recognition of the faculty, not the campus, as the supremely important thing in any collegiate community. Somewhat differing versions of Garfield's exact language at the dinner have been given by various Williams alumni who heard him, but they all agree that his words were meant as a warning against bestowing too much attention upon the outward paraphernalia of education and too little upon the men who bear the burden and heat of the day.

It was a timely admonition, because the entire country, in 1871, was having an interlude of prosperity (which came to an abrupt end two years later), and every American college was trying to keep pace with it in a material way. Buildings were going up, but not professorial salaries. There were some who felt that Williams was dropping behind the procession. General Garfield took a different view. He was not anxious to have his Alma Mater join the others in philandering after a false goddess.

Nor was this banquet in 1871 the only occasion on which the General championed the same idea. A year later, as his more recent and comprehensive biography points out, he reiterated the conviction that the chief efforts made in behalf of the college should be directed "not so much to halls and buildings as to increased endowment for paying professors, for making tuition as nearly free as possible, and for putting the cost of living within the reach of students whose means are most slender." "So long as Williams College," he continued, "can offer salaries which will command and retain the very best teaching talent of the country, she will offer a far greater attraction to thoughtful and ambitious students than any splendor of her architecture or richness of her cabinets and libraries. . . . I believe, then, that the two great supports of the college are *cheap bread and costly brains*." ¹

A clarion sentiment, this, and just as timely today as when it was written, sixty years ago. Cheap bread and costly brains! What better objective could any board of trustees set up today as the unified goal of all their ideals and

¹ Theodore Clarke Smith, *Life and Letters of James Abram Garfield* (2 vols., New York, 1925), Vol. II, p. 813.

purposes? Most of them, unhappily, are not doing anything of the kind. In too many of our universities, colleges, and schools today the aim seems rather to be more and more costly classroom buildings to shelter a large and still larger assortment of immature brains that are hired at the minimum market price, whatever that happens to be. Anyone can point you to half-million-dollar academic structures, here and there all over the country, wherein two-thousand-dollar instructors are wearily quizzing small groups of listless undergraduates through their daily routine.

Too often an excessive proportion of the general college endowment is consumed in the maintenance of these expensive structures, so that there is not enough left to provide instruction above the level of mediocrity. Then, when an economic depression like the present one comes, and the income from endowment falls off, it is instruction and research that have to bear the brunt of retrenchment. A college can let instructors go, but not buildings. Thus it is that for every unendowed, non-revenue-producing building which a college erects, the faculty pays. It pays through the diversion of funds which would be available to maintain salaries when the rainy days arrive. It pays through the curtailment of funds that would be available for research if they were not so urgently needed for the maintenance of plant. It pays through the reduction of appropriations for the purchase of library books, for, although the library is the heart of the college, these book-purchase appropriations are sometimes among the first to suffer when economizing becomes imperative.

At any rate, the saying on which the much-quoted "log" definition of a college is based was primarily a protest against overvaluing plant and undervaluing personnel. It had no relation whatever to the value of individual instruction as against the practice of teaching students in large classes. Nothing could have been farther from General Garfield's mind than to promulgate the notion that the instruction given to him by Mark Hopkins was effective in inverse ratio to the number of students who assembled in the professor's classroom. He knew full well that this illustrious teacher could stamp his impress, and would have used methods adapted to his end, no matter how many or how few undergraduates were listening in. He was therefore concerned with the eminence and capacity of the teacher, not with the number of students taught. And quite naturally so, for Garfield had received no individual instruction from Mark Hopkins, there being no provision for it in his day. Great teachers rarely have small classes. If they are small at the outset, they do not stay so.

Mark Hopkins was not a tutor in the Oxford sense. He had a well-filled classroom, not only because he was a great teacher, but for the additional reason that attendance was compulsory. In Garfield's day he taught evidences of Christianity, logic, and intellectual philosophy. In addition, he preached one sermon to each class. Occasionally he gave a synoptic lecture at his home and invited students to it, and once in a while he asked some

of his best students to hold a forum there; but Charles E. Harwood of Upland, California, the oldest living alumnus of Williams College, is my authority for the statement that individual students had little or no personal contact with Mark Hopkins unless they were called on the carpet by the president for some infraction of the rules. He could recall no occasion, during his four years at Williams, when the president met any of his students in a purely social way. On the other hand, Professor Albert Hopkins, a much less famous brother, was in very intimate contact with the undergraduates and received both their admiration and their affection in large measure. Mr. Harwood, whose recollections of these days are still perfectly clear, was graduated from Williams in the class of 1852. That was two years before General Garfield entered Williams as a freshman.

In his physical frame Mark Hopkins was tall, rather gaunt, and awkward. His countenance, in later life, was strikingly like that of Gladstone, the great commoner. But he had what Gladstone lacked, a sense of humor. Among Williams graduates of the midcentury era there seems to have been general agreement that he was not a man of much originality, or one who had read widely. His point of view was strictly fundamentalist. He found Emerson "distasteful and shocking." To his classes he prescribed reading in Butler, Paley, and other exceedingly dry textbooks, some of which were from his own pen. For Mark Hopkins managed to produce each year a great many arid pages of print. Nevertheless, it is by everyone conceded that his teaching was amazingly effective. In his time there was none to equal him. Years ago I talked with many of his old students, and they were unanimous in their praise of his classroom skill.

The reason, so far as I could discover from these conversations, lay in his extraordinarily adroit use of the Socratic method. He rarely lectured in any formal way, although he could both lecture and preach in powerful fashion when he tried. In this avoidance of formal lectures he was wise, but not because the lecture method is so deficient a medium of instruction, at all times and in all subjects, as some educational reformers would have us believe. A more serious objection to it is the inducement which this method gives the teacher to go on, year after year, presenting his material in the same way without any new infusion of freshness or vigor.

Some years ago, at Harvard, I knew a much-beloved colleague who had been long in the service of the university, so long that several sons of his former students were to be found in his lecture room. One day he noticed an undergraduate lolling in the front row, taking no notes of the lecture, and, in fact, unprovided with the paraphernalia of note-taking. Calling the young man to the desk at the close of the hour, the professor said to him:

"I see that you do not take notes of my lectures. Do you think that you can learn the subject that way?"

"Oh, it's all right," replied the cheerful undergraduate. "I have a fine set of notes. I have my father's notes. He was here way back in the nineties!"

The Mark Hopkins method was to give out a short lesson in advance; then, when the class assembled, it was for a frank, thorough, and informal discussion of this lesson. Most of these classroom discussions had to do with fundamental questions of moral conduct on which there was room for divergence of opinion—such questions, for example, as "Is it ever justifiable to tell a lie?" "Can anyone be saved by faith alone?" "Is the law of love the highest law?" In addition, any member of the class could propose a topic for controversy.

One day, when Mr. Harwood was taking the course, a student asked Mark Hopkins to indicate who would go to Heaven. "I don't know," he replied, "whether this one or that one will go. But whoever would be likely to feel at home in Heaven will be found there when the time comes." That kind of answer was likely to stay in the student's mind—as it has done in this instance for eighty years.

Much emphasis was placed on the habit of daily reading. Mark Hopkins did not require his students to read much, but he insisted that the reading be done regularly and thoughtfully, with time for reflection upon it. Such reading is of great and enduring value. *Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.* "It softens the manners of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarians." The results, it may be surmised, were a good deal better than those obtained from our present-day fashion of giving the undergraduates their assignments of reading in homeopathic doses and often in ephemeral books that will never speak aloud for future times to hear.

Best of all, Mark Hopkins had a ready tolerance for opinions which differed from his own, and he welcomed the free expression of them. Three fourths of every hour in his classroom were devoted to questions, answers, and argumentative discussion. To procure a clash of minds was his principal objective, and he usually attained it before the hour neared its close. Then, when he had aroused the class to an adequate pitch of controversy, he usually gave a summing up in which he sometimes let the students know his own beliefs, but more often enjoined them to go home and cogitate further upon what they had heard. His intellectual cupboard was well stocked with bones of contention which he seemed always to bring out and throw into the arena at the right moment.

Numerous traditions regarding what might be called the pedagogic magnetism of Mark Hopkins persisted in the Williams circle long after the great teacher had passed to his reward. It was said, for example, that when he absent-mindedly forgot to come to his class, as infrequently happened, his students would send a delegation to ferret him out and fetch him. This tradition did not exactly square with undergraduate habits as I

had encountered them, and the ways of youth have been much the same in all ages. So, on one occasion when I encountered a Williams graduate of the sixties, I asked him about this "find and fetch him" story.

"Yes, it's quite true," he replied. "Very often the old master would get us all worked up over some question based upon Butler's *Analogy* or Paley's *Evidences*, or his own *Law of Love and Love as a Law*. Then, at the close of the hour, he would dismiss us with a promise to give his categorical yes or no at the next meeting of the class. Forthwith we would proceed to lay small wagers on what that decision would be, and sometimes quite a bit of small change would be in the pool. Of course we sent for Mark Hopkins when he failed to show up. We wanted those bets settled."

I was sorry to see a pleasing tradition bowled over in this way, although it strengthened my belief that the age of collegiate miracles was past, even in Mark Hopkins's day.

Nevertheless, a teacher who could stir the interest of his students to a point where his opinions were worth a wager must have been a teacher truly great. Mark Hopkins was unquestionably a master of dialectic.

For it is one thing to get an argument started and another to keep it going. The latter is a fine art. Hopkins seems to have taken a genuine delight in seeing some of his brightest boys on the wrong side of every question. But this method of teaching certainly did not lend itself to the individual instruction of students, one by one, at the end of a log or otherwise. It had no kinship with what we now call tutorial instruction or conferences between young instructors and individual students.

When James Abram Garfield sat in Mark Hopkins's classroom, back in the middle fifties, there must have been forty or more students in it. It was not what they studied, or what they learned, or how many of them tried to learn it in the same classroom at the same time—it was none of these things that made the impression on him. What impressed Garfield was the caliber of the man who sat at the professor's desk.

And that is where more emphasis should be placed by the colleges today, for there is no substitute for men in the process of education. Simple surroundings, student life on a modest scale, rooms and board at prices within reach of those who come from humble homes, low tuition fees, and high-priced professors—these are the things that constituted Garfield's picture of the ideal college community and drew from him his homely definition of it to the Williams alumni in 1871. And this ideal of "cheap bread and costly brains," rather than the mere individualizing of instruction without any regard to cost or quality, is the one that our colleges ought to hold before themselves if they have a genuine desire to emulate Mark Hopkins and his log.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

*Nobility Wanted **

IN A revealing article in the *Saturday Evening Post* Mr. Arthur Train, whose Mr. Tutt is the delight of many readers, had this to say of the literary world: "I have read my own stuff in print for nearly half a century—forty-eight years, to be exact. During that time I have seen authors 'made' like movie stars, rise to glory, and, like the latter, fall; magazines in myriads appear, only to vanish into space; revolutionary changes in public taste; the honored names of one decade become the hissing of the next, again to achieve the later approval of critics; the art of writing often sink to a trade and authorship to big business."

To many persons Mr. Train's paragraph will seem a sufficient diagnosis of the ills which afflict American publishing. Some of these ills are universally recognized and deplored, but nobody seems to want to do anything about it. For the first time in its history, publishing faces redoubtable competition from other inventions—the motion picture and the radio; and it is natural, perhaps it is inevitable, that publishing should, in its effort to survive, adopt the weapons of the enemy. The movies advertise in superlatives, the radio plays up "personality appeal." Hence the adoption of phraseology from the circus in advertising books; hence the "making" of books and authors by commercial ballyhoo, the whirligig rise and fall of magazines, the elaborate contracts covering serial rights, motion-picture rights, radio rights, reprint rights, and recitation rights; hence, in fact, everything that Mr. Train complains of.

But, though I admire Mr. Train's modesty (for he does not describe himself as a misunderstood genius), I doubt whether he has got at the root of our difficulties, which seems to me to be this: why, about twenty-five or thirty years ago, did American literature break with a hundred-year-old tradition, and what can be done to get it back into the tradition to which it belongs? For literature is still a powerful imaginative medium which can support, or fail to support, the democratic tradition in the United States, and for something over a quarter of a century it has in the main unconsciously failed to support that tradition.

Over and against the paragraph from Mr. Train let me place a quotation

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from De Quincey. The passage is found in De Quincey's discussion of the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. Here it is: "It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities that the literature of *power* . . . lives and has its field of action. . . . Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or *épopée*, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities) would languish for want of sufficient illustration." And, a little later: "It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature they gain a vernal life of restoration and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections."

The essay of De Quincey was published in 1848; Mr. Train's article appears ninety years later. Like Mr. Train, De Quincey was a professional writer—one who earns his living by his pen. The essays which a solitary student now and then opens, to marvel, one hopes, at the richness of their music, were contributed on the ordinary bargain-and-sale basis to the commercial periodicals of the nineteenth-century world. They were written from the same profit motive which leads the contemporary novelist to sell his manuscript to the highest bidder and to bargain shrewdly with Hollywood over the movie rights.

Mr. Train refers to his own writing as stuff in print. He tells us that the art of writing sinks into a trade, and authorship into big business. He says that the reputation of authors, like that of movie stars, is commercially made, and vanishes when commerce is satiated. De Quincey, on the other hand, does not refer to literature as stuff. So far as he is concerned, publishers and literary agents, authors' contracts and serial rights, do not exist. They are the means to literature, not the end of writing. Literature is eternal. Its purpose is to restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution. Lest we hastily judge he is talking about the difficult air of the iced mountain's top where Milton is supposed to dwell, he brings the argument down to the commonest novel, which, moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, sustains and quickens the affections.

Now it is easy to dispose of De Quincey by saying he is a Victorian. The opening sentence of my quotation gives him away at once. He speaks of the literature of power as having "its relation to the great *moral* capacities of man." It is of course axiomatic that everything moral is Victorian. We have given up the word as obsolescent. We no longer speak of the moral nature of man; we talk about his reactions. We do not think of human nature as something equipped with ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution; we equip it with social attitudes, a psychological slant, endocrine glands, and a set of conditioned reflexes. Juxtapose Words-

worth and any book by Mr. Faulkner or Mr. Hemingway or Mr. Farrell, and we see how wrong De Quincey was in talking about the vernal life of restoration in literature.

The commercialization of letters is no new phenomenon. There are passages in Horace which hint that Roman poets occasionally sold out to the highest bidder; and anyone who reads a biography of John Murray, the great bookseller of De Quincey's day, will learn that the Napoleon of publishers had a canny eye for a profitable cookbook.

And yet the tinge of sorrow in Mr. Train's observations is not mere sentimentalism. A deep, ineradicable instinct tells us that there is more to literature than bargain and sale, adjectives and excitement. We think better of the muse than to bind her to Mercury, god of business. We assume that publishers exist for authors, and are a little ashamed to be told by Mr. Train that authors frequently exist for publishers. We were brought up to think of literature as something fine and a little mysterious, like classical music and the old masters.

To be sure (and in his essay De Quincey points this out), the word "literature" is, as the Congressman so unfortunately said, like Caesar's wife—all things to all men. If by "literature" we mean only the literary classics we read in school in order that we may safely forget them, these do not arouse the ballyhoo in publishers. And at the other end of the scale, if the writers of sensational serials want to be ballyhooed, it is of no consequence whether they are ballyhooed or not. But between these extremes there are scores of authors possessing talent and sincerity, just as there are scores of publishers loyal to the fine traditions of an honorable trade, who are swept regretfully before the flood. If they are to survive, they must give the public what it wants; and what the public wants is apparently determined by those who take the most advertising space to tell the public in startling adjectives that it wants what they want the public to want.

There is no harm in repeating a story of the days when Harold Bell Wright was sweeping the bookstores with his tales of ineffable cowboy virtue. Ellen Glasgow had just completed another of her admirable novels of Virginia life when a representative of her publishers came to see her. "Ellen," he asked, "why don't you write an optimistic novel about the West?" Miss Glasgow's reply was prompt and efficacious. "If there is anything I know less about than the West," she replied, "it is optimism."

That the direction of American letters, especially the direction of American fiction, has been away from De Quincey's assumption is a fact so patent as to require no demonstration. Our literature has at the moment many virtues—wonderful dexterity, high technical accomplishments, humor of a satiric or ironical order, truth to life (or at least the appearance of truth to certain aspects of life), a laudable interest in social amelioration, intellectual daring—but it lacks, as Newman would say, the note of nobility.

It lacks, in other words, precisely the quality which is central to De Quincey's observation that literature should restore to our minds the ideals he enumerates, and I now wish to inquire into the causes of this situation.

At first sight the inquiry seems both vast and superficial. A thousand extraneous forces press upon the writer, to which he sensitively responds. We are living in an ignoble and savage time: why should we expect of literature more than the age itself can give? We live in a century which has seen the importance of man to the universe dwindle into nothingness; why should anyone attempt to reinstate him upon his old, imperial throne? We live in an age of big business and ballyhoo, the loudspeaker, the extravagant movie, flaring billboards, startling crimes, enormous crowds, hysterical propaganda, and mass emotionalism; the frail voice of the muse is naturally inaudible among these gigantic alarms. Why should the poet think well of the human race? Ours is an age of gigantic collapse, of enormous armies, of catastrophic wars, of world-wide depressions, of international bitternesses—to call upon nobility, to retreat into fatuous art, is simple cowardice.

These are powerful considerations, but I shall not discuss them. I shall turn instead to consider certain aspects of our own cultural development.

When this republic was founded, there was no doubt in the minds of many intelligent men that a new and better era had dawned. A new nation, founded in liberty and justice, its government the result of rational discussion, its fundamental tenet the principle that every active citizen should count as one and only as one—this meant that, set free from the old errors, modern civilization would flourish as never before. The hopefulness with which the Russian Revolution was first received among liberal minds is a modern parallel to this expectancy.

Civilization was felt to include the arts as well as commerce, and the art of literature was richly to develop when the new republic unchained men's minds from the fatal delusions of Europe. Having this purpose in mind, the first formal literary group in the country, the Connecticut Wits, sought diligently to create a literature worthy of the new nation. They sang the virtues of the American farmer. They celebrated the American landscape. In *The Conspiracy of Kings, A Poem Addressed to the Inhabitants of Europe from another Quarter of the Globe*, Joel Barlow castigated monarchical vice and eulogized republican virtue. Because the epic was the noblest form of literature, they sought to create the great American epic, and poems like *The Conquest of Canaan* and *The Columbiad* obediently appeared. The work of the Connecticut Wits is unread, their literary canons are obsolete, their style is often in the worst fashion of Regency periphrasis. But all literary fashions fade; what is now important is that they were sustained by the sincere belief that a noble original literature should be created in the United States.

About thirty years after the publication of the final version of *The Co-*

lumbiad, Emerson delivered his famous Phi Beta Kappa address, *The American Scholar*. There he summed up a discussion which had been going on for a quarter of a century. His address is based on a noble trust in American life. "I read with some joy," he said, "of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state." He did not repeat the mistake of the Connecticut Wits; he did not think that epic poetry was the only proof of literary nobility. "One of these signs," he said, "is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. . . . I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds."

We have been embracing the common and sitting at the feet of the low almost continuously since the American acceptance of European naturalism, but does our literature give us that insight into today for which Emerson was ready to sacrifice the antique and future worlds? It gives us partial insight, to be sure, but most people do not find glimmering through it the poetry and art, the philosophy and science, which Emerson had in mind. Perhaps Emerson was mistaken; or perhaps, when one considers his serene belief that American literature would have the note of nobility, we have not understood what Emerson had in mind.

A little more than a quarter of a century after *The American Scholar* Whitman published *Democratic Vistas*. In this redundant but striking performance Whitman reaffirmed his belief in the nobility of our literary ideals. Here are some of his sprawling sentences: "In the prophetic literature of these states (the reader of my speculations will miss their principal stress unless he allows well for the point that a new literature, perhaps a new metaphysics, certainly a new poetry, are to be, in my opinion, the only sure and worthy supports and expressions of the American democracy), nature, true nature, and the true idea of nature, long absent, must, above all, become fully restored, enlarged, and must furnish the pervading atmosphere to poems, and the test of all high literary and esthetic compositions. . . . What is I believe called idealism seems to me to suggest (guarding against extravagance, and ever modified even by its opposite) the course of inquiry and desert of favor for our New World metaphysics, their foundation of and in literature, giving hue to all."

Whitman uses words like "nature," "idealism," and "metaphysics" in

senses peculiar to himself; and, even after one understands his full meaning, it is possible to bring against him, as against Emerson, the objection that his intellectual assumptions are outmoded. But one nevertheless observes that he too thought that the nobility of the democratic ideal implies the nobility of a literary ideal; he agrees with his predecessors that there is a working relation between the republican experiment and the reinvigoration through a noble literature of the moral nature of man.

I turn next to a representative of the most despised and rejected of our literary groups, the writers of the genteel tradition. Critic after critic has made merry at their expense. The year after the essay was published which I am about to cite, the late John Macy wrote sardonically: "The American spirit may be figured as petitioning the Muses for twelve novelists, ten poets, and eight dramatists, to be delivered at the earliest possible moment." And of the genteel group the emptiest, in the opinion of some critics, was Professor Brander Matthews. Yet in an essay printed in 1907, entitled "Literature in the New Century," Matthews described with startling accuracy the principal elements which have shaped American letters since that time. These were, he said, the scientific spirit, the spread of democracy, the assertion of nationality, and the cosmopolitan spirit. By the assertion of nationality he meant an interest in the melting-pot theory of the national life. By the spread of democracy he referred to the inclusion in literature of the lowest of mankind. By cosmopolitanism he had in mind the acceptance of European experimentation in order to avoid parochialism.

But what interests me even more is the conclusion of his essay, which runs: "It is the spirit of nationality which will help to supply the needful idealism. It will allow a man of letters to frequent the past without becoming archaic and to travel abroad without becoming exotic, because it will supply him always with a good reason for remaining a citizen of his own country." Expatriate writers in the last twenty-five or thirty years have not convinced themselves of the soundness of Matthews's statement. Matthews was a university professor, and it is notorious that university professors are amiable gentlemen who cultivate a well-bred distress because there are not more nice books. Having read widely in the literature of the world, however, Matthews nevertheless joins the procession of witnesses in defining a tradition—the tradition that American literature should think well of the democratic experiment and, thinking well of it, become something admirable and fine.

The line of my argument hitherto has seemed to carry me into a stubborn hostility towards the world of contemporary books. This hostility is only apparent. It would be as foolish to condemn all recent writing as it would be to assume that all dead authors are good authors. American literature is today the most interesting literature in the English-speaking world—the British Empire has nothing to compare with it.

And there is no one having even a fragmentary knowledge of recent American literature but knows that it does not wholly lack the note of idealism. A poet like Sandburg is in the tradition of Lincoln and Whitman. A poem like *John Brown's Body* would have pleased the Connecticut Wits, it is so magnificently what they wanted to create. A novel like Mr. Foster's *American Dream* holds steadily before the reader the implication of its title. The fiction of Ellen Glasgow or Willa Cather is in the tradition. The excellence of our historical tales is that they show how the common man during crucial epochs of the past fought for and maintained liberty, as the books of Mr. James Boyd beautifully witness. From the left wing come Mr. Granville Hicks's volumes, *The Great Tradition* and *I Like America*; and it is not necessary to subscribe to Mr. Hicks's political philosophy to see that he is trying to define American idealism and make it a force for social justice and great art. Even the hard-boiled school may plausibly claim that it is picturing violence and frustration and cruelty in order that the American conscience may be shaken by a sense of wrong. There is not a reader of this essay who could not add examples to those I have cited.

But, though the note of nobility is now and then overheard, the total effect of American literature upon disinterested criticism during the last twenty or thirty years can scarcely be defined as an effect of idealism. I do not mean merely that the commercial spirit (which Mr. Train deplores) is rampant; I think the malady lies deeper. And I offer the suggestion that a principal cause of our lost innocence has been the careless acceptance of powerful European influences without at the same time making the necessary adjustment of these forces to what seems to be the American tradition about the function of literature in the republic.

What have these influences been? They have principally been the influence of European realism and naturalism; the influence of European theories of the psychological nature of man, notably the influence of Freud; the influence of European politicosocial theories, an example being Marxism; the influence of European inventions in technique, from free verse to the fictional method of James Joyce; and the influence of intellectualist criticism, most familiar in the work of such expatriate Americans as Mr. Ezra Pound and Mr. T. S. Eliot. When, for example, Mr. Eliot proclaimed that he is conservative, Catholic, and royalist, he may have uttered a philosophic truth of profound importance to himself, but he clearly put himself out of line with the Connecticut Wits and Emerson and Whitman and Brander Matthews.

It is, of course, true that these influences brought with them notable gains. Realism and naturalism broke down artificial barriers and got rid of a genteel veneer. Anyone who passes from the novels of Howells to the novels of Mr. Dos Passos must see that fiction has been immensely invigorated. American interest in the psychology of the subconscious and the unconscious has permitted novelists, poets, and dramatists imaginatively to

explore the rich chaos of inner life. American communism, the most literary of our political movements, has developed interesting critics, poets, and playwrights, and compelled us to rethink the problem of the relation of literature to society and of propaganda to art. The adoption of European techniques has widened the scope and the subtlety of our writers. Intellectual criticism has raised the level of critical discussion and helped to make this century the richest century in critical writing the country has ever known.

But these gains do not hide a fundamental weakness in the situation. That weakness is the failure to integrate what was gained with the substance of the American literary tradition. Perhaps an analogy from painting will make clear what I mean. Since the foundation of the republic, American painters have gone abroad only to return neither European nor American. As a consequence, with a few exceptions like Winslow Homer, American painting has been an awkward compromise between the necessity of choosing themes suitable to painters trained in a European tradition and the desirability of selecting subjects expressive of American life. The problem of light in our climate is, for example, a problem apparently different from that offered by the climate and atmosphere of various European art centers, and—I speak under correction—it would appear that the same technique will not do for both. Such, at any rate, is the conclusion I draw from the work of painters like Grant Wood and Thomas Benton, who have, it seems to me, submerged or thrown away European technique for the presentation of vitality so direct that we do not exclaim, on seeing one of their pictures, "This is as good as anything in Europe of like kind," but rather, "This is truly American life."

The error of the strange European conquest of American literature which is characteristic of the last twenty-five years is not at once apparent for the reason that it has been paradoxically disguised as a realistic approach to the actualities of the American scene. Twentieth-century literature has been consciously and even violently regional and "American." For the first time in history American writers have been awarded the Nobel Prize—for example, Sinclair Lewis and Eugene O'Neill. For the first time our literature has such vigor and richness as quite to overshadow the pale culture of the genteel tradition.

Have writers not concentrated upon area after area in the United States? We had not known the whole truth about New England until the rise of Mr. O'Neill. We had not known the whole truth about the Middle West until the arrival of novelists ranging from Sherwood Anderson through Mr. Lewis to Mr. Farrell. The South, formerly romanticized by Page and Cable, is now more truly pictured by Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Erskine Caldwell, Mr. Carl Carmer, and that perennial drama, *Tobacco Road*. The West was not rightly analyzed in Owen Wister's *The Virginian*; but in such a novel as *Slogum House*, in such poems as those of Mr. Robinson Jeffers, it is

truthfully presented. Why talk about the glories of our blood and state when Columbia is a land containing a cemetery like Spoon River, a town like Zenith City, a murder like *An American Tragedy*, a population which includes the idiot whose submental processes are set forth in *The Sound and the Fury* and the gentle nitwit whose desire to play with a woman's hair leads to murder in *Of Mice and Men*?

In 1910 the idea of democracy was something we took for granted, and iconoclastic writers were correct in furiously reproaching us for our complacency. We failed to perceive that the American way of life had not brought happiness to thousands and thousands of our citizens. But now that the concept of democracy is threatened by militant barbarism in Europe and Asia, the question is no longer whether the American way of life is imperfect, but whether the democratic way of life offers any security at all in the darkness of mankind.

For, as force and brutality and unreason and horror increase, intelligent men, and many who are perhaps not so intelligent, are beginning to ask whether the idealism of the founders of the republic, of Emerson and Whitman, of Lincoln and Lee, of all those who, here or abroad, fought and died that liberty of conscience and conduct might become commonplace, was not a futile idealism. On the whole the majority of Americans do not yet incline to believe that it was futile. But, when American readers are continually assailed through the imagination with pictures of life which in fact deny that intelligent living is anywhere possible, they may find it difficult to keep faith with the democratic ideal.

There is a profound disharmony between the assumptions of naturalism (including much psychological theory), as these are imaginatively worked out in literature, and the assumptions of democracy. If men are more or less able to make intelligent choices, democracy will work. But, if man is merely a stupid creature whose supposed intelligence is operated in fact by forces over which his volition has no control, a mechanism motivated by primitive urges, an atomy subject to insane moments of cruelty and fear which it is the chief concern of the artist to register, an irrational being incompetent to manage his own life, yet highly competent to ruin the lives of others, faith in the possibility of the democratic way of life becomes well-nigh impossible.

If, to take a concrete example, the poems of Mr. Robinson Jeffers set forth the basic truths about human nature, democracy cannot work. The only government which can rule in the world he pictures is a government of force, because only a government of force can suppress and control the outrageous beings that we are. We confront once more the dilemma of the seventeenth century—the old dilemma which faced Hobbes and Locke. Either life is a *bellum omnium inter omnes*, a warfare even more savage than Hobbes imagined it to be, in which case we might as well be ruled by Leviathan, the corporate state; or it offers some opportunity for the average

man to be both master of his fate and captain of his soul, in which case government may conceivably rest upon the rational consent of the governed.

The state of the world requires that we reaffirm our faith in the possibilities of the democratic way of life. Literary men have fought for and mainly won relatively complete liberty to write as they please. But, when the result of this freedom is an imaginative literature which powerfully demonstrates that freedom is an illusion and volition a fraud, I am puzzled to know where the imaginative defenses of freedom are to be found. Sitting at the feet of the low and embracing the common seem mainly to result in the conviction that the high and the noble are shams, and that if we believe in rationality we are self-deceived. I do not desire a literature of propaganda, God knows; I ask nobody to surrender his honest convictions; I have no patience with that milk-and-water optimism which futile persons mistake for moral idealism, and I am not interested in the didactic. But writers who cry out against oppression here and abroad do not stop to realize that, when novel after novel is devoted to picturing the helplessness of man, the imaginative inference which readers eventually draw, however noble the writer's original purpose may have been, is that man is helpless. Surely the time is ripe for some inspiring word; surely our artists, themselves believers in democracy, owe us some firmer expression of that belief than we have had in most of the poetry, the fiction, and the drama which have appeared in the twentieth century.

We were once naïvely proud of being different from the effete monarchies of Europe. This belief had its parochial weakness, and those who insisted upon giving literature a wider and more cosmopolitan range were right. In the nineteenth century it was agreed that the problem of American letters was to create a noble literature expressive of the idealism of the republic. Now that our literature has passed beyond parochialism, by a strange paradox, the note of nobility is lost in discord. If optimism was our fault as late as 1910, may it not be that cynicism is our fault in 1939?

The implication of the American experiment and of American letters until recently has been that man, imperfect though he is, may consciously struggle towards justice and rationality. When, however, one examines many of the European influences which I have enumerated, one observes that their implications point in the opposite direction. The implication of naturalism is that men are the products of hereditary and environmental forces they are helpless to control. The implication of Freudianism, as it has influenced American letters, is that the irrational is the most powerful urge in life. The implication of the Marxian theory of literature is that the class to which a human being more or less helplessly belongs conditions all that he does and all that he thinks. The implication of intellectualist criticism is that literature—true literature—is the property of a samurai class

(the intelligentsia), which may properly ignore the vulgar herd. The implication of the American literary tradition, as I understand it, is, on the contrary, that in a democracy forces of reason and justice are released, and that literature, reflecting the ideals of society rather than merely mirroring its defects, will also insist that the human struggle has its nobler side.

It will of course be said that the powerful books of disillusion and despair which have appeared among us are really the products of a noble aim. Our humility would not be so low were our aspiration not so high. But, though this is something the writer may feel, it is not something he necessarily conveys to the reader. The paradox of our situation is, indeed, vast if this is the best defense that can be offered for ignobility!

Our writers seem, in truth, to be democratic by temperament, but anti-democratic in method. They cry out, to be sure, for liberty, equality, and fraternity, but their books too often brilliantly demonstrate that men are incapable of freedom, sympathy, or brotherhood. They have enriched letters by many borrowings, but they have not always seen where the logic of their imitation was leading them. They rightly praise Thomas Mann, but they seem incapable of his simple and eloquent assertion of the democratic principle. What is the good of getting up meetings to denounce the fascist conquest of democratic Spain, and at the same time writing books to demonstrate that democracy is a failure in the United States? For democracy has not yet failed, though it has been weakened, and the principal reason why it is still a going concern, though battered and wounded and deserted by authors who should rally to its standard, is that there is a vast deal more idealism and good will among ordinary Americans than ever get pictured in the books that are written about them.

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Dramatists are exploring the American way of life and finding in the American story kindness and hope as well as frustration and horror. Novelists over and beyond those I have hastily cited live in the traditional belief that democracy is not an illusion and ethical idealism a mockery. May we not gently require of other writers that, in the old Roman phrase, they take care lest the republic come to harm?

Part V

THE AMERICAN SCENE: PAST AND PRESENT

AMERICANS have never ceased to wonder at their country. From the early days of colonization they have loved the outdoors. The ambition of every boy is to be an explorer, a hunter, or a mountain climber. Some Americans, like Thoreau, have discovered the wonders of the outdoor world within a stone's throw of their homes; others have pushed into distant corners of the nation. Always they have liked to write about the country, to describe the regions in which they lived or the places where they made their explorations. Those who stay at home take a vicarious pleasure in reading the observations of others. The "nature book" has found more favor in America than elsewhere.

WASHINGTON IRVING

The Golden Age of New Amsterdam *

It was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament—when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the clover blossoms of the meadows—all which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one, by talking faster than they think, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke, except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar,

* From *A History of New York* by Diedrich Knickerbocker [Washington Irving], first published in 1809. This work was a humorous narrative of early New York in which serious history was travestied. Irving, however, tried to describe the life and customs of early New York in the period when it was a Dutch colony. The selections reprinted here are from Book III, Chapters I-IV.

it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that, if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that "he had his doubts about the matter"; which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller, which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom, which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain, so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun;

and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said that, when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

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I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter van Twiller from the consideration that he was not only the first but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment—a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his

mouth—either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story—he called unto him his constable and, pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other and, having poised them in his hands and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other: therefore, it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore, Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

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To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff; five burgermeesters, who were equivalent to aldermen; and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, subdevils, or bottle-holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day—it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters, hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices

of kindness as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen, who actually died of suffocation in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of Burgermeester van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council board and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen—being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all those snug junketings and public gormandizings for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding and a humble ambition to be great men in a small way—who thirst after a little brief authority that shall render them the terror of the almshouse and the bridewell, that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonesty, that shall give to their beck a houndlike pack of catchpolls and bumbailiffs—tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down! My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian—but I have a mortal antipathy to catchpolls, bumbailiffs, and little-great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city correspond with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain-thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is molded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study; for, as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, "there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures and their physical constitution, between their habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see that a lean, spare, diminutive body is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind: either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion, or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient houseroom, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe that your wellfed, robustious

burghers are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort, being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance—and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?—no—no. It is your lean, hungry men who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

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Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter and these his worthy compeers, unless it be the sage divans of some of our modern corporations. They would sit for hours, smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to deep reflection. Under the sober sway of Wouter van Twiller and these his worthy coadjutors, the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country, customary in new cities and which at this day may be witnessed in the city of Washington—that immense metropolis which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleasing sight, in those times, to behold the honest burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the bench at the door of his whitewashed house, under the shade of some gigantic sycamore or overhanging willow. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze, and listening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunting of his swine—that combination of farmyard melody which may truly be said to have a silver sound, inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of the different appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit-grieving sounds of brawling commerce were unknown in the settlement of New Amsterdam. The grass grew quietly in the highways; the bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about the verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll; the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now are to be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money brokers; and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of wealth and the servility and heartburnings of repining poverty; and, what in my mind is still more

conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mold, and to be those honest, blunt minds which, like certain manufactures, are made by the gross, and considered as exceedingly good for common use.

Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ and especially promoted to city honors, your keen intellects, like razors, being considered too sharp for common service. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal distribution of riches as the great source of jealousies, broils, and heartbreakings; whereas, for my part, I verily believe it is the sad inequality of intellect that prevails that embroils communities more than anything else; and I have remarked that your knowing people, who are so much wiser than anybody else, are eternally keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New Amsterdam, nothing of the kind was known within its walls; the very words of learning, education, taste, and talents were unheard of; a bright genius was an animal unknown, and a bluestocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man, in fact, seemed to know more than his neighbor, nor any man to know more than an honest man ought to know who has nobody's business to mind but his own; the parson and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the sage Van Twiller always signed his name with a cross.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little burgh! existing in all the security of harmless insignificance—unnoticed and unenvied by the world, without ambition, without vainglory, without riches, without learning, and all their train of carking cares; and as of yore, in the better days of man, the deities were wont to visit him on earth and bless his rural habitations, so, we are told, in the sylvan days of New Amsterdam the good St. Nicholas would often make his appearance in his beloved city, of a holiday afternoon, riding jollily among the treetops or over the roofs of the houses, now and then drawing forth magnificent presents from his breeches pockets and dropping them down the chimneys of his favorites. Whereas, in these degenerate days of iron and brass, he never shows us the light of his countenance, nor ever visits us, save one night in the year, when' he rattles down the chimneys of the descendants of patriarchs, confining his presents merely to the children, in token of the degeneracy of the parents.

Such are the comfortable and thriving effects of a fat government. The province of the New Netherlands, destitute of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity that wealth could never purchase. There were neither public commotions nor private quarrels; neither parties, nor sects, nor schisms; neither persecutions, nor trials, nor punishments; nor were there counselors, attorneys, catchpolls, or hangmen. Every man attended to what little business he was lucky enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbor. In those days nobody meddled with

concerns above his comprehension; nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs; nor neglected to correct his own conduct, and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull to pieces the characters of others; but, in a word, every respectable citizen ate when he was not hungry, drank when he was not thirsty, and went regularly to bed when the sun set and the fowls went to roost, whether he was sleepy or not; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement that I am told every dutiful wife throughout New Amsterdam made a point of enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace—this superabundance of good things clearly constituting the true luxury of life, according to the favorite Dutch maxim that "more than enough constitutes a feast." Everything, therefore, went on exactly as it should do, and in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, "the profoundest *tranquillity* and *repose* reigned throughout the province."

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The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city, the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and, as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses—which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew.

These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways that every man could have a wind to his mind; the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curi-

ously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids with a broom, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw*, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a Negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches—grisly ghosts, horses without heads—and hairbreadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such oc-

casions. But, though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six, unless it was in wintertime, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle, which would have made the pygmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting, no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones, no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings, nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *yah*, *Mynheer*, or *yah*, *yah*, *Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated, wherein sundry passages of Scripture

were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present; if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of deference in their descendants to say a word against it.

In this dulcet period of my history, when the beautiful island of Manna-hata presented a scene the very counterpart of those glowing pictures drawn of the golden reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest simplicity prevalent among its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depict, would be but little understood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, those arch innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty, and graybeard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equaled that of the gentleman's smallclothes; and, what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand, by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed; and I remember there was a story current, when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, when the contents filled a couple of corn baskets, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories, the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pin cushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or, among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver, chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted, with magnificent red clocks—or, perhaps, to display a well-turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum in order to betray a lurking beauty or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ballroom. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object, and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a Low Dutch sonneteer of the province to be radiant as a sunflower and luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage. Certain it is that in those days the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen—the reason of which I conclude to be that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller: this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which, no doubt, entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamtchatka damsel with a store of bearskins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of reindeer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of dame Nature, in water colors and needlework, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females—a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair: they neither drove their curricles, nor sported their tandems,

for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of; neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent rencontres with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors, for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey-woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawning of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labor in contempt, skulked about docks and market places, loitered in the sunshine, squandered what little money they could procure at hustle-cap and chuck-farthing, swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbors' horses; in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short by an affair of honor with a whipping post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days: his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing room, was a linsey-woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons; half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure; his shoes were decorated by enormous copper bucklès; a low-crowned, broad-rimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage; and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigious queue of eel skin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth, with pipe in mouth, to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which *Acis* did sweetly tune in praise of his *Galatea*, but one of true Delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honorable terms.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter van Twiller, celebrated in many a long-forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace; the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted with ribald streetwalkers or vagabond boys—those unlucky urchins who do so infest our streets, displaying, under the roses of youth, the thorns and briars of iniquity. Then it was

that the lover with ten breeches, and the damsel with petticoats of half a score, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach; for what had that virtue to fear which was defended by a shield of good linsey-woolseys, equal at least to the seven bullhides of the invincible Ajax?

WILLIAM BARTRAM

*On the St. John's River **

THE LITTLE lake, which is an expansion of the river, now appeared in view; on the east side are extensive marshes, and on the other, high forests and orange groves, and then a bay, lined with vast cypress swamps, both coasts gradually approaching each other, to the opening river again, which is in this place about three hundred yards wide. Evening now drawing on, I was anxious to reach some high bank of the river, where I intended to lodge; and, agreeably to my wishes, I soon after discovered on the west shore a little promontory, at the turning of the river, contracting it here to about one hundred and fifty yards in width. This promontory is a peninsula, containing about three acres of high ground, and is one entire orange grove, with a few live oaks, magnolias, and palms. Upon doubling the point, I arrived at the landing, which is a circular harbor at the foot of the bluff, the top of which is about twelve feet high; the back of it is a large cypress swamp that spreads each way, the right wing forming the west coast of the little lake, and the left stretching up the river many miles, and encompassing a vast space of low grassy marshes. From this promontory, looking eastward across the river, I beheld a landscape of low country, unparalleled as I think; on the left is the east coast of the little lake, which I had just passed; and from the orange bluff at the lower end the high forests begin, and increase in breadth from the shore of the lake, making a circular sweep to the right, and contain many hundred thousand acres of meadow; and this grand sweep of high forests encircles, as I apprehend, at least twenty miles of these green fields, interspersed with hummocks or islets of evergreen trees, where the sovereign magnolia and lordly palm stand conspicuous. The islets are high shelly knolls, on the sides of creeks or branches of the river, which wind about and drain off the superabundant waters that cover these meadows during the winter season.

The evening was temperately cool and calm. The crocodiles began to roar and appear in uncommon numbers along the shores and in the river. I fixed my camp in an open plain, near the utmost projection of the promontory, under the shelter of a large live oak, which stood on the highest part

* William Bartram made extensive explorations in the South from 1773 to 1777. His *Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida* (1791) was widely read in England and France. The selection given here, taken from the edition of 1793, printed in Dublin, describes a night's camp on the St. John's (or St. Juan) River in Florida.

of the ground and but a few yards from my boat. From this open, high situation, I had a free prospect of the river, which was a matter of no trivial consideration to me, having good reason to dread the subtle attacks of the alligators, who were crowding about my harbor. Having collected a good quantity of wood for the purpose of keeping up a light and smoke during the night, I began to think of preparing my supper, when, upon examining my stores, I found but a scanty provision. I thereupon determined, as the most expeditious way of supplying my necessities, to take my bob and try for some trout. About one hundred yards above my harbor began a cove or bay of the river, out of which opened a large lagoon. The mouth or entrance from the river to it was narrow, but the waters soon after spread and formed a little lake, extending into the marshes: its entrance and shores within I observed to be verged with floating lawns of the pistia and nymphaea and other aquatic plants; these I knew were excellent haunts for trout.

The verges and islets of the lagoon were elegantly embellished with flowering plants and shrubs; the laughing coots with wings half spread were tripping over the little coves and hiding themselves in the tufts of grass; young broods of the painted summer teal, skimming the still surface of the waters, and following the watchful parent unconscious of danger, were frequently surprised by the voracious trout; and he, in turn, as often by the subtle greedy alligator. Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plaited tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder—when immediately, from the opposite coast of the lagoon, emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discolored. Again they rise, their jaws clap together, re-echoing through the deep surrounding forests. Again they sink, when the contest ends at the muddy bottom of the lake, and the vanquished makes a hazardous escape, hiding himself in the muddy turbulent waters and sedge on a distant shore. The proud victor, exulting, returns to the place of action. The shores and forests resound his dreadful roar, together with the triumphing shouts of these plaited tribes around, witnesses of the horrid combat.

My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting, and the alligators gathered around my harbor from all quarters. From these considerations I concluded to be expeditious in my trip to the lagoon, in order to take some fish. Not thinking it prudent to take my fusee with me, lest I might lose it overboard in case of a battle, which I had every reason to

dread before my return, I therefore furnished myself with a club for my defense, went on board, and penetrating the first line of those which surrounded my harbor, they gave way; but being pursued by several very large ones, I kept strictly on the watch, and paddled with all my might towards the entrance of the lagoon, hoping to be sheltered there from the multitude of my assailants; but ere I had halfway reached the place, I was attacked on all sides, several endeavoring to upset the canoe. My situation now became precarious to the last degree: two very large ones attacked me closely, at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and instantly devoured. But I applied my weapons so effectually about me, though at random, that I was so successful as to beat them off a little; when, finding that they designed to renew the battle, I made for the shore, as the only means left me for my preservation; for, by keeping close to it, I should have my enemies on one side of me only, whereas I was before surrounded by them; and there was a probability, if pushed to the last extremity, of saving myself, by jumping out of the canoe on shore, as it is easy to outwalk them on land, although comparatively as swift as lightning in the water. I found this last expedient alone could fully answer my expectations, for, as soon as I gained the shore, they drew off and kept aloof. This was a happy relief, as my confidence was, in some degree, recovered by it. On recollecting myself, I discovered that I had almost reached the entrance of the lagoon, and determined to venture in, if possible, to take a few fish, and then return to my harbor, while daylight continued; for I could now, with caution and resolution, make my way with safety along shore; and indeed there was no other way to regain my camp, without leaving my boat and making my retreat through the marshes and reeds, which, if I could even effect, would have been in a manner throwing myself away, for then there would have been no hopes of ever recovering my bark and returning in safety to any settlements of men. I accordingly proceeded and made good my entrance into the lagoon, though not without opposition from the alligators, who formed a line across the entrance, but did not pursue me into it, nor was I molested by any there though there were some very large ones in a cove at the upper end. I soon caught more trout than I had present occasion for, and the air was too hot and sultry to admit of their being kept for many hours, even though salted or barbecued. I now prepared for my return to camp, which I succeeded in with but little trouble, by keeping close to the shore; yet I was opposed upon re-entering the river out of the lagoon, and pursued near to my landing (though not closely attacked), particularly by an old daring one, about twelve feet in length, who kept close after me; and, when I stepped on shore and turned about, in order to draw up my

canoe, he rushed up near my feet, and lay there for some time, looking me in the face, his head and shoulders out of water. I resolved he should pay for his temerity, and, having a heavy load in my fusee, I ran to my camp, and returning with my piece, found him with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, in search of fish. On my coming up he withdrew sullenly and slowly into the water, but soon returned and placed himself in his former position, looking at me, and seeming neither fearful nor any way disturbed. I soon dispatched him by lodging the contents of my gun in his head, and then proceeded to cleanse and prepare my fish for supper; and accordingly took them out of the boat, laid them down on the sand close to the water, and began to scale them; when, raising my head, I saw before me, through the clear water, the head and shoulders of a very large alligator, moving slowly towards me. I instantly stepped back, when, with a sweep of his tail, he brushed off several of my fish. It was certainly most providential that I looked up at that instant, as the monster would probably, in less than a minute, have seized and dragged me into the river. This incredible boldness of the animal disturbed me greatly, supposing there could now be no reasonable safety for me during the night but by keeping continually on the watch: I therefore, as soon as I had prepared the fish, proceeded to secure myself and effects in the best manner I could. In the first place, I hauled my bark upon the shore, almost clear out of the water, to prevent their oversetting or sinking her; after this, every movable was taken out and carried to my camp, which was but a few yards off; then, ranging some dry wood in such order as was the most convenient, I cleared the ground round about it, that there might be no impediment in my way in case of an attack in the night, either from the water or the land; for I discovered by this time that this small isthmus, from its remote situation and fruitfulness, was resorted to by bears and wolves. Having prepared myself in the best manner I could, I charged my gun and proceeded to reconnoiter my camp and the adjacent grounds, when I discovered that the peninsula and grove, at a distance of about two hundred yards from my encampment, on the land side, were invested by a cypress swamp, covered with water, which below was joined to the shore of the little lake, and above to the marshes surrounding the lagoon; so that I was confined to an islet exceedingly circumscribed, and I found there was no other retreat for me, in case of an attack, but by either ascending one of the large oaks or pushing off with my boat.

It was by this time dusk, and the alligators had nearly ceased their roar, when I was again alarmed by a tumultuous noise that seemed to be in my harbor and therefore engaged my immediate attention. Returning to my camp, I found it undisturbed, and then continued on to the extreme point of the promontory, where I saw a scene, new and surprising, which at first threw my senses into such a tumult that it was some time before I could comprehend what was the matter; however, I soon accounted for the prodi-

gious assemblage of crocodiles at this place, which exceeded everything of the kind I had ever heard of.

How shall I express myself so as to convey an adequate idea of it to the reader, and at the same time avoid raising suspicions of my veracity? Should I say that the river (in this place) from shore to shore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one solid bank of fish, of various kinds, pushing through this narrow pass of St. Juan's into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless? What expressions can sufficiently declare the shocking scene that for some minutes continued whilst this mighty army of fish were forcing the pass? During this attempt, thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of them were caught and swallowed by the devouring alligators. I have seen an alligator take up out of the water several great fish at a time, and just squeeze them betwixt his jaws, while the tails of the great trout flapped about his eyes and lips, ere he had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws, their plunging amidst the broken banks of fish, and rising with their prey some feet upright above the water, the floods of water and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapor issuing from their wide nostrils, were truly frightful. This scene continued at intervals during the night, as the fish came to the pass. After this sight, shocking and tremendous as it was, I found myself somewhat easier and more reconciled to my situation; being convinced that their extraordinary assemblage here was owing to this annual feast of fish; and that they were so well employed in their own element that I had little occasion to fear their paying me a visit.

It being now almost night, I returned to my camp, where I had left my fish broiling and my kettle of rice stewing; and, having with me oil, pepper, and salt, and excellent oranges hanging in abundance over my head (a valuable substitute for vinegar), I sat down and regaled myself cheerfully. Having finished my repast, I rekindled my fire for light, and, whilst I was revising the notes of my past day's journey, I was suddenly roused with a noise behind me toward the mainland. I sprang up on my feet, and, listening, I distinctly heard some creature wading in the water of the isthmus. I seized my gun and went cautiously from my camp, directing my steps towards the noise; when I had advanced about thirty yards, I halted behind a coppice of orange trees, and soon perceived two very large bears, which had made their way through the water and had landed in the grove about one hundred yards distance from me, and were advancing towards me. I waited until they were within thirty yards of me; they there began to snuff and look towards my camp; I snapped my piece, but it flashed, on which they both turned about and galloped off, plunging through the water and swamp, never halting, as I suppose, until they reached fast land, as I

could hear them leaping and plunging a long time. They did not presume to return again, nor was I molested by any other creature, except being occasionally awakened by the whooping of owls, screaming of bitterns, or the wood rats running amongst the leaves.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Solitude Beside Walden Pond *

THIS is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore to the pond in my shirt-sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whippoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface. Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit, now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen—links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house, I find that visitors have been there and left their cards, either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes, and generally of what sex or age or quality they were by some slight trace left, as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad, half a mile distant, or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveler along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but

* *Walden*, from which this selection is taken, was first published in 1854. Although it is the forerunner of the "nature book," a popular form of later American writing, it is frequently more philosophical than descriptive

somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from Nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hilltops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself, a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself. At night there was never a traveler passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man; unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts—they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left “the world to darkness and to me,” and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced.

Yet I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house today is not drear and melancholy, but good for me too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the lowlands, it would still be good for the grass on the uplands, and, being good for the grass, it would be good for me. Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favored by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am conscious of; as if I had a warrant and surety at their hands which my fellows have not, and were especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself, but if it be possible they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery. In the midst of a gentle rain while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of

such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.

Mourning untimely consumes the sad;
Few are their days in the land of the living,
Beautiful daughter of Toscar.

Some of my pleasantest hours were during the long rainstorms in the spring or fall, which confined me to the house for the afternoon as well as the forenoon, soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; when an early twilight ushered in a long evening in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves. In those driving northeast rains which tried the village houses so, when the maids stood ready with mop and pail in front entries to keep the deluge out, I sat behind my door in my little house, which was all entry, and thoroughly enjoyed its protection. In one heavy thundershower the lightning struck a large pitch pine across the pond, making a very conspicuous and perfectly regular spiral groove from top to bottom, an inch or more deep, and four or five inches wide, as you would groove a walking stick. I passed it again the other day, and was struck with awe on looking up and beholding that mark, now more distinct than ever, where a terrific and resistless bolt came down out of the harmless sky eight years ago. Men frequently say to me, "I should think you would feel lonesome down there, and want to be nearer to folks, rainy and snowy days and nights especially." I am tempted to reply to such: This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disk cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. What do we want most to dwell near to? Not to many men surely, the depot, the post office, the barroom, the meetinghouse, the schoolhouse, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points, where men most congregate, but to the perennial source of our life, whence in all our experience we have found that to issue, as the willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the

place where a wise man will dig his cellar. . . . I one evening overtook one of my townsmen, who has accumulated what is called "a handsome property"—though I never got a *fair* view of it—on the Walden road, driving a pair of cattle to market, who inquired of me how I could bring my mind to give up so many of the comforts of life. I answered that I was very sure I liked it passably well; I was not joking. And so I went home to my bed, and left him to pick his way through the darkness and the mud to Brighton—or Brighttown—which place he would reach some time in the morning.

Any prospect of awakening or coming to life to a dead man makes indifferent all times and places. The place where that may occur is always the same, and indescribably pleasant to all our senses. For the most part we allow only outlying and transient circumstances to make our occasions. They are, in fact, the cause of our distraction. Nearest to all things is that power which fashions their being. *Next* to us the grandest laws are continually being executed. *Next* to us is not the workman whom we have hired, with whom we love so well to talk, but the workman whose work we are.

"How vast and profound is the influence of the subtle powers of heaven and of earth!"

"We seek to perceive them, and we do not see them; we seek to hear them, and we do not hear them; identified with the substance of things, they cannot be separated from them."

"They cause that in all the universe men purify and sanctify their hearts, and clothe themselves in their holiday garments to offer sacrifices and oblations to their ancestors. It is an ocean of subtle intelligences. They are everywhere, above us, on our left, on our right; they environ us on all sides."

We are the subjects of an experiment which is not a little interesting to me. Can we not do without the society of our gossips a little while under these circumstances—have our own thoughts to cheer us? Confucius says truly, "Virtue does not remain as an abandoned orphan; it must of necessity have neighbors."

With thinking we may be beside ourselves in a sane sense. By a conscious effort of the mind we can stand aloof from actions and their consequences; and all things, good and bad, go by us like a torrent. We are not wholly involved in Nature. I may be either the driftwood in the stream, or Indra in the sky looking down on it. I *may* be affected by a theatrical exhibition; on the other hand, I *may not* be affected by an actual event which appears to concern me much more. I only know myself as a human entity, the scene, so to speak, of thoughts and affections, and am sensible of a certain doubleness by which I can stand as remote from myself as from another. However intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence and criticism of a part of me, which, as it were, is not a part of me, but spectator, sharing no experience, but taking note of it; and that is no more I than it is you. When the play, it may be the tragedy, of life is over, the spectator

goes his way. It was a kind of fiction, a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned. This doubleness may easily make us poor neighbors and friends sometimes.

I find it wholesome to be alone the greater part of the time. To be in company, even with the best, is soon wearisome and dissipating. I love to be alone. I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. We are for the most part more lonely when we go abroad among men than when we stay in our chambers. A man thinking or working is always alone, let him be where he will. Solitude is not measured by the miles of space that intervene between a man and his fellows. The really diligent student in one of the crowded hives of Cambridge College is as solitary as a dervish in the desert. The farmer can work alone in the field or the woods all day, hoeing or chopping, and not feel lonesome, because he is employed; but when he comes home at night he cannot sit down in a room alone, at the mercy of his thoughts, but must be where he can "see the folks," and recreate, and as he thinks remunerate, himself for his day's solitude; and hence he wonders how the student can sit alone in the house all night and most of the day without ennui and "the blues"; but he does not realize that the student, though in the house, is still at work in *his* field, and chopping in *his* woods, as the farmer in his, and in turn seeks the same recreation and society that the latter does, though it may be a more condensed form of it.

Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this frequent meeting tolerable and that we need not come to open war. We meet at the post office, and at the sociable, and about the fireside every night; we live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another, and I think that we thus lose some respect for one another. Certainly less frequency would suffice for all important and hearty communications. Consider the girls in a factory—never alone, hardly in their dreams. It would be better if there were but one inhabitant to a square mile, as where I live. The value of a man is not in his skin, that we should touch him.

I have heard of a man lost in the woods and dying of famine and exhaustion at the foot of a tree, whose loneliness was relieved by the grotesque visions with which, owing to bodily weakness, his diseased imagination surrounded him, and which he believed to be real. So also, owing to bodily and mental health and strength, we may be continually cheered by a like but more normal and natural society, and come to know that we are never alone.

I have a great deal of company in my house, especially in the morning, when nobody calls. Let me suggest a few comparisons, that someone may

convey an idea of my situation. I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud, or than Walden Pond itself. What company has that lonely lake, I pray? And yet it has not the blue devils, but the blue angels in it, in the azure tint of its waters. The sun is alone, except in thick weather, when there sometimes appear to be two, but one is a mock sun. God is alone—but the devil, he is far from being alone; he sees a great deal of company; he is legion. I am no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean leaf, or sorrel, or a horsefly, or a humble-bee. I am no more lonely than the Mill Brook, or a weathercock, or the north star, or the south wind, or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.

I have occasional visits in the long winter evenings, when the snow falls fast and the wind howls in the wood, from an old settler and original proprietor, who is reported to have dug Walden Pond, and stoned it, and fringed it with pine woods; who tells me stories of old time and of new eternity; and between us we manage to pass a cheerful evening with social mirth and pleasant views of things, even without apples or cider—a most wise and humorous friend, whom I love much, who keeps himself more secret than ever did Goffe or Whalley; and, though he is thought to be dead, none can show where he is buried. An elderly dame, too, dwells in my neighborhood, invisible to most persons, in whose odorous herb garden I love to stroll sometimes, gathering simples and listening to her fables; for she has a genius of unequaled fertility, and her memory runs back farther than mythology, and she can tell me the original of every fable, and on what fact every one is founded, for the incidents occurred when she was young. A ruddy and lusty old dame, who delights in all weathers and seasons, and is likely to outlive all her children yet.

The indescribable innocence and beneficence of Nature—of sun and wind and rain, of summer and winter—such health, such cheer, they afford forever! and such sympathy have they ever with our race, that all Nature would be affected, and the sun's brightness fade, and the winds would sigh humanely, and the clouds rain tears, and the woods shed their leaves and put on mourning in midsummer, if any man should ever for a just cause grieve. Shall I not have intelligence with the earth? Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mold myself?

What is the pill which will keep us well, serene, contented? Not my or thy great-grandfather's, but our great-grandmother Nature's universal, vegetable, botanic medicines, by which she has kept herself young always, outlived so many old Parrs in her day, and fed her health with their decayed fatness. For my panacea, instead of one of those quack vials of a mixture dipped from Acheron and the Dead Sea, which come out of those long shallow black-schooner looking wagons which we sometimes see made to carry bottles, let me have a draft of undiluted morning air. Morning air! If men will not drink of this at the fountainhead of the day, why, then,

we must even bottle up some and sell it in the shops, for the benefit of those who have lost their subscription ticket to morning time in this world. But remember, it will not keep quite till noonday even in the coolest cellar, but drive out the stopples long ere that and follow westward the steps of Aurora. I am no worshiper of Hygeia, who was the daughter of that old herb-doctor Aesculapius, and who is represented on monuments holding a serpent in one hand, and in the other a cup out of which the serpent sometimes drinks; but rather of Hebe, cupbearer to Jupiter, who was the daughter of Juno and wild lettuce, and who had the power of restoring gods and men to the vigor of youth. She was probably the only thoroughly sound-conditioned, healthy, and robust young lady that ever walked the globe, and wherever she came it was spring.

LYLE SAXON

The Year of the Plague *

"IT MAY be a mere fancy, but it has always struck me as a fact, that in Louisiana nature itself is, in many elements, less steady and uniform than in the higher latitudes of our country. Not unfrequently the alternations of health and sickness, joy and sorrow, commercial prosperity and misfortune, sweep over the Crescent City with the suddenness and fury of those autumnal hurricanes which occasionally visit it, by which in a few moments of time the strongest edifices are leveled with the dust, the majestic live oaks and cypresses prostrated, and the vessels along the levee overwhelmed in the flood."

These are the opening lines in the *Autobiographical Sketches* of the Reverend Theodore Clapp, for thirty-five years a Presbyterian minister in New Orleans. His memoir, written in 1857, remains one of the most vivid pictures of the old New Orleans. He must have been a remarkable man, tolerant, broad-minded, clear-eyed. He came to New Orleans in 1821, and remained through the city's most colorful period. Never was the community gayer than then—with its balls, gambling, dueling, and mad extravagances, as opposed to those calamities which reduced the population to horror and despair, for these were the days when epidemic and plague entered the city, and for a time threatened its complete annihilation.

He came to New Orleans aboard a steamboat from Louisville, to preach in the Presbyterian Church before a handful of people, for at that time there were few Protestants in New Orleans. Dr. Clapp admits in his memoir that he was prejudiced against New Orleans before he saw it, for he had heard the stories which pictured the city as the new Sodom. In time he changed his mind, and after a few years came to love New Orleans as he had never loved a city before. All this he tells in his memoir. He is important to historians because he gives a firsthand account of the great plague of 1832. As the volume is very rare now, I shall quote him at length:

"The previous summer, in the month of August, a frightful tornado had swept over and inundated New Orleans. The Creoles said that this was the forerunner of some frightful pestilence. I proposed to leave Mrs. Clapp

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and the children with her aunt in Kentucky, till the overflowing scourge should pass through the land. But she declined. . . .

"We arrived at New Orleans, on our return home, about the first of September. The weather was most sultry and oppressive. To most of my friends our conduct appeared so unwise that they hardly gave us a cordial welcome back. . . . That very week, several cases of yellow fever occurred in the Charity Hospital and boardinghouses along the levee. It soon grew into an epidemic, and carried off hundreds during this and the succeeding month.

"On the morning of the 25th of October, 1832, as I was walking home from market, before sunrise, I saw two men lying on the levee in a dying condition. They had been landed from a steamboat which arrived the night before. Some of the watchmen had gone after a handbarrow or cart on which they might be removed to the hospital. At first there was quite a crowd assembled on the spot. But an eminent physician rode up in his gig, and, gazing a moment, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Those men have the Asiatic cholera.' The crowd dispersed in a moment, and ran as if for their lives in every direction. I was left almost alone with the sufferers. They could speak, and were in full possession of their reason. They had what I afterwards found were the usual symptoms of cholera—cramps, convulsions, etc. The hands and feet were cold and blue; an icy perspiration flowed in streams; and they complained of a great pressure upon their chests. One of them said it seemed as if a bar of iron was lying across him. Their thirst was intense, which caused an insufferable agony in the mouth and throat. They entreated me to procure some water. I attempted to go on board the steamboat which had put them on shore. But the staging had been drawn in to prevent all intercourse with people on the levee. Thence I returned, intending to go to the nearest dwelling to get some relief for the unhappy men, whom all but God had apparently deserted.

"At that instant the watchmen arrived with a dray. Happily (because, perhaps, they spoke only the French language), they had no suspicion that these strangers were suffering from the cholera. If I had pronounced that terrific word in their hearing, they too might have fled, and left the sick men to perish on the cold ground. I saw them placed on the vehicle, and subsequently learned that they were corpses before eleven o'clock A.M. the same day.

"I walked home, attempting to be calm and resigned, determined to do my duty, and leave the consequences with God. I said nothing to my family about the sick men whom I had met, though they thought it strange that I had taken so much more time than usual in going to and from the market, and observed that I looked uncommonly thoughtful and serious. I felt that the hour of peril had come. . . .

"The weather, this morning, was very peculiar. The heavens were covered with thick, heavy, damp, lowering clouds, that seemed like one black

ceiling, spread over the whole horizon. To the eye, it almost touched the tops of the houses. Everyone felt a strange difficulty of respiration. I never looked upon such a gloomy, appalling sky before or since. Not a breath of wind stirred. It was so dark that in some of the banks, offices, and private houses candles or lamps were lighted that day.

"Immediately after breakfast I walked down to the post office. At every corner, and around the principal hotels, were groups of anxious faces. As soon as they saw me, the question was put by several persons at a time, 'Is it a fact that the cholera is in the city?' I replied by describing what I had seen but two hours before. Observing that many of them appeared panic-struck, I remarked, 'Gentlemen, do not be alarmed. These may prove merely what the doctors call sporadic cases. We do not yet know that it will prevail to an alarming extent. Let us trust in God, and wait patiently the developments of another morning.'

"That day as many persons left the city as could find the means of transmigration. On my way home from the post office I walked along the levee where the two cholera patients had been disembarked but three or four hours before. Several families in the neighborhood were making preparations to move, but in vain. They could not obtain the requisite vehicles. The same afternoon the pestilence entered their houses, and before dark spread through several squares opposite to the point where the steamer landed the first cases.

"On the evening of the 27th of October it had made its way through every part of the city. During the ten succeeding days, reckoning from October 27 to the 6th of November, all the physicians judged that, at the lowest computation, there were five thousand deaths—an average of five hundred every day. Many died of whom no account was rendered. A great number of bodies, with bricks and stones tied to the feet, were thrown into the river. Many were privately interred in gardens and enclosures, on the grounds where they expired, whose names were not recorded in the bills of mortality. Often I was kept in the burying ground for hours in succession, by the incessant, unintermitting arrival of corpses, over whom I was requested to perform a short service. One day I did not leave the cemetery till nine o'clock at night; the last interments were made by candle light. Reaching my house faint, exhausted, horror-stricken, I found my family all sobbing and weeping, for they had concluded from my long absence that I was certainly dead. I never went abroad without kissing and blessing them all, with the conviction that we should never meet again on earth. After bathing and taking some refreshment, I started out to visit the sick. My door was thronged with servants, waiting to conduct me to the rooms of dying sufferers. In this kind of labor I spent most of the night. At three o'clock A.M. I returned home, threw myself down on a sofa, with directions not to be called till half past five. I was engaged to attend a funeral at six o'clock A.M., 28th October....

"The morning after, at six o'clock, I stepped into a carriage to accompany a funeral procession to the cemetery. On my arrival I found at the graveyard a large pile of corpses without coffins, in horizontal layers, one above the other, like corded wood. I was told that there were more than one hundred bodies deposited there. They had been brought by unknown persons, at different hours since nine o'clock the evening previous. Large trenches were dug, into which these uncoffined corpses were thrown indiscriminately. The same day a private hospital was found deserted; the physicians, nurses, and attendants were all dead, or had run away. Not a living person was in it. The wards were filled with putrid bodies, which, by order of the mayor, were piled in an adjacent yard, and burned, and their ashes scattered to the winds. Could a wiser disposition have been made of them?

"Many persons, even of fortune and popularity, died in their beds without aid, unnoticed and unknown, and lay there for days unburied. In almost every house might be seen the sick, the dying, and the dead, in the same room. All the stores, banks, and places of business were closed. There were no means, no instruments, for carrying on the ordinary affairs of business; for all the drays, carts, carriages, hand and common wheelbarrows, as well as hearses, were employed in the transportation of corpses, instead of cotton, sugar, and passengers. Words cannot describe my sensations when I first beheld the awful sight of carts driven to the graveyard, and there upturned, and their contents discharged as so many loads of lumber or offal, without a single mark of mourning or respect, because the exigency rendered it impossible.

"The Sabbath came, and I ordered the sexton to ring the bell for church at eleven o'clock A.M., as usual. I did not expect to meet a half a dozen persons; but there was actually a congregation of two or three hundred, and all gentlemen. The ladies were engaged in taking care of the sick. There was no singing. I made a very short prayer, and preached a discourse not more than fifteen minutes in length. It made such an impression that several of the hearers met me at the door, and requested me to write it down for their perusal and meditation. I complied with the request. My text was the passage found in Isaiah, XXVI, 3: 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.'

"For several days after this Sabbath, the plague raged with unabated violence. But the events, toils, trials, and gloom of one day, in this terrific visitation, were a facsimile of those that characterized the whole scene. A fatal yellow fever had been spreading destruction in the city six weeks before the cholera commenced. Thousands had left it to escape this scourge, so that, at the time of the first cholera, it was estimated that the population of the city did not exceed thirty-five thousand inhabitants. During the entire epidemic at least six thousand persons perished, showing the frightful loss of one sixth of the people in about twelve days. This is the most appalling instance of mortality known to have happened in any part of the

world, ancient or modern. Yet in all the accounts of the ravages of this enemy in 1832, published in the northern cities and Europe, its desolations in New Orleans are not even noticed—a fact which requires no comment. The same ratio of mortality in Boston, the next twelve days, would call for more than twenty-three thousand victims. Who can realize this truth? The same epidemic broke out again the following summer, in June, 1833. In September of the same year, the yellow fever came back again. So, within the space of twelve months, we had two Asiatic choleras, and two epidemic yellow fevers, which carried off ten thousand persons that were known, and many more that were not reported.

"Multitudes began the day in apparently good health, and were corpses before sunset. One morning, as I was going out, I spoke to a gentleman who resided in the very next house to mine. He was standing at his door, and remarked that he felt very well; 'but I wonder,' he added, 'that you are alive.' On my return, only two hours afterwards, he was a corpse. A baker died in his cart directly before my door. Near me there was a brick house going up; two of the workmen died on a carpenter's bench but a short time after they had commenced their labors for the day. Often did it happen that a person engaged a coffin for some friend, who himself died before it could be finished. On a certain evening, about dark, a gentleman called on me to say a short service over the body of a particular friend, just deceased: the next morning I performed the same service for him. I went, one Wednesday night, to solemnize the contract of matrimony between a couple of very genteel appearance. The bride was young and possessed of the most extraordinary beauty. A few hours only had elapsed before I was summoned to perform the last offices over her coffin. She had on her bridal dress, and was very little changed in the appearance of her face.

"Three unmarried gentlemen, belonging to my congregation, lived together and kept bachelor's hall, as it is termed with us. I was called to visit one of them at ten o'clock P.M. He lived but a few moments after I entered the room. Whilst I was conversing with the survivors, a second brother was taken with cramps. There was nobody in the house but the servants. They were especially dear to me because of their intrinsic character, and because they were regular attendants at church. We instantly applied the usual remedies, but without success. At one o'clock in the morning he breathed his last. The only surviving brother immediately fell beside the couch of the lifeless ones, and at daylight he died. We laid the three corpses side by side.

"One family, of nine persons, supped together in perfect health; at the expiration of the next twenty-four hours, eight out of the nine were dead. A boardinghouse that contained thirteen inmates was absolutely emptied; not one was left to mourn.

"Persons were found dead all along the streets, particularly early in the mornings. For myself, I expected that the city would be depopulated. I have

no doubt that, if the truth could be ascertained, it would appear that those persons who died so suddenly were affected with what are called the premonitory symptoms, hours, perhaps a day, or a night, before they considered themselves unwell. In this early stage the disease is easily arrested; but, when the cramps and collapse set in, death is, in most cases, inevitable. Indeed, that is death. *Then*, nothing was known of the cholera, and its antecedent stages were unnoticed and uncared for. Hence, in a great measure, the suddenness as well as the extent of the mortality.

"Nature seemed to sympathize in the dreadful spectacle of human woe. A thick, dark atmosphere, as I said before, hung over us like a mighty funereal shroud. All was still. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars shed their blessed light. Not a breath of air moved. A hunter who lived on the Bayou St. John assured me that during the cholera he killed no game. Not a bird was seen winging the sky. Artificial causes of terror were superadded to the gloom which covered the heavens. The burning of tar and pitch at every corner; the firing of cannon, by order of the city authorities, along all the streets; and the frequent conflagrations which actually occurred at that dreadful period—all these conspired to add a sublimity and horror to the tremendous scene. Our wise men hoped, by the combustion of tar and gunpowder, to purify the atmosphere. We have no doubt that hundreds perished from mere fright produced by artificial noise, the constant sight of funerals, darkness, and various other causes.

"It was an awful spectacle to see night ushered in by the firing of artillery in different parts of the city, making as much noise as arises from the engagement of two powerful armies. The sight was one of the most tremendous which was ever presented to the eye, or even exhibited to the imagination, in description. Often, walking my nightly rounds, the flames from the burning tar so illuminated the city streets and river that I could see everything almost as distinctly as in the daytime. And through many a window into which was flung the sickly flickering of these conflagrations could be seen persons struggling in death, and rigid, blackened corpses, awaiting the arrival of some cart or hearse, as soon as dawn appeared, to transport them to their final resting place.

"During these ineffable, inconceivable horrors, I was enabled to maintain my post for fourteen days without a moment's serious illness. I often sank down upon the floor, sofa, or pavement, faint and exhausted from overexertion, sleeplessness, and want of food; but a short nap would partially restore me, and send me out afresh to renew my perilous labors. For a whole fortnight I did not attempt to undress except to bathe and put on clean apparel. I was like a soldier who is not allowed, by the constant presence of an enemy, to throw off his armor and lay down his weapons for a single moment. Morning, noon, and midnight, I was engaged in the sickroom and in performing services over the dead. The thought that I myself should be exempted from the scourge—how could it be cherished for a moment?

I expected that every day would be my last. Yet, as I said before, I did not have the slightest symptom of the cholera. . . .

"My escape was wonderful, considered in another respect. For fifteen days in succession the atmosphere was loaded with the most deadly malaria and every species of noxious impurity. I had to encounter not only the general insalubrity which always infects the air when cholera prevails, but to this were superadded the constant inhalations of the sickbed effluvium which emanates from corpses in every stage of decomposition, in which life had been extinct for days, perhaps, and the offensive smells of the cemetery. Most of the bodies laid in the ground had a covering of earth but a few inches in depth, and through the porous dust there was an unimpeded emission of all the gases evolved from animal matter when undergoing the process of putrefaction. The sick poor were often crowded together in low, narrow, damp, basement, unventilated rooms.

"Many times, on entering these apartments and putting my head under the mosquito bar, I became deadly sick in a moment and was taken with vomiting, which, however, passed off without producing serious effects in a single instance. Let the reader imagine a close room in which are lying half a dozen bodies in the process of decay, and he may form a faint conception of the physical horrors in which I lived, moved, and had my being continually for two entire weeks. My preservation has always seemed to me like a miracle. It is true, some constitutions are not susceptible of the cholera. Some can never take the yellow fever or smallpox. It is not improbable that my safety ought to be ascribed to some peculiar idiosyncrasy, which enabled me to breathe the air of this plague with impunity.

"In 1822 I knew an unacclimated gentleman who slept on the same bed with an intimate friend whilst he was sick of the yellow fever; on the morning of his death, he himself, his clothes, and the sheets were absolutely inundated by a copious discharge of the vomito. After the funeral he continued to occupy the same room, and had the best health all that summer and autumn. During the next thirty years, he never left the city for a day, and was never sick. I have known numerous instances of the kind. . . .

"The cholera had been raging with unabated fury for fourteen days. It seemed as if the city was destined to be emptied of its inhabitants. During this time, as before stated, a thick, dark, sultry atmosphere filled our city. Everyone complained of a difficulty in breathing, which he never before experienced. The heavens were as stagnant as the mantled pool of death. There were no breezes. At the close of the fourteenth day, about eight o'clock in the evening, a smart storm, something like a tornado, came from the northwest, accompanied with heavy peals of thunder and terrific lightnings. The deadly air was displaced immediately by that which was new, fresh, salubrious, and life-giving. The next morning shone forth all bright and beautiful. The plague was stayed. In the opinion of all the medical gentlemen who were on the spot, that change of weather terminated the

epidemic. At any rate, it took its departure from us that very hour. No new cases occurred after that storm. It is certainly, then, in the power of God, not only by wind and electricity, but also by other means innumerable beyond our powers of discernment, to deliver a city from pestilence, in answer to the prayers of his children. Someone has said that 'a little philosophy may make one an unbeliever, but that a great deal will make him a Christian.' . . .

"In the cholera of June, 1833, the disease first invaded our own family circle. Two daughters, the eldest four and the youngest two years of age, died about the same time. I was so fortunate as to procure a carriage, in which their bodies were conveyed to a family vault, in the Girod cemetery, which had been constructed and presented to me, some years before, by the trustees of Christ Church, Canal Street—a church characterized for large, generous, and noble sympathies. I rode in the carriage alone with the two coffins. There was not a soul present but myself to aid in performing the last sad offices. Most desolate and heavy was my heart. . . ."

Dr. Clapp remained in New Orleans through several plagues and epidemics. In the latter portion of his memoir he continues his description:

"Let me attempt to suggest a general but very inadequate idea of my labors and sufferings in each of the campaigns above referred to. The term of a sickly season in New Orleans has never been less than six weeks. In a majority of cases it has extended from eight weeks to ten. In 1824 it began early in June and did not entirely disappear till the November following. On an average it is within bounds to say that the duration of each epidemic spoken of in these pages was at least eight weeks. Multiply eight by twenty, and the product is one hundred and sixty. Hence it follows that since my settlement in Louisiana I have spent over three entire years in battling, with all my might, against those invisible enemies, the cholera and yellow fever. In those three years I scarcely enjoyed a night of undisturbed repose. When I did sleep, it was upon my post, in the midst of the dead and wounded, with my armor on, and ready at the first summons to meet the deadly assault. . . ."

"Perhaps there is no acute disease actually less painful than yellow fever, although there is none more shocking and repulsive to the beholder. Often I have met and shook hands with some blooming, handsome young man today, and in a few hours afterwards I have been called to see him with profuse hemorrhages from the mouth, nose, ears, eyes, and even the toes; the eyes prominent, glistening, yellow, and staring; the face discolored with orange color and dusky red.

"The physiognomy of the yellow-fever corpse is usually sad, sullen, and perturbed; the countenance dark, mottled, livid, swollen, and stained with blood and black vomit; the veins of the face and whole body become distended and look as if they were going to burst; and, though the heart has ceased to beat, the circulation of the blood sometimes continues for hours,

quite as active as in life. Think, reader, what it must be to have one's mind wholly occupied with such sights and scenes for weeks together, nay, more—for months, for years, for a whole lifetime even. Scarcely a night passes now in which my dreams are not haunted more or less by the distorted faces, the shrieks, the convulsions, the groans, the struggles, and the horrors which I witnessed thirty-five years ago. They come up before my mind's eye like positive, absolute realities. I awake, rejoicing indeed to find that it is a dream; but there is no more sleep for me that night. No arithmetic could compute the diminution of my happiness, for the last forty years, from this single source. Setting aside another and better world to come, I would not make such a sacrifice as one epidemic demands for all the fame, pleasures, and gold of earth. What, then, will you think of twenty?

"A clergyman said to me not long since, 'You have indeed had a terrible time in New Orleans. You will be rewarded for it some time or other, but not *here*, not *here*. A suitable remuneration awaits you in the kingdom of God, beyond the grave.'

"I shocked my friend exceedingly by saying, 'I neither expect any such remuneration nor desire it. I have had my reward already. Virtue is its own reward. I am no more entitled to a seat in heaven for all I have done (supposing my motives to have been holy) than the veriest wretch that ever expiated his crimes on the gallows.' I repeat it, every person who does his duty receives a perfect recompense this side of the grave. He can receive nothing afterwards, except upon the platform of mercy. For the good deeds done in the body, there is no heaven but upon earth. When will Christian ministers learn this fundamental truth of the gospel? ...

"The two most fatal yellow fevers which I have witnessed were those of 1837 and 1853. In the former year there were ten thousand cases of fever reported, and five thousand deaths. The epidemic broke out about the middle of August and lasted eight weeks. This is the greatest mortality which was ever known in the United States, if we except that which occurred in the cholera of New Orleans, October, 1832. The year 1837 is memorable for the introduction of what is called the quinine practice. It is now, I am told by the physicians, generally abandoned. By some persons abroad our doctors have been much blamed for thinking to overcome the yellow fever by the above-named medicine. For myself, I do not wonder that they made such an attempt. It had been recommended by the most celebrated practitioners in the West Indies and in other tropical regions. New Orleans has always been blessed with the most learned, skillful, and competent physicians; but they are neither omniscient nor omnipotent. The cause of yellow fever is to this day a profound mystery...."

In writing of the epidemic of 1853, Dr. Clapp says:

"On the day of my arrival it rained incessantly from morning till night. In the space of twelve hours the interments were over three hundred. The same day I visited two unacclimated families belonging to my own church,

who were all down with the plague. In these families were nine persons; but two of them survived. I knew a large boardinghouse for draymen, mechanics, and humble operatives, from which forty-five corpses were borne away in thirteen days. A poor lady of my acquaintance kept boarders for a livelihood. Her family consisted of eight unacclimated persons. Every one of them died in the space of three weeks.

"Six unacclimated gentlemen, intelligent, refined, and strictly temperate, used to meet once a week, to enjoy music, cheering conversation, and innocent amusements. They had been told that it was a great safeguard, in a sickly summer, to keep up good spirits and banish from their minds dark and melancholy thoughts. They passed a certain evening together in health and happiness. In precisely one week from that entertainment, five of them were gathered to the tomb. One of the most appalling features of the yellow fever is the rapidity with which it accomplishes its mission.

"There is some difficulty in arriving at the true statistics touching the epidemic of 1853. It was supposed by the best-informed physicians that there were fifty or sixty thousand unacclimated persons in New Orleans when the epidemic began, about the 1st of July. From that time to the 1st of November the whole number of deaths reported were ten thousand and three hundred. Of these, eight thousand died of the yellow fever. The physicians estimated that thirty-two thousand of those attacked this year were cured. Of course, if this calculation be true, the whole number of cases in 1853 was forty thousand.

"The horrors and desolations of this epidemic cannot be painted; neither can they be realized except by those who have lived in New Orleans and have witnessed and participated in similar scenes. Words can convey no adequate idea of them. In some cases, all the clerks and agents belonging to mercantile establishments were swept away, and the stores closed by the civil authorities. Several entire families were carried off—parents, children, servants, all. Others lost a quarter, or a third, or three fourths of their members, and their business, hopes, and happiness were blasted for life. The ravages of the destroyer were marked by more woeful and affecting varieties of calamity than were ever delineated on the pages of romance. Fifteen clergymen died that season—two Protestant ministers and thirteen Roman Catholic priests.

"They were strangers to the climate, but could not be frightened from their posts of duty. The word *fear* was not in their vocabulary. Four sisters of charity were laid in their graves, and several others were brought to the point of death. It is painful to dwell on these melancholy details, but it may suggest profitable trains of thought. Set before your imaginations a picture of forty thousand persons engaged in a sanguinary battle, in which ten thousand men are killed outright. One thousand persons will fill a large church. Suppose ten congregations, of this number each, were to be assembled for worship in Boston, on the 1st day of July, 1858, and that on the

first day of the following November, in the short space of four months, all should be numbered with the dead. This mortality would be no more awful than that which I have witnessed in the Crescent City."

It is interesting to note that Dr. Clapp pays the highest tribute to the Catholic priests of New Orleans for their work during the epidemics:

"In the epidemic of 1832 I was the only Protestant clergyman that remained in the city, except the Reverend M. Hull, of the Episcopal Church, who was confined to his house by a lingering consumption and unable to leave his room. This gentleman never left the city in sickly seasons, but fearlessly continued at his post, however great and alarming the mortality around him. So it was that in the first cholera I had no coadjutors but the Roman Catholic priests."

It is also interesting to note that Dr. Clapp speaks of his aversion for the Catholic religion at the time of his arrival in New Orleans. He soon changed his mind, for he found the priests to be cultured gentlemen, some of whom were as broad as the good Presbyterian minister himself. It is interesting nowadays, in this time of religious hatreds, to read a memoir so intelligent and so truly Christian in spirit as this one of Dr. Clapp's.

His name is still honored in New Orleans, by Catholic and Protestant alike.

His description of the yellow-fever epidemics is particularly interesting in view of modern scientific knowledge. In the epidemics of his day the fear of the unknown was added to the fear of the disease itself.

When it was discovered, in 1905, that the fever was caused by the sting of a mosquito, and by that alone, the city was able to protect itself. There have been no epidemics since that time.

WASHINGTON IRVING

Among the Osage Indians in 1832 *

ON THE following morning (October 11) we were on the march by half past seven o'clock, and rode through deep rich bottoms of alluvial soil, overgrown with redundant vegetation, and trees of an enormous size. Our route lay parallel to the west bank of the Arkansas, on the borders of which river, near the confluence of the Red Fork, we expected to overtake the main body of rangers. For some miles the country was sprinkled with Creek villages and farmhouses, the inhabitants of which appeared to have adopted, with considerable facility, the rudiments of civilization, and to have thriven in consequence. Their farms were well stocked, and their houses had a look of comfort and abundance.

We met with numbers of them returning from one of their grand games of ball, for which their nation is celebrated. Some were on foot, some on horseback; the latter, occasionally, with gaily dressed females behind them. They are a well-made race, muscular and closely knit, with well-turned thighs and legs. They have a gypsy fondness for brilliant colors and decorations, and are bright and fanciful objects when seen at a distance on the prairies. One had a scarlet handkerchief bound round his head, surmounted with a tuft of black feathers like a cock's tail; another had a white handkerchief, with red feathers; while a third, for want of a plume, had stuck in his turban a brilliant bunch of sumach.

On the verge of the wilderness we paused to inquire our way at a log house owned by a white settler or squatter, a tall, rawboned old fellow, with red hair, a lank lantern visage, and an inveterate habit of winking with one eye, as if everything he said was of knowing import. He was in a towering passion. One of his horses was missing; he was sure it had been stolen in the night by a straggling party of Osages encamped in a neighboring swamp; but he would have satisfaction! He would make an example of the villains. He had accordingly caught down his rifle from the wall, that invariable enforcer of right or wrong upon the frontiers, and, having saddled his steed, was about to sally forth on a foray into the swamp, while a brother squatter, with rifle in hand, stood ready to accompany him.

* In 1832 Washington Irving went with Charles Joseph Latrobe and Commissioner Henry L. Ellsworth on an expedition to the land of the Pawnee and Osage Indians in the Southwest. He describes his adventures in *A Tour on the Prairies* (1835), from which these selections are reprinted.

We endeavored to calm the old campaigner of the prairies by suggesting that his horse might have strayed into the neighboring woods; but he had the frontier propensity to charge everything to the Indians, and nothing could dissuade him from carrying fire and sword into the swamp.

After riding a few miles further, we lost the trail of the main body of rangers, and became perplexed by a variety of tracks made by the Indians and settlers. At length coming to a log house, inhabited by a white man, the very last on the frontier, we found that we had wandered from our true course. Taking us back for some distance, he again brought us to the right trail; putting ourselves upon which, we took our final departure, and launched into the broad wilderness.

The trail kept on like a straggling footpath, over hill and dale, through brush and brake, and tangled thicket, and open prairie. In traversing the wilds, it is customary for a party, either of horse or foot, to follow each other in single file like the Indians; so that the leaders break the way for those who follow, and lessen their labor and fatigue. In this way, also, the number of a party is concealed, the whole leaving but one narrow well-trampled track to mark their course.

We had not long regained the trail, when, on emerging from a forest, we beheld our rawboned, hard-winking, hard-riding knight-errant of the frontier descending the slope of a hill, followed by his companion in arms. As he drew near to us, the gauntness of his figure and usefulness of his aspect reminded me of the description of the hero of *La Mancha*, and he was equally bent on affairs of doughty enterprise, being about to penetrate the thickets of the perilous swamp within which the enemy lay ensconced.

While we were holding a parley with him on the slope of the hill, we descried an Osage on horseback issuing out of a skirt of wood about half a mile off, and leading a horse by a halter. The latter was immediately recognized by our hard-winking friend as the steed of which he was in quest. As the Osage drew near, I was struck with his appearance. He was about nineteen or twenty years of age, but well grown, with the fine Roman countenance common to his tribe; and as he rode, with his blanket wrapped round his loins, his naked bust would have furnished a model for a statuary. He was mounted on a beautiful piebald horse, a mottled white and brown, of the wild breed of the prairies, decorated with a broad collar, from which hung in front a tuft of horsehair dyed of a bright scarlet.

The youth rode slowly up to us with a frank open air, and signified by means of our interpreter Beatte that the horse he was leading had wandered to their camp, and he was now on his way to conduct him back to his owner.

I had expected to witness an expression of gratitude on the part of our hard-favored cavalier, but to my surprise the old fellow broke out into a furious passion. He declared that the Indians had carried off his horse in the night, with the intention of bringing him home in the morning, and claiming a reward for finding him: a common practice, as he affirmed,

among the Indians. He was, therefore, for tying the young Indian to a tree and giving him a sound lashing, and was quite surprised at the burst of indignation which this novel mode of requiring a service drew from us. Such, however, is too often the administration of law on the frontier, "Lynch's law," as it is technically termed, in which the plaintiff is apt to be witness, jury, judge, and executioner, and the defendant to be convicted and punished on mere presumption; and in this way, I am convinced, are occasioned many of those heartburnings and resentments among the Indians, which lead to retaliation and end in Indian wars. When I compared the open, noble countenance and frank demeanor of the young Osage with the sinister visage and highhanded conduct of the frontiersman, I felt little doubt on whose back a lash would be most meritoriously bestowed.

Being thus obliged to content himself with the recovery of his horse, without the pleasure of flogging the finder into the bargain, the old Lycurgus, or rather Draco, of the frontier set off growling on his return homeward, followed by his brother squatter.

As for the youthful Osage, we were all prepossessed in his favor; the young Count especially, with the sympathies proper to his age and incident to his character, had taken quite a fancy to him. Nothing would suit but he must have the young Osage as a companion and squire in his expedition into the wilderness. The youth was easily tempted, and, with the prospect of a safe range over the buffalo prairies and the promise of a new blanket, he turned his bridle, left the swamp and the encampment of his friends behind him, and set off to follow the count in his wanderings in quest of the Osage hunters.

Such is the glorious independence of man in a savage state. This youth, with his rifle, his blanket, and his horse, was ready at a moment's warning to rove the world; he carried all his worldly effects with him, and in the absence of artificial wants possessed the great secret of personal freedom. We of society are slaves, not so much to others as to ourselves; our superfluities are the chains that bind us, impeding every movement of our bodies and thwarting every impulse of our souls. Such, at least, were my speculations at the time, though I am not sure but that they took their tone from the enthusiasm of the young Count, who seemed more enchanted than ever with the wild chivalry of the prairies, and talked of putting on the Indian dress and adopting the Indian habits during the time he hoped to pass with the Osages.

In the course of the morning the trail we were pursuing was crossed by another, which struck off through the forest to the west in a direct course for the Arkansas River. Beatte, our half-breed, after considering it for a moment, pronounced it the trail of the Osage hunters, and that it must lead to the place where they had forded the river on their way to the hunting grounds.

Here, then, the young Count and his companion came to a halt and prepared to take leave of us. The most experienced frontiersmen in the troop remonstrated on the hazard of the undertaking. They were about to throw themselves loose in the wilderness, with no other guides, guards, or attendants than a young ignorant half-breed and a still younger Indian. They were embarrassed by a packhorse and two led horses, with which they would have to make their way through matted forests and across rivers and morasses. The Osages and Pawnees were at war, and they might fall in with some warrior party of the latter, who are ferocious foes; besides, their small number and their valuable horses would form a great temptation to some of the straggling bands of Osages loitering about the frontier, who might rob them of their horses in the night and leave them destitute and on foot in the midst of the prairies.

Nothing, however, could restrain the romantic ardor of the Count for a campaign of buffalo hunting with the Osages, and he had a game spirit that seemed always stimulated by the idea of danger. His traveling companion, of discreeter age and calmer temperament, was convinced of the rashness of the enterprise; but he could not control the impetuous zeal of his youthful friend, and he was too loyal to leave him to pursue his hazardous scheme alone. To our great regret, therefore, we saw them abandon the protection of our escort, and strike off on their haphazard expedition. The old hunters of our party shook their heads, and our half-breed, Beatte, predicted all kinds of trouble to them; my only hope was that they would soon meet with perplexities enough to cool the impetuosity of the young Count and induce him to rejoin us. With this idea we traveled slowly, and made a considerable halt at noon. After resuming our march, we came in sight of the Arkansas. It presented a broad and rapid stream, bordered by a beach of fine sand, overgrown with willows and cottonwood trees. Beyond the river the eye wandered over a beautiful champaign country, of flowery plains and sloping uplands, diversified by groves and clumps of trees and long screens of woodland, the whole wearing the aspect of complete and even ornamental cultivation, instead of native wildness. Not far from the river, on an open eminence, we passed through the recently deserted camping place of an Osage war party. The frames of the tents or wigwams remained, consisting of poles bent into an arch, with each end stuck into the ground: these are intertwined with twigs and branches, and covered with bark and skins. Those experienced in Indian lore can ascertain the tribe, and whether on a hunting or a warlike expedition, by the shape and disposition of the wigwams. Beatte pointed out to us, in the present skeleton camp, the wigwam in which the chiefs had held their consultations round the council fire, and an open area, well trampled down, on which the grand war dance had been performed.

Pursuing our journey, as we were passing through a forest, we were met by a forlorn, half-famished dog, who came rambling along the trail with

inflamed eyes and bewildered look. Though nearly trampled upon by the foremost rangers, he took notice of no one, but rambled heedlessly among the horses. The cry of "mad dog" was immediately raised, and one of the rangers leveled his rifle, but was stayed by the ever-ready humanity of the Commissioner. "He is blind!" said he. "It is the dog of some poor Indian, following his master by the scent. It would be a shame to kill so faithful an animal." The ranger shouldered his rifle, the dog blundered blindly through the cavalcade unhurt, and, keeping his nose to the ground, continued his course along the trail, affording a rare instance of a dog surviving a bad name.

About three o'clock we came to a recent camping place of the company of rangers; the brands of one of their fires were still smoking, so that, according to the opinion of Beatte, they could not have passed on above a day previously. As there was a fine stream of water close by, and plenty of pea vines for the horses, we encamped here for the night.

We had not been here long when we heard a halloo from a distance and beheld the young Count and his party advancing through the forest. We welcomed them to the camp with heartfelt satisfaction, for their departure upon so hazardous an expedition had caused us great uneasiness. A short experiment had convinced them of the toil and difficulty of inexperienced travelers like themselves making their way through the wilderness with such a train of horses and such slender attendance. Fortunately, they determined to rejoin us before nightfall; one night's camping out might have cost them their horses. The Count had prevailed upon his protégé and esquire, the young Osage, to continue with him, and still calculated upon achieving great exploits with his assistance, on the buffalo prairies.

In the morning early (October 12) the two Creeks who had been sent express by the commander of Fort Gibson, to stop the company of rangers, arrived at our encampment on their return. They had left the company encamped about fifty miles distant, in a fine place on the Arkansas, abounding in game, where they intended to await our arrival. This news spread animation throughout our party, and we set out on our march, at sunrise, with renewed spirit.

In mounting our steeds, the young Osage attempted to throw a blanket upon his wild horse. The fine, sensitive animal took fright, reared, and recoiled. The attitudes of the wild horse and the almost naked savage would have formed studies for a painter or a statuary.

I often pleased myself, in the course of our march, with noticing the appearance of the young Count and his newly enlisted follower, as they rode before me. Never was *preux chevalier* better suited with an esquire. The Count was well mounted, and, as I have before observed, was a bold and graceful rider. He was fond, too, of caracoling his horse, and dashing about in the buoyancy of youthful spirits. His dress was a gay Indian hunting

frock, of dressed deerskin, setting well to the shape, dyed of a beautiful purple, and fancifully embroidered with silks of various colors, as if it had been the work of some Indian beauty, to decorate a favorite chief. With this he wore leathern pantaloons and moccasins, a foraging cap, and a double-barreled gun slung by a bandoleer athwart his back: so that he was quite a picturesque figure as he managed gracefully his spirited steed.

The young Osage would ride close behind him on his wild and beautifully mottled horse, which was decorated with crimson tufts of hair. He rode with his finely shaped head and bust naked, his blanket being girt round his waist. He carried his rifle in one hand and managed his horse with the other, and seemed ready to dash off at a moment's warning, with his youthful leader, on any madcap foray or scamper. The Count, with the sanguine anticipations of youth, promised himself many hardy adventures and exploits in company with his youthful "brave," when we should get among the buffaloes, in the Pawnee hunting grounds.

After riding some distance, we crossed a narrow, deep stream, upon a solid bridge, the remains of an old beaver dam; the industrious community which had constructed it had all been destroyed. Above us a streaming flight of wild geese, high in air and making a vociferous noise, gave note of the waning year.

About half past ten o'clock we made a halt in a forest, where there was abundance of the pea vine. Here we turned the horses loose to graze. A fire was made, water procured from an adjacent spring, and in a short time our little Frenchman, Tonish, had a pot of coffee prepared for our refreshment. While partaking of it, we were joined by an old Osage, one of a small hunting party who had recently passed this way. He was in search of his horse, which had wandered away or been stolen. Our half-breed, Beatte, made a wry face on hearing of Osage hunters in this direction. "Until we pass those hunters," said he, "we shall see no buffaloes. They frighten away everything like a prairie on fire."

The morning repast being over, the party amused themselves in various ways. Some shot with their rifles at a mark; others lay asleep half buried in the deep bed of foliage, with their heads resting on their saddles; others gossiped round the fire at the foot of a tree, which sent up wreaths of blue smoke among the branches. The horses banqueted luxuriously on the pea vines, and some lay down and rolled amongst them.

We were overshadowed by lofty trees, with straight, smooth trunks, like stately columns; and, as the glancing rays of the sun shone through the transparent leaves, tinted with the many-colored hues of autumn, I was reminded of the effect of sunshine among the stained windows and clustering columns of a Gothic cathedral. Indeed there is a grandeur and solemnity in our spacious forests of the West that awaken in me the same feeling I have experienced in those vast and venerable piles, and the sound of the

wind sweeping through them supplies occasionally the deep breathings of the organ.

About noon the bugle sounded to horse, and we were again on the march, hoping to arrive at the encampment of the rangers before night, as the old Osage had assured us it was not above ten or twelve miles distant. In our course through a forest we passed by a lonely pool, covered with the most magnificent water lilies I had ever beheld, among which swam several wood ducks, one of the most beautiful of waterfowl, remarkable for the gracefulness and brilliancy of its plumage.

After proceeding some distance farther, we came down upon the banks of the Arkansas, at a place where tracks of numerous horses, all entering the water, showed where a party of Osage hunters had recently crossed the river on their way to the buffalo range. After letting our horses drink in the river, we continued along its bank for a space, and then across prairies, where we saw a distant smoke, which we hoped might proceed from the encampment of the rangers. Following what we supposed to be their trail, we came to a meadow in which were a number of horses grazing: they were not, however, the horses of the troop. A little farther on we reached a straggling Osage village, on the banks of the Arkansas. Our arrival created quite a sensation. A number of old men came forward and shook hands with us all severally, while the women and children huddled together in groups, staring at us wildly, chattering and laughing among themselves. We found that all the young men of the village had departed on a hunting expedition, leaving the women and children and old men behind. Here the Commissioner made a speech from on horseback, informing his hearers of the purport of his mission, to promote a general peace among the tribes of the West, and urging them to lay aside all warlike and bloodthirsty notions, and not to make any wanton attacks upon the Pawnees. This speech, being interpreted by Beatte, seemed to have a most pacifying effect upon the multitude, who promised faithfully that, as far as in them lay, the peace should not be disturbed; and indeed their age and sex gave some reason to trust that they would keep their word.

Still hoping to reach the camp of the rangers before nightfall, we pushed on until twilight, when we were obliged to halt on the borders of a ravine. The rangers bivouacked under trees, at the bottom of the dell, while we pitched our tent on a rocky knoll near a running stream. The night came on dark and overcast, with flying clouds and much appearance of rain. The fires of the rangers burnt brightly in the dell, and threw strong masses of light upon the robber-looking groups that were cooking, eating, and drinking around them. To add to the wildness of the scene, several Osage Indians, visitors from the village we had passed, were mingled among the men. Three of them came and seated themselves by our fire. They watched everything that was going on round them in silence, and looked like figures

of monumental bronze. We gave them food, and, what they most relished, coffee; for the Indians partake in the universal fondness for this beverage which pervades the West. When they had made their supper, they stretched themselves side by side before the fire, and began a low nasal chant, drumming with their hands upon their breasts by way of accompaniment. Their chant seemed to consist of regular staves, every one terminating, not in a melodious cadence, but in the abrupt interjection *huh!* uttered almost like a hiccup. This chant, we were told by our interpreter, Beatte, related to ourselves, our appearance, our treatment of them, and all that they knew of our plans. In one part they spoke of the young Count, whose animated character and eagerness for Indian enterprise had struck their fancy, and they indulged in some waggery about him and the young Indian beauties, that produced great merriment among our half-breeds.

This mode of improvising is common throughout the savage tribes; and in this way, with a few simple inflections of the voice, they chant all their exploit in war and hunting, and occasionally indulge in a vein of comic humor and dry satire, to which the Indians appear to me much more prone than is generally imagined.

In fact, the Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented, taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good-will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye, occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when anything particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth.

In the course of my journey along the frontier I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games, and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated and lively conversation, and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As to tears, they have them in abundance, both real and affected; at times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a relative or friend, and they have stated times when they repair to howl and lament at their graves. I have heard doleful wail-

ings at daybreak, in the neighboring Indian villages, made by some of the inhabitants, who go out at that hour into the fields to mourn and weep for the dead: at such times, I am told, the tears will stream down their cheeks in torrents.

As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is, like the shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes.

The nasal chant of our Osage guests gradually died away; they covered their heads with their blankets and fell fast asleep, and in a little while all was silent, excepting the pattering of scattered raindrops upon our tent.

In the morning our Indian visitors breakfasted with us, but the young Osage who was to act as esquire to the Count in his knight-errantry on the prairies was nowhere to be found. His wild horse, too, was missing, and after many conjectures we came to the conclusion that he had taken "Indian leave" of us in the night. We afterwards ascertained that he had been persuaded so to do by the Osages we had recently met with, who had represented to him the perils that would attend him in an expedition to the Pawnee hunting grounds, where he might fall into the hands of the implacable enemies of his tribe, and, what was scarcely less to be apprehended, the annoyances to which he would be subjected from the capricious and overbearing conduct of the white men, who, as I have witnessed in my own short experience, are prone to treat the poor Indians as little better than brute animals. Indeed, he had had a specimen of it himself in the narrow escape he made from the infliction of "Lynch's law" by the hard-winking worthy of the frontier, for the flagitious crime of finding a stray horse.

The disappearance of the youth was generally regretted by our party, for we had all taken a great fancy to him from his handsome, frank, and manly appearance and the easy grace of his deportment. He was indeed a native-born gentleman. By none, however, was he so much lamented as by the young Count, who thus suddenly found himself deprived of his esquire. I regretted the departure of the Osage for his own sake, for we should have cherished him throughout the expedition, and I am convinced, from the munificent spirit of his patron, he would have returned to his tribe laden with wealth of beads and trinkets and Indian blankets.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

Two Years Before the Mast *

THE FOURTEENTH of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig *Pilgrim* on her voyage from Boston round Cape Horn to the western coast of North America. As she was to get under weigh early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full sea rig, and with my chest, containing an outfit for a two or three years' voyage, which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, and by a long absence from books and study, a weakness of the eyes, which had obliged me to give up my pursuits, and which no medical aid seemed likely to cure.

The change from the tight dress coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge, to the loose duck trousers, check shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made, and I supposed that I should pass very well for a jack-tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practiced eye in these matters; and, while I supposed myself to be looking as salt as Neptune himself, I was, no doubt, known for a landsman by everyone on board as soon as I hove in sight. A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes and a way of wearing them which a green hand can never get. The trousers, tight round the hips, and thence hanging long and loose round the feet, a superabundance of checked shirt, a low-crowned, well-varnished black hat, worn on the back of the head, with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye, and a peculiar tie to the black silk neckerchief, with sundry other minutiae, are signs the want of which betray the beginner at once. Besides the points in my dress which were out of the way, doubtless my complexion and hands were enough to distinguish me from the regular *salt*, who, with a sun-burnt cheek, wide step, and rolling gait, swings his bronzed and toughened hands athwartships, half open, as though just ready to grasp a rope.

"With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next

* Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* was first published in 1840. It recounts the author's experiences as a common sailor on ships bringing cowhides from the coast of California around Cape Horn. He sailed from Boston in the brig *Pilgrim* in 1834, transferred in September, 1835, at San Diego to the ship *Alert*, and returned to Boston in September, 1836. Dana's narrative was extremely popular. It had a humanitarian purpose, and his revelations of the hardships of the sailor's life brought about reforms in the merchant marine.

day we were employed in preparations for sea, reeving studding-sail gear, crossing royal yards, putting on chafing gear, and taking on board our powder. On the following night I stood my first watch. I remained awake nearly all the first part of the night from fear that I might not hear when I was called; and, when I went on deck, so great were my ideas of the importance of my trust that I walked regularly fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, looking out over the bows and taffrail at each turn, and was not a little surprised at the coolness of the old salt whom I called to take my place, in stowing himself snugly away under the longboat, for a nap. That was a sufficient lookout, he thought, for a fine night, at anchor in a safe harbor.

The next morning was Saturday, and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city, and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbor, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night. My watch began at eleven o'clock at night, and I received orders to call the captain if the wind came out from the westward. About midnight the wind became fair, and, having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know, but I am quite sure that I did not give the true hoarse, boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-ands! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time everyone was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee land. I could take but little part in all these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given and so immediately executed; there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life. At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass began, and in a few moments we were under weigh. The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding "good night" to my native land.

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Monday, November 19th. This was a black day in our calendar. At seven o'clock in the morning, it being our watch below, we were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of "All hands ahoy! a man overboard!" This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of everyone, and, hurrying on

deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding-sails set; for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback. The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just in time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific, in our little boat, that I knew whom we had lost. It was George Ballmer, a young English sailor, who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He was going aloft to fit a strap round the main topmasthead, for ringtail halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards, and a marlinespike about his neck. He fell from the starboard futtock shrouds, and, not knowing how to swim, and being heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern, in the direction in which he fell, and, though we knew that there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour, without the hope of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head and made towards the vessel.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and "the mourners go about the streets"; but, when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which give to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an *object*, and a *real evidence*; but at sea, the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a *vacancy* shows his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you *miss* a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the forecabin, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss.

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Tuesday, September 8th. This was my first day's duty on board the ship; and, though a sailor's life is a sailor's life wherever it may be, yet I

found everything very different here from the customs of the brig *Pilgrim*. After all hands were called, at daybreak, three minutes and a half were allowed for every man to dress and come on deck, and, if any were longer than that, they were sure to be overhauled by the mate, who was always on deck, and making himself heard all over the ship. The head pump was then rigged, and the decks washed down by the second and third mates, the chief mate walking the quarter-deck and keeping a general supervision, but not deigning to touch a bucket or a brush. Inside and out, fore and aft, upper deck and between-decks steerage and forecastle, rail, bulwarks, and waterways, were washed, scrubbed, and scraped with brooms and canvas, and the decks were wet and sanded all over, and then holystoned. The holystone is a large, soft stone, smooth on the bottom, with long ropes attached to each end, by which the crew keep it sliding fore and aft, over the wet, sanded decks. Smaller hand stones, which the sailors call "prayer books," are used to scrub in among the crevices and narrow places, where the large holystone will not go. An hour or two we were kept at this work, when the head pump was manned and all the sand washed off the decks and sides. Then came swabs and squilgees; and, after the decks were dry, each one went to his particular morning job. There were five boats belonging to the ship—launch, pinnace, jollyboat, larboard, quarter-boat, and gig—each of which had a coxswain, who had charge of it, and was answerable for the order and cleanness of it. The rest of the cleaning was divided among the crew; one having the brass and composition work about the capstan; another the bell, which was of brass, and kept as bright as a gilt button; a third, the harness cask; another, the manrope stanchions; others, the steps of the forecastle and hatchways, which were hauled up and holystoned. Each of these jobs must be finished before breakfast; and, in the meantime, the rest of the crew filled the scuttlebutt, and the cook scraped his kids (wooden tubs out of which the sailors eat) and polished the hoops, and placed them before the galley, to await inspection. When the decks were dry, the lord paramount made his appearance on the quarter-deck, and took a few turns, when eight bells were struck, and all hands went to breakfast. Half an hour was allowed for breakfast, when all hands were called again; the kids, pots, bread bags, etc., stowed away; and, this morning, preparations were made for getting under weigh. We paid out on the chain by which we swung, hove in on the other, catted the anchor, and hove short on the first. This work was done in shorter time than was usual on board the brig; for, though everything was more than twice as large and heavy, the catblock being as much as a man could lift, and the chain as large as three of the *Pilgrim's*, yet there was a plenty of room to move about in, more discipline and system, more men, and more good will. Everyone seemed ambitious to do his best: officers and men knew their duty, and all went well. As soon as she was hove short, the mate, on the forecastle, gave the order to loose the sails, and, in an instant, everyone

sprung into the rigging, up the shrouds, and out on the yards, scrambling by one another—the first up the best fellow—cast off the yardarm gaskets and bunt gaskets, and one man remained on each yard, holding the bunt jigger with a turn round the tye, all ready to let go, while the rest laid down to man the sheets and halyards. The mate then hailed the yards—“All ready forward?”—“All ready the crossjack yards?” etc.; and, “Aye, aye, sir!” being returned from each, the word was given to let go; and in the twinkling of an eye the ship, which had shown nothing but her bare yards, was covered with her loose canvas, from the royal mastheads to the decks. Everyone then laid down, except one man in each top, to overhaul the rigging, and the topsails were hoisted and sheeted home, all three yards going to the masthead at once, the larboard watch hoisting the fore, the starboard watch the main, and five light hands (of whom I was one), picked from the two watches, the mizzen. The yards were then trimmed, the anchor weighed, the catblock hooked on, the fall stretched out, manned by “all hands and the cook,” and the anchor brought to the head with “cheerily men!” in full chorus. The ship being now under weigh, the light sails were set, one after another, and she was under full sail before she had passed the sandy point. The fore royal, which fell to my lot (being in the mate’s watch), was more than twice as large as that of the *Pilgrim*, and, though I could handle the brig’s easily, I found my hands full with this, especially as there were no jacks to the ship, everything being for neatness, and nothing left for Jack to hold on by but his eyelids.

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Saturday, November 14th. This day we got under weigh, with the agent and several Spaniards of note, as passengers, bound up to Monterey. We went ashore in the gig to bring them off with their baggage, and found them waiting on the beach, and a little afraid about going off, as the surf was running very high. This was nuts to us, for we liked to have a Spaniard wet with salt water; and then the agent was very much disliked by the crew, one and all; and we hoped, as there was no officer in the boat, to have a chance to duck them; for we knew that they were such “marines” that they would not know whether it was our fault or not. Accordingly, we kept the boat so far from shore as to oblige them to wet their feet in getting into her; and then waited for a good high comber, and, letting the head slue a little round, sent the whole force of the sea into the stern sheets, drenching them from head to feet. The Spaniards sprang out of the boat, swore, and shook themselves, and protested against trying it again; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the agent could prevail upon them to make another attempt. The next time we took care, and went off easily enough, and pulled aboard. The crew came to the side to hoist in their

baggage, and we gave them the wink, and they heartily enjoyed the half-drowned looks of the company.

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Friday, December 25th. This day was Christmas; and, as it rained all day long, and there were no hides to take in, and nothing especial to do, the captain gave us a holiday (the first we had had since leaving Boston), and plum duff for dinner. The Russian brig, following the Old Style, had celebrated their Christmas eleven days before, when they had a grand blow-out, and (as our men said) drank, in the forecabin, a barrel of gin, ate up a bag of tallow, and made a soup of the skin.

Sunday, December 27th. We had now finished all our business at this port, and, it being Sunday, we unmoored ship and got under weigh, firing a salute to the Russian brig, and another to the presidio, which were both answered. The commandant of the presidio, Don Guadaloupe Villego, a young man, and the most popular, among the Americans and English, of any man in California, was on board when we got under weigh. He spoke English very well, and was suspected of being favorably inclined to foreigners.

We sailed down this magnificent bay with a light wind, the tide, which was running out, carrying us at the rate of four or five knots. It was a fine day, the first of entire sunshine we had had for more than a month. We passed directly under the high cliff on which the presidio is built, and stood into the middle of the bay, from whence we could see small bays, making up into the interior, on every side; large and beautifully wooded islands; and the mouths of several small rivers. If California ever becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the center of its prosperity. The abundance of wood and water, the extreme fertility of its shores, the excellence of its climate, which is as near to being perfect as any in the world, and its facilities for navigation, affording the best anchoring grounds in the whole western coast of America, all fit for a place of great importance; and, indeed, it has attracted much attention, for the settlement of "Yerba Buena," where we lay at anchor, made chiefly by Americans and English, and which bids fair to become the most important trading place on the coast, at this time began to supply traders, Russian ships, and whalers with their stores of wheat and frijoles.

The tide leaving us, we came to anchor near the mouth of the bay, under a high and beautifully sloping hill, upon which herds of hundreds and hundreds of red deer, and the stag, with his high-branching antlers, were bounding about, looking at us for a moment, and then starting off, affrighted at the noises which we made for the purpose of seeing the variety of their beautiful attitudes and motions.

At midnight, the tide having turned, we hove up our anchor and stood

out of the bay, with a fine starry heaven above us—the first we had seen for weeks and weeks. Before the light northerly winds, which blow here with the regularity of trades, we worked slowly along, and made Point Año Nuevo, the northerly point of the Bay of Monterey, on Monday afternoon. We spoke, going in, the brig *Diana*, of the Sandwich Islands, from the northwest coast, last from Asitka. She was off the point at the same time with us, but did not get in to the anchoring ground until an hour or two after us. It was ten o'clock on Tuesday morning when we came to anchor. The town looked just as it did when I saw it last, which was eleven months before, in the brig *Pilgrim*. The pretty lawn on which it stands, as green as sun and rain could make it; the pine wood on the south; the small river on the north side; the houses, with their white plastered sides and red-tiled roofs, dotted about on the green; the low, white presidio, with its soiled tricolored flag flying, and the discordant din of drums and trumpets for the noon parade; all brought up the scene we had witnessed here with so much pleasure nearly a year before, when coming from a long voyage and our unprepossessing reception at Santa Barbara. It seemed almost like coming to a home.

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In our first attempt to double the Cape, when we came up to the latitude of it, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward, but in running for the Straits of Magellan we stood so far to the eastward that we made our second attempt at a distance of not more than four or five hundred miles; and we had great hopes, by this means, to run clear of the ice; thinking that the easterly gales, which had prevailed for a long time, would have driven it to the westward. With the wind about two points free, the yards braced in a little, and two close-reefed topsails and a reefed foresail on the ship, we made great way toward the southward; and, almost every watch, when we came on deck, the air seemed to grow colder, and the sea to run higher. Still, we saw no ice, and had great hopes of going clear of it altogether, when, one afternoon, about three o'clock, while we were taking a *siesta* during our watch below, "All hands!" was called in a loud and fearful voice. "Tumble up here, men!—tumble up!—don't stop for your clothes—before we're upon it!" We sprang out of our berths and hurried upon deck. The loud, sharp voice of the captain was heard giving orders, as though for life or death, and we ran aft to the braces, not waiting to look ahead, for not a moment was to be lost. The helm was hard up, the after yards shaking, and the ship in the act of wearing. Slowly, with the stiff ropes and iced riggings, we swung the yards round, everything coming hard and with a creaking and rending sound, like pulling up a plank which has been frozen into the ice. The ship wore round fairly, the yards were steadied, and we stood off on the other tack, leaving behind us, directly under our larboard quarter, a large ice island, peering out of the

mist, and reaching high above our tops, while astern, and on either side of the island, large tracts of field ice were dimly seen, heaving and rolling in the sea. We were now safe, and standing to the northward; but in a few minutes more, had it not been for the sharp lookout of the watch, we should have been fairly upon the ice, and left our ship's old bones adrift in the southern ocean. After standing to the northward a few hours, we wore ship, and, the wind having hauled, we stood to the southward and eastward. All night long a bright lookout was kept from every part of the deck; and, whenever ice was seen on the one bow or the other, the helm was shifted and the yards braced, and by quick working of the ship she was kept clear. The accustomed cry of "Ice ahead!"—"Ice on the lee bow!"—"Another island!" in the same tones, and with the same orders following them, seemed to bring us directly back to our old position of the week before. During our watch on deck, which was from twelve to four, the wind came out ahead, with a pelting storm of hail and sleet, and we lay hove to, under a close-reefed main topsail, the whole watch. During the next watch it fell calm, with a drenching rain, until daybreak, when the wind came out to the westward, and the weather cleared up, and showed us the whole ocean, in the course which we should have steered had it not been for the head wind and calm, completely blocked up with ice. Here, then, our progress was stopped, and we wore ship, and once more stood to the northward and eastward; not for the Straits of Magellan, but to make another attempt to double the Cape, still farther to the eastward; for the captain was determined to get round if perseverance could do it, and the third time, he said, never failed.

With a fair wind we soon ran clear of the field ice, and by noon had only the stray islands floating far and near upon the ocean. The sun was out bright, the sea of a deep blue, fringed with the white foam of the waves, which ran high before a strong southwester; our solitary ship tore on through the water as though glad to be out of her confinement; and the ice islands lay scattered upon the ocean here and there, of various sizes and shapes, reflecting the bright rays of the sun, and drifting slowly northward before the gale. It was a contrast to much that we had lately seen, and a spectacle not only of beauty, but of life; for it required but little fancy to imagine these islands to be animate masses which had broken loose from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" and were working their way, by wind and current, some alone, and some in fleets, to milder climes. No pencil has ever yet given anything like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses, stuck in the sea, while their chief beauty and grandeur—their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and the fearful groaning and cracking of their parts—the picture cannot give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire.

From a northeast course we gradually hauled to the eastward, and after sailing about two hundred miles, which brought us as near to the western coast of Tierra del Fuego as was safe, and having lost sight of the ice altogether, for the third time we put the ship's head to the southward, to try the passage of the Cape. The weather continued clear and cold, with a strong gale from the westward, and we were fast getting up with the latitude of the Cape, with a prospect of soon being round. One fine afternoon a man who had gone into the foretop to shift the rolling tackles sung out, at the top of his voice, and with evident glee, "Sail ho!" Neither land nor sail had we seen since leaving San Diego; and anyone who has traversed the length of a whole ocean alone can imagine what an excitement such an announcement produced on board. "Sail ho!" shouted the cook, jumping out of his galley; "Sail ho!" shouted a man, throwing back the slide of the scuttle, to the watch below, who were soon out of their berths and on deck; and "Sail ho!" shouted the captain down the companionway to the passenger in the cabin. Beside the pleasure of seeing a ship and human beings in so desolate a place, it was important for us to speak a vessel, to learn whether there was ice to the eastward, and to ascertain the longitude; for we had no chronometer and had been drifting about so long that we had nearly lost our reckoning, and opportunities for lunar observations are not frequent or sure in such a place as Cape Horn. For these various reasons the excitement in our little community was running high, and conjectures were made, and everything thought of for which the captain would hail, when the man aloft sung out, "Another sail, large on the weather bow!" This was a little odd, but so much the better, and did not shake our faith in their being sails. At length the man in the top hailed, and said he believed it was land, after all. "Land in your eye!" said the mate, who was looking through the telescope; "they are ice islands, if I can see a hole through a ladder"; and a few moments showed the mate to be right; and all our expectations fled; and, instead of what we most wished to see, we had what we most dreaded, and what we hoped we had seen the last of. We soon, however, left these astern, having passed within about two miles of them; and at sundown the horizon was clear in all directions.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

On the Oregon Trail *

WE WERE NOW at the end of our solitary journeyings along the St. Joseph trail. On the evening of the twenty-third of May we encamped near its junction with the old legitimate trail of the Oregon emigrants. We had ridden long that afternoon, trying in vain to find wood and water, until at length we saw the sunset sky reflected from a pool encircled by bushes and rocks. The water lay in the bottom of a hollow, the smooth prairie gracefully rising in oceanlike swells on every side. We pitched our tents by it, not, however, before the keen eye of Henry Chatillon had discerned some unusual object upon the faintly defined outline of the distant swell. But in the moist, hazy atmosphere of the evening, nothing could be clearly distinguished. As we lay around the fire after supper, a low and distant sound, strange enough amid the loneliness of the prairie, reached our ears—peals of laughter, and the faint voices of men and women. For eight days we had not encountered a human being, and this singular warning of their vicinity had an effect extremely impressive.

About dark a sallow-faced fellow descended the hill on horseback and, splashing through the pool, rode up to the tents. He was enveloped in a huge cloak, and his broad felt hat was weeping about his ears with the drizzling moisture of the evening. Another followed, a stout, square-built, intelligent-looking man, who announced himself as leader of an emigrant party, encamped a mile in advance of us. About twenty wagons, he said, were with him; the rest of his party were on the other side of the Big Blue, waiting for a woman who was in the pains of childbirth, and quarreling meanwhile among themselves.

These were the first emigrants that we had overtaken, although we had found abundant and melancholy traces of their progress throughout the course of the journey. Sometimes we passed the grave of one who had sickened and died on the way. The earth was usually torn up, and covered thickly with wolf tracks. Some had escaped this violation. One morning a piece of plank, standing upright on the summit of a grassy hill, attracted

* Francis Parkman, a young Harvard graduate, set out from St. Louis over the Oregon Trail to Fort Laramie on April 28, 1846. The first installment of his narrative *The Oregon Trail*, from which this selection is taken, was printed in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1847; in 1849 it appeared in book form.

our notice, and, riding up to it, we found the following words very roughly traced upon it, apparently with a red-hot piece of iron:

MARY ELLIS
Died May 7th, 1845
Aged Two Months

Such tokens were of common occurrence.

We were late in breaking up our camp on the following morning, and scarcely had we ridden a mile when we saw, far in advance of us, drawn against the horizon, a line of objects stretching at regular intervals along the level edge of the prairie. An intervening swell soon hid them from sight, until, ascending it a quarter of an hour after, we saw close before us the emigrant caravan, with its heavy white wagons creeping on in slow procession, and a large drove of cattle following behind. Half a dozen yellow-visaged Missourians, mounted on horseback, were cursing and shouting among them, their lank angular proportions enveloped in brown homespun, evidently cut and adjusted by the hands of a domestic female tailor. As we approached, they called out to us: "How are ye, boys? Are ye for Oregon or California?"

As we pushed rapidly by the wagons, children's faces were thrust out from the white coverings to look at us, while the care-worn, thin-featured matron, or the buxom girl, seated in front, suspended the knitting on which most of them were engaged to stare at us with wondering curiosity. By the side of each wagon stalked the proprietor, urging on his patient oxen, who shouldered heavily along, inch by inch, on their interminable journey. It was easy to see that fear and dissension prevailed among them; some of the men—but these, with one exception, were bachelors—looked wistfully upon us as we rode lightly and swiftly by, and then impatiently at their own lumbering wagons and heavy-gaited oxen. Others were unwilling to advance at all until the party they had left behind should have rejoined them. Many were murmuring against the leader they had chosen, and wished to depose him; and this discontent was fomented by some ambitious spirits, who had hopes of succeeding in his place. The women were divided between regrets for the homes they had left and fear of the deserts and savages before them.

We soon left them far behind, and hoped that we had taken a final leave; but our companions' wagon stuck so long in a deep muddy ditch that before it was extricated the van of the emigrant caravan appeared again, descending a ridge close at hand. Wagon after wagon plunged through the mud; and, as it was nearly noon, and the place promised shade and water, we saw with satisfaction that they were resolved to encamp. Soon the wagons were wheeled into a circle: the cattle were grazing over the meadow, and the men, with sour, sullen faces, were looking about for wood and water. They seemed to meet but indifferent success. As we left the ground, I saw a tall,

slouching fellow, with the nasal accent of "down east," contemplating the contents of his tin cup, which he had just filled with water.

"Look here, you," said he; "it's chock-full of animals!"

The cup, as he held it out, exhibited in fact an extraordinary variety and profusion of animal and vegetable life.

Riding up the little hill, and looking back on the meadow, we could easily see that all was not right in the camp of the emigrants. The men were crowded together, and an angry discussion seemed to be going forward. R—— was missing from his wonted place in the line, and the captain told us that he had remained behind to get his horse shod by a blacksmith attached to the emigrant party. Something whispered in our ears that mischief was on foot; we kept on, however, and, coming soon to a stream of tolerable water, we stopped to rest and dine. Still the absentee lingered behind. At last, at the distance of a mile, he and his horse suddenly appeared, sharply defined against the sky on the summit of a hill, and, close behind, a huge white object rose slowly into view.

"What is that blockhead bringing with him now?"

A moment dispelled the mystery. Slowly and solemnly, one behind the other, four long trains of oxen and four emigrant wagons rolled over the crest of the hill and gravely descended, while R—— rode in state in the van. It seems that, during the process of shoeing the horse, the smothered dissensions among the emigrants suddenly broke into open rupture. Some insisted on pushing forward, some on remaining where they were, and some on going back. Kearsley, their captain, threw up his command in disgust. "And now, boys," said he, "if any of you are for going ahead, just you come along with me."

Four wagons, with ten men, one woman, and one small child, made up the force of the "go ahead" faction, and R——, with his usual proclivity toward mischief, invited them to join our party. Fear of the Indians—for I can conceive no other motive—must have induced him to court so burdensome an alliance. At all events, the proceeding was a cool one. The men who joined us, it is true, were all that could be desired; rude indeed in manners, but frank, manly, and intelligent. To tell them we could not travel with them was out of the question. I merely reminded Kearsley that, if his oxen could not keep up with our mules, he must expect to be left behind, as we could not consent to be further delayed on the journey; but he immediately replied that his oxen "*should* keep up; and if they couldn't, why, he allowed he'd find out how to make 'em."

On the next day, as it chanced, our English companions broke the axletree of their wagon, and down came the whole cumbrous machine lumbering into the bed of a brook. Here was a day's work cut out for us. Meanwhile our emigrant associates kept on their way, and so vigorously did they urge forward their powerful oxen, that, what with the broken axletree and

other mishaps, it was full a week before we overtook them; when at length we discovered them, one afternoon, crawling quietly along the sandy brink of the Platte. But meanwhile various incidents occurred to ourselves.

It was probable that at this stage of our journey the Pawnees would attempt to rob us. We began therefore to stand guard in turn, dividing the night into three watches, and appointing two men for each. Deslauriers and I held guard together. We did not march with military precision to and fro before the tents: our discipline was by no means so strict. We wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and sat down by the fire; and Deslauriers, combining his culinary functions with his duties as sentinel, employed himself in boiling the head of an antelope for our breakfast. Yet we were models of vigilance in comparison with some of the party; for the ordinary practice of the guard was to lay his rifle on the ground, and, enveloping his nose in his blanket, meditate on his mistress, or whatever subject best pleased him. This is all well enough when among Indians who do not habitually proceed further in their hostility than robbing travelers of their horses and mules, though, indeed, a Pawnee's forbearance is not always to be trusted; but in certain regions farther to the west the guard must beware how he exposes his person to the light of the fire, lest some keen-eyed skulking marksman should let fly a bullet or an arrow from the darkness.

Among various tales that circulated around our campfire was one told by Boisverd, and not inappropriate here. He was trapping with several companions on the skirts of the Blackfoot country. The man on guard, knowing that it behooved him to put forth his utmost precaution, kept aloof from the firelight, and sat watching intently on all sides. At length he was aware of a dark, crouching figure, stealing noiselessly into the circle of the light. He hastily cocked his rifle, but the sharp click of the lock caught the ear of the Blackfoot, whose senses were all on the alert. Raising his arrow, already fitted to the string, he shot it in the direction of the sound. So sure was his aim that he drove it through the throat of the unfortunate guard, and then, with a loud yell, bounded from the camp.

As I looked at the partner of my watch, puffing and blowing over his fire, it occurred to me that he might not prove the most efficient auxiliary in time of trouble.

"Deslauriers," said I, "would you run away if the Pawnees should fire at us?"

"Ah! oui, oui, monsieur!" he replied very decisively.

At this instant a whimsical variety of voices—barks, howls, yelps, and whines—all mingled together, sounded from the prairie, not far off, as if a conclave of wolves of every age and sex were assembled there. Deslauriers looked up from his work with a laugh, and began to imitate this medley of sounds with a ludicrous accuracy. At this they were repeated with redoubled emphasis, the musician being apparently indignant at the successful efforts of a rival. They all proceeded from the throat of one little wolf, not larger

than a spaniel, seated by himself at some distance. He was of the species called the prairie wolf: a grim-visaged but harmless little brute, whose worst propensity is creeping among horses and gnawing the ropes of raw hide by which they are picketed around the camp. Other beasts roam the prairies, far more formidable in aspect and in character. These are the large white and gray wolves, whose deep howl we heard at intervals from far and near.

At last I fell into a doze, and, awaking from it, found Deslauriers fast asleep. Scandalized by this breach of discipline, I was about to stimulate his vigilance by stirring him with the stock of my rifle; but, compassion prevailing, I determined to let him sleep a while, and then arouse him to administer a suitable reproof for such forgetfulness of duty. Now and then I walked the rounds among the silent horses, to see that all was right. The night was chill, damp, and dark, the dank grass bending under the icy dewdrops. At the distance of a rod or two the tents were invisible, and nothing could be seen but the obscure figures of the horses, deeply breathing, and restlessly starting as they slept, or still slowly champing the grass. Far off, beyond the black outline of the prairie, there was a ruddy light, gradually increasing, like the glow of a conflagration; until at length the broad disk of the moon, blood-red, and vastly magnified by the vapors, rose slowly upon the darkness, flecked by one or two little clouds; and, as the light poured over the gloomy plain, a fierce and stern howl, close at hand, seemed to greet it as an unwelcome intruder. There was something impressive and awful in the place and the hour; for I and the beasts were all that had consciousness for many a league around.

Some days elapsed, and brought us near the Platte. Two men on horseback approached us one morning, and we watched them with the curiosity and interest that, upon the solitude of the plains, such an encounter always excites. They were evidently whites, from their mode of riding, though, contrary to the usage of that region, neither of them carried a rifle.

"Fools!" remarked Henry Chatillon, "to ride that way on the prairie, Pawnee find them—then they catch it."

Pawnee *had* found them, and they had come very near "catching it"; indeed, nothing saved them but the approach of our party. Shaw and I knew one of them—a man named Turner, whom we had seen at Westport. He and his companion belonged to an emigrant party encamped a few miles in advance, and had returned to look for some stray oxen, leaving their rifles, with characteristic rashness or ignorance, behind them. Their neglect had nearly cost them dear; for, just before we came up, half a dozen Indians approached, and, seeing them apparently defenseless, one of the rascals seized the bridle of Turner's horse and ordered him to dismount. Turner was wholly unarmed; but the other jerked a pistol out of his pocket, at which the Pawnee recoiled; and just then, some of our men appearing in the distance, the whole party whipped their rugged little

horses and made off. In no way daunted, Turner foolishly persisted in going forward.

Long after leaving him, and late that afternoon, in the midst of a gloomy and barren prairie, we came suddenly upon the great trail of the Pawnees, leading from their villages on the Platte to their war and hunting grounds to the southward. Here every summer passes the motley concourse: thousands of savages, men, women, and children, horses and mules, laden with their weapons and implements, and an innumerable multitude of unruly wolfish dogs, who have not acquired the civilized accomplishment of barking, but howl like their wild cousins of the prairie.

The permanent winter villages of the Pawnees stand on the lower Platte, but throughout the summer the greater part of the inhabitants are wandering over the plains—a treacherous, cowardly banditti, who, by a thousand acts of pillage and murder, have deserved chastisement at the hands of government. Last year a Dakota warrior performed a notable exploit at one of these villages. He approached it alone, in the middle of a dark night, and, clambering up the outside of one of the lodges, which are in the form of a half sphere, looked in at the round hole made at the top for the escape of smoke. The dusky light from the embers showed him the forms of the sleeping inmates; and, dropping lightly through the opening, he unsheathed his knife, and, stirring the fire, coolly selected his victims. One by one, he stabbed and scalped them, when a child suddenly awoke and screamed. He rushed from the lodge, yelled a Sioux warcry, shouted his name in triumph and defiance, and darted out upon the dark prairie, leaving the whole village behind him in a tumult, with the howling and baying of dogs, the screams of women, and the yells of the enraged warriors.

Our friend Kearsley, as we learned on rejoining him, signalized himself by a less bloody achievement. He and his men were good woodsmen, well skilled in the use of the rifle, but found themselves wholly out of their element on the prairie. None of them had ever seen a buffalo; and they had very vague conceptions of his nature and appearance. On the day after they reached the Platte, looking towards a distant swell, they beheld a multitude of little black specks in motion upon its surface.

"Take your rifles, boys," said Kearsley, "and we'll have fresh meat for supper." This inducement was quite sufficient. The ten men left their wagons, and set out in hot haste, some on horseback and some on foot, in pursuit of the supposed buffalo. Meanwhile a high, grassy ridge shut the game from view; but, mounting it after half an hour's running and riding, they found themselves suddenly confronted by about thirty mounted Pawnees. Amazement and consternation were mutual. Having nothing but their bows and arrows, the Indians thought their hour was come, and the fate that they were conscious of richly deserving about to overtake them. So they began, one and all, to shout forth the most cordial salutations,

running up with extreme earnestness to shake hands with the Missourians, who were as much rejoiced as they were to escape the unexpected conflict.

A low, undulating line of sandhills bounded the horizon before us. That day we rode ten hours, and it was dusk before we entered the hollows and gorges of these gloomy little hills. At length we gained the summit, and the long-expected valley of the Platte lay before us. We all drew rein, and sat joyfully looking down upon the prospect. It was right welcome; strange, too, and striking to the imagination, and yet it had not one picturesque or beautiful feature; nor had it any of the features of grandeur, other than its vast extent, its solitude, and its wildness. For league after league, a plain as level as a lake was spread beneath us; here and there the Platte, divided into a dozen threadlike sluices, was traversing it, and an occasional clump of wood, rising in the midst like a shadowy island, relieved the monotony of the waste. No living thing was moving throughout the vast landscape, except the lizards that darted over the sand and through the rank grass and prickly pears at our feet.

We had passed the more tedious part of the journey; but four hundred miles still intervened between us and Fort Laramie; and to reach that point cost us the travel of three more weeks. During the whole of this time we were passing up the middle of a long, narrow, sandy plain, reaching like an outstretched belt nearly to the Rocky Mountains. Two lines of sandhills, broken often into the wildest and most fantastic forms, flanked the valley at the distance of a mile or two on the right and left; while beyond them lay a barren, trackless waste, extending for hundreds of miles to the Arkansas on the one side, and the Missouri on the other. Before and behind us, the level monotony of the plain was unbroken as far as the eye could reach. Sometimes it glared in the sun, an expanse of hot, bare sand; sometimes it was veiled by long coarse grass. Skulls and whitening bones of buffalo were scattered everywhere; the ground was tracked by myriads of them, and often covered with the circular indentations where the bulls had wallowed in the hot weather. From every gorge and ravine, opening from the hills, descended deep, well-worn paths, where the buffalo issue twice a day in regular procession to drink in the Platte. The river itself runs through the midst, a thin sheet of rapid, turbid water, half a mile wide, and scarcely two feet deep. Its low banks, for the most part without a bush or a tree, are of loose sand, with which the stream is so charged that it grates on the teeth in drinking. The naked landscape is, of itself, dreary and monotonous enough; and yet the wild beasts and wild men that frequent the valley of the Platte make it a scene of interest and excitement to the traveler. Of those who have journeyed there, scarcely one, perhaps, fails to look back with fond regret to his horse and rifle.

Early in the morning after we reached the Platte, a long procession of squalid savages approached our camp. Each was on foot, leading his horse by a rope of bullhide. His attire consisted merely of a scanty cincture and

an old buffalo robe, tattered and begrimed by use, which hung over his shoulders. His head was close-shaven, except a ridge of hair reaching over the crown from the middle of the forehead, very much like the long bristles on the back of a hyena, and he carried his bow and arrows in his hand, while his meager little horse was laden with dried buffalo meat, the produce of his hunting. Such were the first specimens that we met—and very indifferent ones they were—of the genuine savages of the prairie.

They were the Pawnees whom Kearsley had encountered the day before, and belonged to a large hunting party, known to be ranging the prairie in the vicinity. They strode rapidly by, within a furlong of our tents, not pausing or looking towards us, after the manner of Indians when meditating mischief, or conscious of ill desert. I went out to meet them, and had an amicable conference with the chief, presenting him with half a pound of tobacco, at which unmerited bounty he expressed much gratification. These fellows, or some of their companions, had committed a dastardly outrage upon an emigrant party in advance of us. Two men, at a distance from the rest, were seized by them, but, lashing their horses, they broke away and fled. At this the Pawnees raised the yell and shot at them, transfixing the hindmost through the back with several arrows, while his companion galloped away and brought in the news to his party. The panic-stricken emigrants remained for several days in camp, not daring even to send out in quest of the dead body.

Our New England climate is mild and equable compared with that of the Platte. This very morning, for instance, was close and sultry, the sun rising with a faint oppressive heat; when suddenly darkness gathered in the west, and a furious blast of sleet and hail drove full in our faces, icy cold, and urged with such demoniac vehemence that it felt like a storm of needles. It was curious to see the horses; they faced about in extreme displeasure, holding their tails like whipped dogs, and shivering as the angry gusts, howling louder than a concert of wolves, swept over us. Wright's long train of mules came sweeping round before the storm, like a flight of snowbirds driven by a winter tempest. Thus we all remained stationary for some minutes, crouching close to our horses' necks, much too surly to speak, though once the Captain looked up from between the collars of his coat, his face blood-red, and the muscles of his mouth contracted by the cold into a most ludicrous grin of agony. He grumbled something that sounded like a curse, directed, as we believed, against the unhappy hour when he had first thought of leaving home. The thing was too good to last long; and, the instant the puffs of wind subsided, we pitched our tents, and remained in camp for the rest of a gloomy and lowering day. The emigrants also encamped near at hand. We, being first on the ground, had appropriated all the wood within reach, so that our fire alone blazed cheerily. Around it soon gathered a group of uncouth figures, shivering in the drizzling rain. Conspicuous among them were two or three of the

half-savage men who spend their reckless lives in trapping among the Rocky Mountains, or in trading for the fur company in the Indian villages. They were all of Canadian extraction; their hard, weatherbeaten faces and bushy mustaches looked out from beneath the hoods of their white capotes with a bad and brutish expression, as if their owners might be the willing agents of any villainy. And such in fact is the character of many of these men.

On the day following we overtook Kearsley's wagons, and thenceforward, for a week or two, we were fellow-travelers. One good effect, at least, resulted from the alliance: it materially diminished the fatigues of standing guard, for the party being now more numerous, there were longer intervals between each man's turns of duty.

WILLIAM H. BREWER

California in the Sixties *

In camp at Los Angeles

December 7 [1860]

WELL, we are in camp. It is a cold rainy night, but I can hardly realize the fact that you at home are blowing your fingers in the cold, and possibly sleighing, while I am sitting here in a tent, without fire, and sleeping on the ground in blankets, and in this month. We are camped on a hill near the town, perhaps a mile distant, a pretty place.

Los Angeles is a city of some 3,500 or 4,000 inhabitants, nearly a century old, a regular old Spanish-Mexican town, built by the old *padres*, Catholic Spanish missionaries, before the American independence. The houses are but one story, mostly built of adobe or sunburnt brick, with very thick walls and flat roofs. They are so low because of earthquakes, and the style is Mexican. The inhabitants are a mixture of old Spanish, Indian, American, and German Jews; the last two have come in lately. The language of the natives is Spanish, and I have commenced learning it. The only thing they appear to excel in is riding, and certainly I have never seen such riders.

Here is a great plain, or rather a gentle slope, from the Pacific to the mountains. We are on this plain about twenty miles from the sea and fifteen from the mountains, a most lovely locality; all that is wanted naturally to make it a paradise is *water*, more *water*. Apples, pears, plums, figs, olives, lemons, oranges, and "the finest grapes in the world," so the books say, pears of two and a half pounds each, and such things in proportion. The weather is soft and balmy—no winter, but a perpetual spring and summer. Such is Los Angeles, a place where "every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

As we stand on a hill over the town, which lies at our feet, one of the loveliest views I ever saw is spread out. Over the level plain to the southwest lies the Pacific, blue in the distance; to the north are the mountains of the Sierra Santa Monica; to the south, beneath us, lies the picturesque town with its flat roofs, the fertile plain and vineyards stretching away to a great distance; to the east, in the distance, are some mountains without

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name, their sides abrupt and broken, while still above them stand the snow-covered peaks of San Bernardino. The effect of the pepper, fig, olive, and palms trees in the foreground, with the snow in the distance, is very unusual.

This is a most peculiar climate, a mingling of the temperate with the tropical. The date palm and another palm grow here, but do not fruit, while the olive, fig, orange, and lemon flourish well. The grapes are famous, and the wine of Los Angeles begins to be known even in Europe.

We got in camp on Tuesday, December 4. We had been invited to a ranch and vineyard about nine miles east, and went with a friend on Tuesday evening. It lies near San Gabriel Mission, on a most beautiful spot, I think even finer than this. Mr. Wilson, our host, uneducated, but a man of great force of character, is now worth a hundred or more thousand dollars and lives like a prince, only with less luxury. His wife is finely educated and refined, and his home to the visitor a little paradise. We were received with the greatest cordiality and were entertained with the greatest hospitality. A touch of the country and times was indicated by our rig—I was dressed in colored woolen shirt, with heavy navy revolver (loaded) and huge eight-inch bowie knife at my belt; my friend the same; and the clergyman who took us out in his carriage carried along his rifle—he said for game, yet owned that it was “best to have arms after dark.”

Here let me digress. This southern California is still unsettled. We all continually wear arms—each wears both bowie knife and pistol (navy revolver), while we have always, for game or otherwise, a Sharp's rifle, Sharp's carbine, and two double-barrel shotguns. Fifty to sixty murders per year have been common here in Los Angeles, and some think it odd that there has been no violent death during the two weeks that we have been here. Yet with our care there is no considerable danger, for as I write this there are at least six heavy loaded revolvers in the tent, besides bowie knives and other arms, so we anticipate no danger. I have been practicing with my revolver and am becoming expert.

Well, to return to my story, and to Mr. Wilson's. We found a fine family, with two lovely young ladies. The next day, Wednesday, December 5, we went up into the mountain, followed up a canyon (gorges are called *cañons* or canyons), and then separated. I climbed a hill 2,500 or more feet, very steep and rocky, gathered some plants, and had one of the most magnificent views of my life—the plain, and the ocean beyond. The girls went with us into the canyon, but did not climb higher. After our climb and a lunch, a ride of eight miles over the fields (for no fences obstruct the land) brought us back; then dinner and return here. We had a delightful time—I ought to say “we” were the field assistant Mr. Ashburner and I. We will try to visit them again when Professor Whitney comes.

It is cold, wet, and cheerless, so good night! Rain patters on the tent and dribbles within.

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In camp at Santa Barbara
Sunday, March 10, 1861

We came on here Thursday, March 7, arriving in the afternoon. The steamer was to leave that night for San Francisco, the only public communication with the outer world. I tried to make a raise and get some money from express agents, merchants, etc.—no go—so wrote on to Professor Whitney that we would wait here until either funds or he arrived. Friday we visited the mission, examined the foothills, etc. More of the mission anon.

Saturday, with Averill, I visited a hot spring about five miles from here. First a good road, past some pretty ranches, then up a wild ravine by such a path as you would all put down as entirely impassable to horses, but it was mere fun for our mules. They climbed the stones and logs, now between these boulders and now over this rock, as if it were their home. We found several copious springs, making together a fine brook, issuing from the rocks at the base of a very steep rocky mountain. This is just near the base of a rugged peak, at perhaps five hundred feet above the sea. The water was sulphury and had temperatures varying from 115 to 118 degrees Fahrenheit. In the states, or near a large city, it would be a fortune to some enterprising man. There is more timber here, as at Carpinteria, than we have seen south, along the streams and in the valleys.

Santa Barbara lies on the seashore, and until lately it was isolated from the rest of the world by high mountains. No wagon road or stage route ran into it from without, only mere trails or paths for horses over the mountains. For a few years they had had a mail once in two weeks by steamer from San Francisco—two mails per month was the only news of the world outside. But the Overland has been working the road—or the county has—and will run this way after the first of April. Here is a village of about 1,200 inhabitants. A wealthy mission formerly existed here, but, like all the rest, is now poor after the robbery by the Mexican government. I have not seen before in America, except at Panama, such extensive ruins.

The mission was founded about the time of the American Revolution—the locality was beautiful, water good and abundant. A fine church and ecclesiastical buildings were built, and a town sprang up around. The slope beneath was all irrigated and under high cultivation—vineyards, gardens, fields, fountains, once embellished that lovely slope. Now all is changed. The church is in good preservation, with the monastery longside—all else is ruined.

It was with a feeling of much sadness that I rode through the old town. Here were whole streets of buildings, built of adobes, their roofs gone, their walls tumbling, squirrels burrowing in them—all now desolate, ruined, deserted. Grass grows in the old streets, and cattle feed in the gardens. Extensive yards (corrals) built with stone walls, high and solid, stand without cattle. The old threshing floor is ruined, the weeds growing over its old

pavement. The palm trees are dead, and the olive and fig trees are dilapidated and broken.

We went into the church—a fine old building, about 150 feet long (inside), 30 wide, and 40 high, with two towers, and a monastery, sacristy, etc., 250 feet long at one side, with long corridors and stone pillars and small windows and tile roofs. The interior of the church was striking and picturesque. Its walls were painted by the Indians who built it. The cornice and ornaments on the ceiling were picturesque indeed—the colors bright and the designs a sort of cross between arabesques, Greek cornice, and Indian designs, yet the effect was pretty. The light streamed in through the small windows in the thick walls, lighting up the room. The floor was of cement. The sides and ceiling were plastered with the usual accompaniment of old pictures, shrines, images, altar, etc. The pictures were dingy with age, the tinsel and gilt of the images dull and tarnished by time and neglect. Some of the pictures were of considerable merit; such were two, one of the Crucifixion and another of the Conception.

On either side of the door, beneath the choir, were two old Mexican paintings: one of martyrs calm and resigned in fire; the other, the damned in hell. The latter showed a lurid furnace of fire, the victims, held in by iron bars, tormented by devils of every kind. In front was the drunkard with empty glass in his hand, a devil with the head of a hog pouring liquid fire upon him from a bottle. The gambler, ready to clutch the money and the cards, was held back by a demon no less ugly. An old bald-headed man stood with a fighting cock in his hand, but tormented now. A woman had a serpent twined about her and feeding upon her breast; another was stung by scorpions.

Although the picture attracted the attention and imagination, it had none of the merits of Rubens' *Descent of the Damned*. The victims had not that expression of remorse and anguish which he could paint so well, nor the demons that fiendish diabolical expression he conceived and expressed.

The same was true of another picture of Judgment Day, the separation of the just from the unjust—an elaborate work of the imagination, but not good as a work of art. Much better was a picture of the Virgin with broken scales of justice in her hand, an angel on each side pointing and directing the penitents at her feet to her look and mercy.

There were old tombs beneath the church, and a churchyard by the side. A few monks still occupy the place and preserve the church and monastery from utter ruin. They were kind to us. I got much information from the old *padre*, nearly seventy years old, a fine old benevolent-looking man, who had known the mission in the days of its prosperity and who could tell of wildernesses reclaimed and works of art erected, of savages converted and taught the arts of civilized life, and of heathen embracing the gospel. One of the monks, an Irishman, with the strongest Celtic features, showed us through the building, took us up into the towers, where we had a good

view of the mission and its ruins, the scene of its former greatness and present desolation.

Up the canyon two or three miles a strong cement dam had been built, whence the water was brought down to the mission in an aqueduct made of stone and cement, still in good repair. Near the mission it flows into two large tanks or cisterns, reservoirs I ought to call them, built of masonry and cement, substantial and fine. These fed a mill where grain was ground, and ran in pipes to supply the fountains in front of the church and in the gardens, and thence to irrigate the cultivated slope beneath. But all now is in ruin—the fountains dry, the pipes broken, weeds growing in the cisterns and basins. The bears from whose mouths the water flowed are broken, and weeds and squirrels are again striving to obtain mastery as in years long before.

I find it hard to realize that I am in America—in the *United States*, the young and vigorous republic as we call her—when I see these ruins. They carry me back again to the Old World with its decline and decay, with its histories of war and blood and strife and desolation, with its conflict of religions and races.

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Yosemite Valley

June 21, 1863

Saturday, May 30, I rode to Knight's Ferry, thirty-eight miles, crossing the Merced and Tuolumne rivers, both streams muddy from mining operations. Knight's Ferry is quite a pretty mining town, on the Stanislaus, and there is a fine bridge over the river. Sunday, May 31, I rode to Columbia, most of the way near Table Mountain, which forms the great feature of the landscape, its crest level, or with a low slope toward the plain, its top of bare rock, its sides steep, often in cliffs near the top.

Monday, June 1, I stayed all day at the quiet little place of Columbia, a very pretty mining town, entirely unlike anything in the East. It grew up at a rich placer region. Ditches sixty miles long bring water to wash the gold and irrigate the gardens. The gold has been mostly washed out, many miners have left, so many houses are empty of inhabitants. Many of the houses are embowered with climbing roses, now in full bloom, and the place is lovely. The underlying rock is limestone, which is worn very rough—knobs, poles, pinnacles, thirty feet high—once all filled in with soil, making a level flat. Here were rich placers, and much of the soil has been removed, leaving these ragged rocks bare. The effect is very peculiar.

Here our plans were formed for a trip across the mountains to Aurora, via Yosemite. Hoffmann is sent to Clayton for more animals, and in the meantime Professor Whitney and I will visit certain silver mines three days' ride distant. Accordingly, on June 2, we left Columbia and went to Murphy's by a very picturesque road, crossing the Stanislaus where it

flows in a valley a thousand feet deep. At Murphy's we met Mrs. Whitney, and Professor Whitney heard of the severe sickness of a sister in San Francisco, so he dared not go on—so I rode to the Big Trees, the celebrated Calaveras Grove, fifteen miles from Murphy's.

There is a fine stage road over the hills, abounding in rather picturesque views. The way is mostly through an open forest, and there is nothing to indicate the near presence of any such vegetable wonders—one is even inclined to doubt the truth of the guideboard which proclaims " $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the Big Trees." One sees nothing to indicate any such thing until, crossing a little hill, one enters the valley and the grove. The first two trees, the "Sentinels," stand one on each side of the road, like two faithful sentinels, truly, and huge ones they are.

There are about ninety trees of this species in this grove, which is in a valley, sheltered from the winds. The prevailing trees are sugar pine, pitch pine, false cedar (called here *arbor vitae*), Douglas spruce, and silver fir—all of which grow to a large size, often over two hundred feet high and ten feet in diameter, so the "big trees" always disappoint the visitor. They do not seem as large as they really are, but on acquaintance they grow on the mind, so that in a day or two they can be appreciated in all of their gigantic proportions. I measured over a dozen and found that the measurements popularly given are about correct. I will give the circumferences at three feet from the ground of some that I measured: Pride of the forest, 60 feet; another, 65; Pioneer's Cabin, 74; General Scott, 51; Mother and Son, 82; Old Bachelor, 62; Empire State, 67; and so on. Many of them are over three hundred feet high.

The largest trees have fallen. The "Father of the Forest" is prostrate—it is said to be 116 feet around it—it was probably 400 feet high, although it is generally estimated that it was 450 feet high. It is burned in two, affording a fine opportunity to measure it in places. At 195 feet from the base the wood is 9 feet 9 inches in diameter inside of the bark! These measurements I made myself.

One gets the best idea from a prostrate tree. It lies like a wall fifteen to twenty feet high—a carriage might be driven on the trunk. One prostrate tree was hollow; it had burned out, and the cavity was large enough for a man to ride through eighty feet of the trunk on horseback! This was called the "Horseback Ride." Only three days before I arrived it split in pieces and caved in. No one will ride through it again. A man rode through three days before, and his horse tracks were fresh on the inside when I arrived.

A tree was felled a few years ago. It took four men twenty-seven days to get it down. It was cut off by boring into it with long augurs. This tree lies there still. The stump is six feet high and about twenty-four feet in diameter inside of the bark. A house is built over the stump to protect it. Stairs of twenty-seven steps carry one up on the prostrate trunk. At thirty feet from the base the diameter is considerably less, or only some thirteen

and a half feet. The wood is perfectly sound to the very center. Professor Whitney carefully counted the annual rings four times over at this place (thirty feet from the base) and found the tree there 1,255 years old. It is remarkable that the wood should be sound that was already over eight hundred years old when Columbus set out on his voyage of discovery. The wood is much like red cedar in color and texture, only coarser, and is very brittle.

There is a fine hotel there, well kept, and it is a most charming place to visit. I stayed two days, with barometer, and found the height to be 4,800 feet above the sea. The bark of some of the larger trees is two feet thick; it has been measured *over* two feet. There has been much error written about these trees—that there were no young trees, etc. There are trees of all ages and sizes. Six or seven groves are now known, all large, all in valleys at altitudes of 4,500 to 6,000 feet. Large quantities of seeds have been sent to Europe, and one nursery in England has over 200,000 young trees. Probably more groves will be found in this state.

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San Francisco, California

December 27 [1863]

San Francisco is not only the metropolis of the state, but in reality the most prosperous portion, growing the fastest, and the growth being healthy. Most of the interior towns of the state are at best growing but very slowly, and a large majority are actually decreasing in population. In fact, the state is. This will surprise you, but it is true, and arises from several causes.

First, the newly discovered mineral regions in Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, and Colorado get most of their roving, adventurous population from this state, where there are tens of thousands who have long hoped in vain to get suddenly rich, who have no ties to bind them to any spot, who love adventure and pursue it to each new region. This class, ever on the move, has furnished not less than 150,000 men to these other new regions, and the state is the loser in point of population. These all come from the mines, and the mining towns, as a consequence, decline as the placers become poorer and the population leaves.

Next, there is an enormous preponderance of males in the population—in some counties there are, on the average, eight men to one woman! Even in this city there are 20,000 more men than women. As a consequence, the natural increase of the population is far less than in a population normally constituted. The women, what there are of them, are prolific and fruitful to a satisfactory degree—there is no complaint on that score—it is their lack of numbers from which the population suffers.

These are the two principal causes that check the increase of population. Another, but smaller, cause is found in the men who have made some money and return east to enjoy it.

But these causes, which have been at work at large in the state, have not checked San Francisco. *Its* growth has been rapid; it has grown as if by magic. Fifteen years ago two or three ranch houses and barren sandhills marked the spot; today it is a city of over 100,000 inhabitants, and growing fast.

Since I arrived here three years ago, building has been going on at an almost incredible rate. I live now in a fine, large boardinghouse, with stores under it, on a growing and fashionable street. When I arrived, streets were laid out there, through barren sandhills, with here and there a sort of shell of a house standing.

The first day of last January the first street-railroad car started. There was, indeed, a sort of street railroad to the Mission Dolores, three miles distant, but not regular streetcars. Today they run through all the streets, some of them running over three miles—there must be over a dozen miles of street railroads in active operation.

Here is a healthy climate. When the interior is scorching with intense heat in summer, this is cool with sea breezes. When, in winter, fathomless mud abounds in the interior, here are more pleasant days than elsewhere. Everyone who can lives here, at least a part of the year, and miners, when out of work or full of dust, come here to spend their money and enjoy themselves.

This is not only the great seaport of the state, but of the western coast of America—there is not another *good* harbor between Cape Horn and the Bering Straits, and this is not only a good one, but one of the very finest in the world—so this place must ever be of necessity the commercial metropolis of the Pacific—the New York of an immense region, not only of this state, but the center of commerce for the whole coast—all parts must pay tribute to it. Capitalists, seeing this, invest their money here. They make it elsewhere in the state, perhaps—in mines or trade—but invest it here. Huge buildings have gone up this year, built with money made in Washoe, but invested here.

The place is in such easy communication by bay, rivers, and coast, to most of the rest of the state, and is so easy of access, that it is gradually absorbing the trade of the smaller interior towns, and it fattens on their decay. All these and other causes make the city what it is, and lead to such bright hopes of the future.

A part of the city is scattered over steep hills, but most of it is built on sand flats that stretch along the bay or are built out into it. The location is lovely. A range of hills six or eight miles wide separates us from the ocean. The city fronts east, and across the bay, which is here about six or seven miles wide, little villages are growing up. Oakland is the largest, and grows as Brooklyn does, only it is farther off and grows slower. A new railroad has just been opened along the west side of the bay to San Jose, fifty-six miles distant.

The city abounds in fine mansions, substantial buildings, palatial hotels, and all the accompaniments of a large city—the only thing strange is that it has grown in fifteen years.

It is the best-governed city in the United States—there is less rowdyism than in any other city I know of in America. This will surprise you. Previous to 1856 it was terrible—its fame for murder and robbery and violence spread over the world. It was even vastly worse governed than New York, by the vilest of all politicians. They held the elections, and by election frauds, double ballot boxes, etc., legally kept the power. Robbers were policemen, and murderers were judges. The life of any respectable man who dared raise his voice against the iniquities of officers was endangered, and from the corruptions of the courts there was no redress. The most prominent citizens were shot in the streets.

At last the people rose in their might and formed the celebrated Vigilance Committee. This was composed of the best and most prominent citizens, who usurped the government, chose leaders, made courts, tried and executed or banished criminals, and enforced decrees with the bayonet and revolver. At the tap of the alarm bell all stores were closed, and ten thousand armed men were in the ranks to enforce justice, though not law. They publicly hung a few of the worse offenders and banished many of the less prominent ones. They held control of the city until election, when decent officers were elected. They appointed a committee to nominate officers for the government of the city—the ticket called the Citizens' Ticket or People's Ticket, the nominees being chosen from *both* political parties. No man of this committee could hold office. This goes on still. The committee is changed yearly, the old ones nominating a new committee, all of businessmen, and they cannot nominate one of their own number to any office. How unlike the caucuses of the roughs in eastern cities.

Well, from that time the city has been well governed; roughs have tried to get the upper hand once or twice but have been most overwhelmingly defeated. Once, indeed, three or four men were nominated by the committee itself who were not good; an independent meeting was called, a new ticket was made out on which the regular nominees were retained if they were decent men, but rejected if not, and it carried the city. So much for the city government—it is not perfect, but compared with New York City it is as far ahead of that, as that is ahead of the Fiji Islands.

We will bid adieu to the year 1863, thankful for its mercies and penitent for its sins—and look with hope toward the new year which approaches. I have traveled 4,243 miles this year, making a total in the state, since I came, of: horseback (or mule), 6,560 miles; on foot, 2,772; public conveyance, 4,175—a total of 13,507 miles, or enough to reach more than halfway around the earth.

MARK TWAIN

New England Weather *

GENTLEMEN: I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England—but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do, in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and

* Reprinted from the *Seventy-First Anniversary Celebration of the New England Society in the City of New York at Delmonico's*, Dec. 22, 1876 (New York, 1876).

thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what today's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down south, in the middle states, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then—see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probable nor'east to sou'west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it: you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing! When it strikes a thing, it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there.

And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ashbarrel.

Now, as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring states. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New

England weather; no language could do it justice. But, after all, there are at least one or two things about the weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but, when the ice storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"

MARK TWAIN

Piloting on the Mississippi *

IN MY preceding chapters I have tried, by going into the minutiae of the science of piloting, to carry the reader step by step to a comprehension of what the science consists of; and at the same time I have tried to show him that it is a very curious and wonderful science, too, and very worthy of his attention. If I have seemed to love my subject, it is no surprising thing, for I loved the profession far better than any I have followed since, and I took a measureless pride in it. The reason is plain: a pilot, in those days, was the only unfettered and entirely independent human being that lived in the earth. Kings are but the hampered servants of parliament and people; parliaments sit in chains forged by their constituency; the editor of a newspaper cannot be independent, but must work with one hand tied behind him by party and patrons, and be content to utter only half or two thirds of his mind; no clergyman is a free man and may speak the whole truth, regardless of his parish's opinions; writers of all kinds are manacled servants of the public. We write frankly and fearlessly, but then we "modify" before we print. In truth, every man and woman and child has a master, and worries and frets in servitude; but, in the day I write of, the Mississippi pilot had *none*. The captain could stand upon the hurricane deck, in the pomp of a very brief authority, and give him five or six orders while the vessel backed into the stream, and then that skipper's reign was over. The moment that the boat was under way in the river, she was under the sole and unquestioned control of the pilot. He could do with her exactly as he pleased, run her when and whither he chose, and tie her up to the bank whenever his judgment said that that course was best. His movements were entirely free; he consulted no one, he received commands from nobody, he promptly resented even the merest suggestions. Indeed, the law of the United States forbade him to listen to commands or suggestions, rightly considering that the pilot necessarily knew better how to handle the boat than anybody could tell him. So here was the novelty of a king without a keeper, an absolute monarch who was absolute in sober truth and not by a fiction of words. I have seen a boy of eighteen taking a great steamer serenely into what seemed almost certain destruction, and the aged captain standing mutely by, filled with apprehension but powerless to interfere. His interference, in that par-

* Reprinted from *Life on the Mississippi* (Boston, 1883), Chapter XIV.

ticular instance, might have been an excellent thing, but to permit it would have been to establish a most pernicious precedent. It will easily be guessed, considering the pilot's boundless authority, that he was a great personage in the old steamboating days. He was treated with marked courtesy by the captain and with marked deference by all the officers and servants; and this deferential spirit was quickly communicated to the passengers, too. I think pilots were about the only people I ever knew who failed to show, in some degree, embarrassment in the presence of traveling foreign princes. But then, people in one's own grade of life are not usually embarrassing objects.

By long habit, pilots came to put all their wishes in the form of commands. It "gravels" me, to this day, to put my will in the weak shape of a request, instead of launching it in the crisp language of an order.

In those old days, to load a steamboat at St. Louis, take her to New Orleans and back, and discharge cargo, consumed about twenty-five days, on an average. Seven or eight of these days the boat spent at the wharves of St. Louis and New Orleans, and every soul on board was hard at work, except the two pilots; *they* did nothing but play gentleman uptown, and receive the same wages for it as if they had been on duty. The moment the boat touched the wharf at either city, they were ashore; and they were not likely to be seen again till the last bell was ringing and everything in readiness for another voyage.

When a captain got hold of a pilot of particularly high reputation, he took pains to keep him. When wages were four hundred dollars a month on the upper Mississippi, I have known a captain to keep such a pilot in idleness, under full pay, three months at a time, while the river was frozen up. And one must remember that in those cheap times four hundred dollars was a salary of almost inconceivable splendor. Few men on shore got such pay as that, and when they did they were mightily looked up to. When pilots from either end of the river wandered into our small Missouri village, they were sought by the best and the fairest, and treated with exalted respect. Lying in port under wages was a thing which many pilots greatly enjoyed and appreciated; especially if they belonged in the Missouri River in the heyday of that trade (Kansas times), and got nine hundred dollars a trip, which was equivalent to about eighteen hundred dollars a month. Here is a conversation of that day. A chap out of the Illinois River, with a little stern-wheel tub, accosts a couple of ornate and gilded Missouri River pilots:

"Gentlemen, I've got a pretty good trip for the up-country, and shall want you about a month. How much will it be?"

"Eighteen hundred dollars apiece."

"Heavens and earth! You take my boat, let me have your wages, and I'll divide!"

I will remark, in passing, that Mississippi steamboatmen were important in landmen's eyes (and in their own, too, in a degree) according to the

dignity of the boat they were on. For instance, it was a proud thing to be of the crew of such stately craft as the *Aleck Scott* or the *Grand Turk*. Negro firemen, deck-hands, and barbers belonging to those boats were distinguished personages in their grade of life, and they were well aware of that fact, too. A stalwart darky once gave offense at a Negro ball in New Orleans by putting on a good many airs. Finally one of the managers hustled up to him and said:

"Who *is* you, anyway? Who *is* you? dat's what *I* wants to know!"

The offender was not disconcerted in the least, but swelled himself up and threw that into his voice which showed that he knew he was not putting on all those airs on a stinted capital.

"Who *is* I? Who *is* I? I let you know mighty quick who I is! I want you niggers to understan' dat I fires de middle do' on de *Aleck Scott*!"

That was sufficient.

The barber of the *Grand Turk* was a spruce young Negro, who aired his importance with balmy complacency, and was greatly courted by the circle in which he moved. The young colored population of New Orleans were much given to flirting, at twilight, on the banquettes of the back streets. Somebody saw and heard something like the following, one evening, in one of those localities. A middle-aged Negro woman projected her head through a broken pane and shouted (very willing that the neighbors should hear and envy): "You, Mary Ann, come in de house dis minute! Stannin' out dah foolin' 'long wid dat low trash, an' heah's de barber off'n de *Gran' Turk* wants to converse wid you!"

My reference, a moment ago, to the fact that a pilot's peculiar official position placed him out of the reach of criticism or command brings Stephen W. naturally to my mind. He was a gifted pilot, a good fellow, a tireless talker, and had both wit and humor in him. He had a most irreverent independence, too, and was deliciously easygoing and comfortable in the presence of age, official dignity, and even the most august wealth. He always had work, he never saved a penny, he was a most persuasive borrower, he was in debt to every pilot on the river, and to the majority of the captains. He could throw a sort of splendor around a bit of harum-scarum, devil-may-care piloting, that made it almost fascinating—but not to everybody. He made a trip with good old Captain Y. once, and was "relieved" from duty when the boat got to New Orleans. Somebody expressed surprise at the discharge. Captain Y. shuddered at the mere mention of Stephen. Then his poor, thin old voice piped out something like this:

"Why, bless me! I wouldn't have such a wild creature on my boat for the world—not for the whole world! He swears, he sings, he whistles, he yells—I never saw such an Injun to yell. All times of the night—it never made any difference to him. He would just yell that way, not for anything in particular, but merely on account of a kind of devilish comfort he got out of it. I never could get into a sound sleep but he would fetch me out

of bed, all in a cold sweat, with one of those dreadful war-whoops. A queer being—very queer being; no respect for anything or anybody. Sometimes he called me 'Johnny.' And he kept a fiddle and a cat. He played execrably. This seemed to distress the cat, and so the cat would howl. Nobody could sleep where that man—and his family—was. And reckless? There never was anything like it. Now you may believe it or not, but as sure as I am sitting here, he brought my boat a-tilting down through those awful snags at Chicot under a rattling head of steam, and the wind a-blowing like the very nation, at that! My officers will tell you so. They saw it. And, sir, while he was a-tearing right down through those snags, and I a-shaking in my shoes and praying, I wish I may never speak again if he didn't pucker up his mouth and go to *whistling*! Yes, sir; whistling 'Buffalo gals, can't you come out tonight, can't you come out tonight, can't you come out tonight'; and doing it as calmly as if we were attending a funeral and weren't related to the corpse. And when I remonstrated with him about it, he smiled down on me as if I was his child, and told me to run in the house and try to be good, and not be meddling with my superiors!"¹

Once a pretty mean captain caught Stephen in New Orleans out of work and as usual out of money. He laid steady siege to Stephen, who was in a very "close place," and finally persuaded him to hire with him at one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, just half wages, the captain agreeing not to divulge the secret and so bring down the contempt of all the guild upon the poor fellow. But the boat was not more than a day out of New Orleans before Stephen discovered that the captain was boasting of his exploit, and that all the officers had been told. Stephen winced, but said nothing. About the middle of the afternoon the captain stepped out on the hurricane deck, cast his eye around, and looked a good deal surprised. He glanced inquiringly aloft at Stephen, but Stephen was whistling placidly and attending to business. The captain stood around awhile in evident discomfort, and once or twice seemed about to make a suggestion; but the etiquette of the river taught him to avoid that sort of rashness, and so he managed to hold his peace. He chafed and puzzled a few minutes longer, then retired to his apartments. But soon he was out again, and apparently more perplexed than ever. Presently he ventured to remark, with deference:

"Pretty good stage of the river now, ain't it, sir?"

"Well, I should say so! Bank-full is a pretty liberal stage."

"Seems to be a good deal of current here."

"Good deal don't describe it! It's worse than a millrace."

"Isn't it easier in toward shore than it is out here in the middle?"

"Yes, I reckon it is; but a body can't be too careful with a steamboat. It's pretty safe out here; can't strike any bottom here, you can depend on that."

The captain departed, looking rueful enough. At this rate, he would

¹ Considering a captain's ostentatious but hollow chieftainship, and a pilot's real authority, there was something impudently apt and happy about that way of phrasing it.

probably die of old age before his boat got to St. Louis. Next day he appeared on deck and again found Stephen faithfully standing up the middle of the river, fighting the whole vast force of the Mississippi, and whistling the same placid tune. This thing was becoming serious. In by the shore was a slower boat clipping along in the easy water and gaining steadily; she began to make for an island chute; Stephen stuck to the middle of the river. Speech was *wrung* from the captain. He said:

"Mr. W., don't that chute cut off a good deal of distance?"

"I think it does, but I don't know."

"Don't know! Well, isn't there water enough in it now to go through?"

"I expect there is, but I am not certain."

"Upon my word this is odd! Why, those pilots on that boat yonder are going to try it. Do you mean to say that you don't know as much as they do?"

"*They!* Why, *they* are two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pilots! But don't you be uneasy; I know as much as any man can afford to know for a hundred and twenty-five!"

The captain surrendered.

Five minutes later Stephen was bowling through the chute and showing the rival boat a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar pair of heels.

CARL BECKER

Kansas *

SOME years ago, in a New England college town, when I informed one of my New England friends that I was preparing to go to Kansas, he replied rather blankly, "Kansas?! Oh." The amenities of casual intercourse demanded a reply, certainly, but from the point of view of my New England friend I suppose there was really nothing more to say; and, in fact, standing there under the peaceful New England elms, Kansas did seem tolerably remote. Some months later I rode out of Kansas City and entered for the first time what I had always pictured as the land of grasshoppers, of arid drought, and barren social experimentation. In the seat just ahead were two young women, girls rather, whom I afterwards saw at the university. As we left the dreary yards behind, and entered the half-open country along the Kansas River, one of the pair, breaking abruptly away from the ceaseless chatter that had hitherto engrossed them both, began looking out of the car window. Her attention seemed fixed, for perhaps a quarter of an hour, upon something in the scene outside—the fields of corn, or it may have been the sunflowers that lined the track; but at last, turning to her companion with the contented sigh of a returning exile, she said, "*Dear old Kansas!*" The expression somehow recalled my New England friend. I wondered vaguely, as I was sure he would have done, why anyone should feel moved to say "*Dear old Kansas!*" I had supposed that Kansas, even more than Italy, was only a geographical expression. But not so. Not infrequently, since then, I have heard the same expression—not always from emotional young girls. To understand why people say "*Dear old Kansas!*" is to understand that Kansas is no mere geographical expression, but a "state of mind," a religion, and a philosophy in one.

The difference between the expression of my staid New England friend and that of the enthusiastic young Kansan is perhaps symbolical, in certain respects, of the difference between those who remain at home and those who, in successive generations, venture into the unknown "West"—New England or Kansas—wherever it may be. In the seventeenth century there was doubtless no lack of Englishmen—prelates, for example, in lawn sleeves, comfortably buttressed about by tithes and the Thirty-nine Articles—who might have indicated their point of view quite fully by re-

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marking, "New England? Oh." Whether any New Englander of that day ever went so far as to say "Dear old New England" I do not know. But that the sentiment was there, furnishing fuel for the inner light, is past question. Nowadays the superiority of New England is taken for granted, I believe, by the people who live there; but in the seventeenth century, when its inhabitants were mere frontiersmen, they were given, much as Kansans are said to be now, to boasting—alas! even of the climate. In 1629, Mr. Higginson, a reverend gentleman, informed his friends back in England that "The temper of the air of New England is one special thing that commends this place. Experience doth manifest that there is hardly a more healthful place to be found in the world that agreeth better with our English bodies. Many that have been weak and sickly in old England, by coming hither have been thoroughly healed and grown healthful strong. For here is a most extraordinary clear and dry air that is of a most healing nature to all such as are of a cold, melancholy, phlegmatic, rheumatic temper of body. . . . And therefore I think it a wise course for all cold complexions to come to take physic in New England; for a sup of New England air is better than a whole draft of old England's ale." Now we who live in Kansas know well that its climate is superior to any other in the world, and that it enables one, more readily than any other, to dispense with the use of ale.

There are those who will tell us, and have indeed often told us, with a formidable array of statistics, that Kansas is inhabited only in small part by New Englanders, and that it is therefore fanciful in the extreme to think of it as representing Puritanism transplanted. It is true, the people of Kansas came mainly from "the Middle West"—from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Kentucky, and Missouri. But for our purpose the fact is of little importance, for it is the ideals of a people rather than the geography they have outgrown that determine their destiny; and in Kansas, as has been well said, "it is the ideas of the Pilgrims, not their descendants, that have had dominion in the young commonwealth." Ideas, sometimes, as well as the star of empire, move westward, and so it happens that Kansas is more Puritan than New England of today. It is akin to New England of early days. It is what New England, old England itself, once was—the frontier, an ever-changing spot where dwell the courageous who defy fate and conquer circumstance.

For the frontier is more than a matter of location, and Puritanism is itself a kind of frontier. There is an intellectual "West" as well as a territorial "West." Both are heresies, the one as much subject to the scorn of the judicious as the other. Broad classifications of people are easily made and are usually inaccurate; but they are convenient for taking a large view, and it may be worth while to think, for the moment, of two kinds of people—those who like the sheltered life, and those who cannot endure it, those who think the world as they know it is well enough, and those

who dream of something better, or, at any rate, something different. From age to age society builds its shelters of various sorts—accumulated traditions, religious creeds, political institutions, and intellectual conceptions, cultivated and well-kept farms, well-built and orderly cities—providing a monotonous and comfortable life that tends always to harden into conventional forms resisting change. With all this the homekeeping and timid are well content. They sit in accustomed corners, disturbed by no fortuitous circumstance. But there are those others who are forever tugging at the leashes of ordered life, eager to venture into the unknown. Forsaking beaten paths, they plunge into the wilderness. They must be always on the frontier of human endeavor, submitting what is old and accepted to conditions that are new and untried. The frontier is thus the seed plot where new forms of life, whether of institutions or types of thought, are germinated, the condition of all progress being in a sense a return to the primitive.

Now, generally speaking, the men who make the world's frontiers, whether in religion or politics, science, or geographical exploration and territorial settlement, have certain essential and distinguishing qualities. They are primarily men of faith. Having faith in themselves, they are individualists. They are idealists because they have faith in the universe, being confident that somehow everything is right at the center of things; they give hostage to the future, are ever inventing God anew, and must be always transforming the world into their ideal of it. They have faith in humanity and in the perfectibility of man, are likely, therefore, to be believers in equality, reformers, intolerant, aiming always to level others up to their own high vantage. These qualities are not only Puritanism transplanted, but Americanism transplanted. In the individualism, the idealism, the belief in equality that prevail in Kansas, we shall therefore see nothing strangely new, but simply a new graft of familiar American traits. But, as Kansas is a community with a peculiar and distinctive experience, there is something peculiar and distinctive about the individualism, the idealism, and the belief in equality of its people. If we can get at this something peculiar and distinctive, it will be possible to understand why the sight of sunflowers growing beside a railroad track may call forth the fervid expression "Dear old Kansas."

Individualism is everywhere characteristic of the frontier, and in America where the geographical frontier has hitherto played so predominant a part, a peculiarly marked type of individualism is one of the most obvious traits of the people. "To the frontier," Professor Turner has said, "the American intellect owes its striking characteristics. That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless nervous

energy; that dominant individualism, working for good and for evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance that comes from freedom." On the frontier, where everything is done by the individual and nothing by organized society, initiative, resourcefulness, quick, confident, and sure judgment are the essential qualities for success. But, as the problems of the frontier are rather restricted and definite, those who succeed there have necessarily much the same kind of initiative and resourcefulness, and their judgment will be sure only in respect to the problems that are familiar to all. It thus happens that the type of individualism produced on the frontier and predominant in America has this peculiarity, that, while the sense of freedom is strong, there is nevertheless a certain uniformity in respect to ability, habit, and point of view. The frontier develops strong individuals, but it develops individuals of a particular type, all being after much the same pattern. The individualism of the frontier is one of achievement, not of eccentricity, an individualism of fact rising from a sense of power to overcome obstacles, rather than one of theory growing out of weakness in the face of oppression. It is not because he fears governmental activity, but because he has so often had to dispense with it, that the American is an individualist. Altogether averse from hesitancy, doubt, speculative or introspective tendencies, the frontiersman is a man of faith: of faith, not so much in some external power, as in himself, in his luck, his destiny; faith in the possibility of achieving whatever is necessary or he desires. It is this marked self-reliance that gives to Americans their tremendous power of initiative; but the absence of deep-seated differences gives to them an equally tremendous power of concerted social action.

The confident individualism of those who achieve through endurance is a striking trait of the people of Kansas. There, indeed, the trait has in it an element of exaggeration, arising from the fact that whatever has been achieved in Kansas has been achieved under great difficulties. Kansans have been subjected, not only to the ordinary hardships of the frontier, but to a succession of reverses and disasters that could be survived only by those for whom defeat is worse than death, who cannot fail because they cannot surrender. To the border wars succeeded hot winds, droughts, grasshoppers; and to the disasters of nature succeeded in turn the scourge of man, in the form of "mortgage fiends" and a contracting currency. Until 1895 the whole history of the state was a series of disasters, and always something new, extreme, bizarre, until the name Kansas became a byword, a synonym for the impossible and the ridiculous, inviting laughter, furnishing occasion for jest and hilarity. "In God we trusted, in Kansas we busted" because a favorite motto of emigrants, worn out with the struggle, returning to more hospitable climes; and for many years it expressed well enough the popular opinion of that fated land.

Yet there were some who never gave up. They stuck it out. They en-

dured all that even Kansas could inflict. They kept the faith, and they are to be pardoned perhaps if they therefore feel that henceforth there is laid ~~up for them a crown of glory~~. Those who remained in Kansas from 1875 to 1895 must have originally possessed staying qualities of no ordinary sort, qualities which the experience of those years could only accentuate. And, as success has at last rewarded their efforts, there has come, too, a certain pride, an exuberance, a feeling of superiority that accompany a victory long delayed and hardly won. The result has been to give a peculiar flavor to the Kansas spirit of individualism. With Kansas history back of him, the true Kansan feels that nothing is *too much* for him. How shall he be afraid of any danger, or hesitate at any obstacle, having succeeded where failure was not only human, but almost honorable? Having conquered Kansas, ~~he knows well that there are no worse worlds to conquer~~. The Kansas spirit is therefore one that finds something exhilarating in the challenge of an extreme difficulty. "No one," says St. Augustine, "loves what he endures, though he may love to endure." With Kansans it is particularly a point of pride to suffer easily the stings of fortune, and, if they find no pleasure in the stings themselves, the ready endurance of them gives a consciousness of merit that is its own reward. Yet it is with no solemn martyr's air that the true Kansan endures the worst that can happen. His instinct is rather to pass it off as a minor annoyance, furnishing occasion for a pleasantry, for it is the mark of a Kansan to take a reverse as a joke rather than too seriously. Indeed, the endurance of extreme adversity has developed a keen appreciation for that type of humor, everywhere prevalent in the West, which consists in ignoring a difficulty or transforming it into a difficulty of precisely the opposite kind. There is a tradition surviving from the grasshopper time that illustrates the point. It is said that in the midst of that overwhelming disaster, when the pests were six inches deep in the streets, the editor of a certain local paper fined his comment on the situation down to a single line, which appeared among the trivial happenings of the week: "A grasshopper was seen on the courthouse steps this morning." This type of humor, appreciated anywhere west of the Alleghenies, is the type *par excellence* in Kansas. Perhaps it has rained for six weeks in the spring. The wheat is seemingly ruined; no corn has been planted. A farmer, who sees his profits for the year wiped out, looks at the murky sky, sniffs the damp air, and remarks seriously, "Well, it looks like rain. We may save that crop yet." "Yes," his neighbor replies with equal seriousness, "but it will have to come soon, or it won't do any good." When misfortunes beat down upon one in rapid succession, there comes a time when it is useless to strive against them, and in the end they engender a certain detached curiosity in the victim, who finds a mournful pleasure in observing with philosophical resignation the ultimate caprices of fate. Thus Kansans, "coiners of novel phrases to ex-

press their defiance of destiny," have employed humor itself as a refuge against misfortune. They have learned not only to endure adversity, but in a very literal sense to laugh at it as well.

I have already said that the type of individualism that is characteristic of America is one of achievement, not of eccentricity. The statement will bear repeating in this connection, for it is truer of Kansas than of most communities, notwithstanding there is a notion abroad that the state is peopled by freaks and eccentrics. It was once popularly supposed in Europe, and perhaps is so yet, that Americans are all eccentric. Now Kansans are eccentric in the same sense that Americans are: they differ somewhat from other Americans, just as Americans are distinguishable from Europeans. But a fundamental characteristic of Kansas individualism is the tendency to conform; it is an individualism of conformity, not of revolt. Having learned to endure to the end, they have learned to conform, for endurance is itself a kind of conformity. It has not infrequently been the subject of wondering comment by foreigners that in America, where everyone is supposed to do as he pleases, there should nevertheless be so little danger from violence and insurrection. Certainly one reason is that, while the conditions of frontier life release the individual from many of the formal restraints of ordered society, they exact a most rigid adherence to lines of conduct inevitably fixed by the stern necessities of life in a primitive community. On the frontier men soon learn to conform to what is regarded as essential, for the penalty of resistance or neglect is extinction: there the law of survival works surely and swiftly. However eccentric frontiersmen may appear to the tenderfoot, among themselves there is little variation from type in any essential matter. In the new community, individualism means the ability of the individual to succeed, not by submitting to some external formal authority, still less by following the bent of an unschooled will, but by recognizing and voluntarily adapting himself to necessary conditions. Kansas, it is true, has produced its eccentrics, but there is a saying here that freaks are raised for export only. In one sense the saying is true enough, for what strikes one particularly is that, on the whole, native Kansans are all so much alike. It is a community of great solidarity, and to the native it is "the Easterner" who appears eccentric.

The conquest of the wilderness in Kansas has thus developed qualities of patience, of calm, stoical, good-humored endurance in the face of natural difficulties, of conformity to what is regarded as necessary. Yet the patience, the calmness, the disposition to conform, is strictly confined to what is regarded as in the natural course. If the Kansan appears stolid, it is only on the surface that he is so. The peculiar conditions of origin and history have infused into the character of the people a certain romantic and sentimental element. Beneath the placid surface there is something fermenting which is best left alone—a latent energy which trivial events or a resounding phrase may unexpectedly release. In a recent commencement address

Mr. Henry King said that conditions in early Kansas were "*hair-triggered*." Well, Kansans are themselves hair-triggered; slight pressure, if it be of the right sort, sets them off. "Everyone is on the *qui vive*, alert, vigilant, like a sentinel at an outpost." This trait finds expression in the romantic devotion of the people to the state, in a certain alert sensitiveness to criticism from outside, above all in the contagious enthusiasm with which they will without warning espouse a cause, especially when symbolized by a striking phrase, and carry it to an issue. Insurgency is native in Kansas, and the political history of the state, like its climate, is replete with surprises that have made it "alternately the reproach and the marvel of mankind." But this apparent instability is only the natural complement of the extreme and confident individualism of the people: having succeeded in overcoming so many obstacles that were unavoidable, they do not doubt their ability to destroy quickly those that seem artificially constructed. It thus happens that, while no people endure the reverses of nature with greater fortitude and good humor than the people of Kansas, misfortunes seemingly of man's making arouse in them a veritable passion of resistance; the mere suspicion of injustice, real or fancied exploitation by those who fare sumptuously, the pressure of laws not self-imposed, touch something explosive in their nature that transforms a calm and practical people into excited revolutionists. Grasshoppers elicited only a witticism, but the "mortgage fiends" produced the Populist regime, a kind of religious crusade against the infidel Money Power. The same spirit was recently exhibited in the "Boss Busters" movement, which in one summer spread over the state like a prairie fire and overthrew an established machine supposed to be in control of the railroads. The "higher law" is still a force in Kansas. The spirit which refused to obey "bogus laws" is still easily stirred. A people which has endured the worst of nature's tyrannies, and cheerfully submits to tyrannies self-imposed, is in no mood to suffer hardships that seem remediable.

Idealism must always prevail on the frontier, for the frontier, whether geographical or intellectual, offers little hope to those who see things as they are. To venture into the wilderness, one must see it, not as it is, but as it will be. The frontier, being the possession of those only who see its future, is the promised land which cannot be entered save by those who have faith. America, having been such a promised land, is therefore inhabited by men of faith: idealism is ingrained in the character of its people. But as the frontier in America has hitherto been geographical and material, American idealism has necessarily a material basis, and Americans have often been mistakenly called materialists. True, they seem mainly interested in material things. Too often they represent values in terms of money: a man is "worth" so much money; a university is a great university, having the largest endowment of any; a fine building is a building that cost a mil-

lion dollars—better still, ten millions. Value is extensive rather than intensive or intrinsic. America is the best country because it is the biggest, the wealthiest, the most powerful; its people are the best because they are the freest, the most energetic, the *most* educated. But to see a materialistic temper in all this is to mistake the form for the spirit. The American cares for material things because they represent the substance of things hoped for. He cares less for money than for making money: a fortune is valued, not because it represents ease, but because it represents struggle, achievement, progress. The first skyscraper in any town is nothing in itself, but much as an evidence of growth; it is a white stone on the road to the ultimate goal.

Idealism of this sort is an essential ingredient of the Kansas spirit. In few communities is the word *progress* more frequently used, or its meaning less frequently detached from a material basis. It symbolizes the *summum bonum*, having become a kind of dogma. Mistakes are forgiven a man if he is progressive, but to be unprogressive is to be suspect; like Aristotle's nonpolitical animal, the unprogressive is extrahuman. This may explain why every Kansan wishes first of all to tell you that he comes from the town of X—, and then that it is the finest town in the state. He does not mean that it is strictly the finest town in the state, as will appear if you take the trouble to inquire a little about the country, its soil, its climate, its rainfall, and about the town itself. For it may chance that he is free to admit that it is hot there, that the soil is inclined to bake when there is no rain, that there is rarely any rain—all of which, however, is nothing to the point, because they are soon to have water by irrigation, which is, after all, much better than rainfall. And then he describes the town, which you have no difficulty in picturing vividly: a single street flanked by nondescript wooden shops; at one end a railroad station, at the other a post office; side streets lined with frame houses, painted or not, as the case may be; a schoolhouse somewhere, and a church with a steeple. It is such a town, to all appearances, as you may see by the hundred anywhere in the West—a dreary place, which, you think, the world would willingly let die. But your man is enthusiastic; he can talk of nothing but the town of X—. The secret of his enthusiasm you at last discover in the inevitable "but it will be a great country some day," and it dawns upon you that, after all, the man does not live in the dreary town of X—, but in the great country of *some day*. Such are Kansans. Like St. Augustine, they have their City of God, the idealized Kansas of some day: it is only necessary to have faith in order to possess it.

I cannot illustrate this aspect of Kansas idealism better than by quoting from Mrs. McCormick's little book of personal experience and observation. Having related the long years of struggle of a typical farmer, she imagines the Goddess of Justice revealing to him a picture of "the land as it shall be" when justice prevails.

John beheld a great plain four hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide—a great agricultural state covered with farmers tilling the soil and with here and there a city or village. On every farm stood a beautiful house handsomely painted outside and elegantly furnished inside, and equipped with all modern conveniences helpful to housekeeping. Brussels carpets covered the floors, upholstered furniture and pianos ornamented the parlors, and the cheerful dining room had elegant table linen, cut glass, and silverware. Reservoirs carried the water into the houses in the country the same as in the cities. The farmers' wives and daughters, instead of working like slaves without proper utensils or house furnishings, now had everything necessary to lighten work and make home attractive. They had the summer kitchen, the washhouse, houses for drying clothes, arbors, etc. The dooryards consisted of nicely fenced green lawns, wherein not a pig rooted nor mule browsed on the shrubbery nor hen wallowed in the flower beds. Shade trees, hammocks, and rustic chairs were scattered about, and everything bespoke comfort. Great barns sheltered the stock. The farms were fenced and subdivided into fields of waving grain and pastures green.

This is what John is supposed to have seen on a summer's day when, at the close of a life of toil, he had just been sold up for debt. What John really saw had perhaps a less feminine coloring; but the picture represents the ideal, if not of an actual Kansas farmer, at least of an actual Kansas woman.

This aspect of American idealism is, however, not peculiar to Kansas: it is more or less characteristic of all western communities. But there is an element in Kansas idealism that marks it off as a state apart. The origin of Kansas must ever be associated with the struggle against slavery. Of this fact Kansans are well aware. Kansas is not a community of which it can be said, "Happy is the people without annals." It is a state with a past. It has a history of which its people are proud, and which they insist, as a matter of course, upon having taught in the public schools. There are old families in Kansas who know their place and keep it—sacred bearers of the traditions of the Kansas struggle. ~~The Kansas Struggle is for Kansas what the American Revolution is for New England;~~ and, while there is as yet no "Society of the Daughters of the Kansas Struggle," there doubtless will be some day. For the Kansas Struggle is regarded as the crucial point in the achievement of human liberty, very much as Macaulay is said to have regarded the Reform Bill as the end for which all history was only a preparation. For all true Kansans, the border wars of the early years have a perennial interest: they mark the spot where Jones shot Smith, direct the attention of the traveler to the little village of Lecompton, or point with pride to some venerable tree bearing honorable scars dating from the Quantrill raid. Whether John Brown was an assassin or a martyr is a question which only a native can safely venture to answer with confidence. Recently, in a list of questions prepared for the examination of teachers in the schools, there appeared the following: "What was the An-

do ver Band?" It seems that very few teachers knew what the Andover Band was; some thought it was an iron band, and some a band of Indians. The newspapers took it up, and it was found that, aside from some of the old families, ignorance of the Andover Band was quite general. When it transpired that the Andover Band had to do with the Kansas Struggle, the humiliation of the people was profound.

The belief that Kansas was founded for a cause distinguishes it, in the eyes of its inhabitants, as pre-eminently the home of freedom. It lifts the history of the state out of the commonplace of ordinary westward migration, and gives to the temper of the people a certain elevated and martial quality. The people of Iowa or Nebraska are well enough, but their history has never brought them in touch with cosmic processes. The Pilgrims themselves are felt to have been actuated by less noble and altruistic motives. The Pilgrims, says Thayer, "fled from oppression, and sought in the new world 'freedom to worship God.'" But the Kansas emigrants migrated "to meet, to resist, and to destroy oppression, in vindication of their principles. These were self-sacrificing emigrants, the others were self-seeking. Justice, though tardy in its work, will yet load with the highest honors the memory of the Kansas pioneers who gave themselves and all they had to the sacred cause of human rights."

This may smack of prejudice, but it is no heresy in Kansas. The trained and disinterested physiocratic historian will tell us that such statements are unsupported by the documents. The documents show, he will say, that the Kansas emigrants, like other emigrants, came for cheap land and in the hope of bettering their condition; the real motive was economic, as all historic motives are; the Kansas emigrant may have thought he was going to Kansas to resist oppression, but in reality he went to take up a farm. At least, that many emigrants thought they came to resist oppression is indisputable. Their descendants still think so. And, after all, perhaps it is important to distinguish those who seek better farms and know they seek nothing else from those who seek better farms and imagine they are fighting a holy war. When the people of Newtown wished to remove to Connecticut, we are told that they advanced three reasons: first, "their want of accommodation for their cattle"; second, "the fruitfulness and commodiousness of Connecticut"; and finally, "the strong bent of their spirits to remove thither." In explaining human history perhaps something should be conceded to "the strong bent of their spirits." Unquestionably cattle must be accommodated, but a belief, even if founded on error, is a fact that may sometimes change the current of history. At all events, the people of Kansas believe that their ancestors were engaged in a struggle for noble ends, and the belief, whether true or false, has left its impress upon their character. In Kansas the idealism of the geographical frontier has been strongly flavored with the notion that liberty is something more than a by-product of economic processes.

If Kansas idealism is colored by the humanitarian liberalism of the first half of the last century, it has nevertheless been but slightly influenced by the vague, emotional, Jean Paul romanticism of that time. Of all despondent and mystic elements the Kansas spirit is singularly free. There are few Byrons in Kansas, and no Don Juans. There is plenty of light there, but little of the "light that never was on land or sea." Kansas idealism is not a force that expends itself in academic contemplation of the unattainable. It is an idealism that is immensely concrete and practical, requiring always some definite object upon which to expend itself, but, once having such an object, expending itself with a restless, nervous energy that is appalling: whatever the object, it is pursued with the enthusiasm, the profound conviction given only to those who have communed with the absolute. It would seem that preoccupation with the concrete and the practical should develop a keen appreciation of relative values; but in new countries problems of material transformation are so insistent that immediate means acquire the value of ultimate ends. Kansas is a new state, and its inhabitants are so preoccupied with the present, so resolutely detached from the experience of the centuries, that they can compare themselves of today only with themselves of yesterday. The idea embodied in the phrase *Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht* has slight significance in a community in which twenty years of rapid material improvement has engendered an unquestioning faith in indefinite progress towards perfectibility. In such a community, past and future appear foreshortened, and the latest new mechanical device brings us an appreciable step nearer the millennium, which seems always to be just over the next hill. By some odd mental alchemy it thus happens that the concrete and the practical have taken on the dignity of the absolute, and the pursuit of a convenience assumes the character of a crusade. Whether it be religion or paving, education or the disposal of garbage, that occupies for the moment the focus of attention, the same stirring activity, the same zeal and emotional glow are enlisted: all alike are legitimate objects of conquest, to be measured in terms of their visual and transferable assets, and won by concerted and organized attack. I recall reading in a local Kansas newspaper some time ago a brief comment on the neighboring village of X— (in which was located a small college mistakenly called a university) which ran somewhat as follows: "The University of X— has established a music festival on the same plan as the one at the state university, and with most gratifying results. The first festival was altogether a success. X— is a fine town, one of the best in the state. It has a fine university, and a fine class of people, who have made it a center of culture. X— lacks only one thing: it has no sewers." Perhaps there are people who would find the juxtaposition of culture and sewers somewhat bizarre. But to us in Kansas it does not seem so. Culture and sewers are admittedly good things to possess. Well, then, let us pursue them actively and with absolute conviction. Thus may an idealized sewer

become an object worthy to stir the moral depths of any right-minded community.

An insistent, practical idealism of this sort, always busily occupied with concrete problems, is likely to prefer ideas cast in formal mold, will be a little at a loss in the midst of flexible play of mind, and look with suspicion upon the emancipated, the critical, and the speculative spirit. It is too sure of itself to be at home with ideas of uncertain pressure. Knowing that it is right, it wishes only to go ahead. Satisfied with certain conventional premises, it hastens on to the obvious conclusion. It thus happens that Americans, for the most part, are complaisantly satisfied with a purely formal interpretation of those resounding words that symbolize for them the ideas upon which their institutions are supposed to rest. In this respect Kansas is truly American. Nowhere is there more loyal devotion to such words as *liberty, democracy, equality, education*. But preoccupation with the concrete fixes the attention upon the word itself, and upon what is traditionally associated with it. Democracy, for example, is traditionally associated with elections, and many of them. Should you maintain that democracy is not necessarily bound up with any particular institution, that it is in the way of being smothered by the complicated blanket ballot, you will not be understood, or, rather, you will be understood only too well as advocating something aristocratic. Democracy is somehow bound up with a concrete thing, and the move for the shorter ballot is therefore undemocratic and un-American. Or, take the word *socialism*. Your avowed socialist is received politely, and allowed to depart silently and without regret. But, if you tell us of the movement for the governmental control of corporate wealth, we grow enthusiastic. The word *socialism* has a bad odor in Kansas, but the thing itself, by some other name, smells sweet enough.

If one is interested in getting the essential features of socialism adopted in Kansas, or in America itself, the name to conjure with is indeed not *socialism*, but *equality*.

In a country like America, where there is such confident faith in the individual, one might naturally expect to find the completest toleration, and no disposition to use the government for the purpose of enforcing uniform conditions: logically, it would seem, so much emphasis on liberty should be incompatible with much emphasis on equality. Yet it is precisely in America, and nowhere in America more than in the West, that liberty and equality always go coupled and inseparable in popular speech; where the sense of liberty is especially strong, there also the devotion to equality is a cardinal doctrine. Throughout our history the West has been a dominant factor in urging the extension of the powers of the national government, and western states have taken the lead in radical legislation of an equalizing character. This apparent inconsistency strikes one as especially pronounced in Kansas. The doctrine of equality is unquestioned there,

and that governments exist for the purpose of securing it is the common belief. "A law against it" is the specific for every malady. The welfare of society is thought to be always superior to that of the individual, and yet no one doubts that perfect liberty is the birthright of every man.

Perhaps the truth is that real toleration is a sentiment foreign to the American temper. Toleration is for the skeptical, being the product of much thought or of great indifference, sometimes, to be sure, a mere *modus vivendi* forced upon a heterogeneous society. In America we imagine ourselves liberal-minded because we tolerate what we have ceased to regard as important. We tolerate religions but not irreligion, and diverse political opinion, but not unpolitical opinion, customs, but not the negation of custom. The Puritans fought for toleration—for themselves. But, having won it for themselves, they straightway denied it to others. No small part of American history has been a repetition of the Puritan struggle; it has been a fight, not for toleration as a general principle, but for recognition of a civilization resting upon particular principles: in exterior relations, a struggle for recognition of America by Europe; in interior relations, a struggle for recognition of "the West" by "the East." The principle of toleration is written in our constitutions, but not in our minds, for the motive back of the famous guarantees of individual liberty has been recognition of particular opinion rather than toleration of every opinion. And in the nature of the case it must be so. Those who create frontiers and establish new civilizations have too much faith to be tolerant, and are too thoroughgoing idealists to be indifferent. On the frontier conditions are too hazardous for the speculative and the academic to flourish readily: only those who are right and are sure of it can succeed. Certainly it is characteristic of Americans to know that they are right. Certainly they are conscious of having a mission in the world and of having been faithful to it. They have solved great problems hitherto unsolved, have realized utopias dreamed of but never realized by Europe. They are therefore in the van of civilization, quite sure of the direction, triumphantly leading the march towards the ultimate goal. That everyone should do as he likes is part of the American creed only in a very limited sense. That it is possible to know what is right and that what is right should be recognized and adhered to is the more vital belief.

That *liberty* and *equality* are compatible terms is, at all events, an unquestioned faith in Kansas. The belief in equality, however, is not so much the belief that all men are equal as the conviction that it is the business of society to establish conditions that will make them so. And this notion, so far from being inconsistent with the pronounced individualism that prevails there, is the natural result of it. In Kansas, at least, no one holds to the right of the individual to do as he likes, irrespective of what it is that he likes. Faith in the individual is faith in the particular individual, the true Kansan, who has learned through adversity voluntarily to conform

to what is necessary. Human nature, or, at all events, Kansas nature, is essentially good, and if the environment is right all men can measure up to that high level. That the right environment can be created is not doubted. It is not possible for men so aggressive and self-reliant, who have overcome so many obstacles, to doubt their ability to accomplish this also. Having conquered nature, they cheerfully confront the task of transforming human nature. It is precisely because Kansans are such thoroughgoing individualists, so resourceful, so profoundly confident in their own judgments, so emancipated from the past, so accustomed to devising expedients for every new difficulty, that they are unimpressed by the record of the world's failures. They have always thrived on the impossible, and the field of many failures offers a challenge not to be resisted.

To effect these beneficent ends, the people of Kansas turn naturally to the government because they have a very simple and practical idea of what the government is and what it is for. The government, in Kansas, is no abstract concept. It is nothing German, nothing metaphysical. In this frontier community no one has yet thought of the government as a power not ourselves that makes for evil. Kansans think of the government, as they think of everything else, in terms of the concrete. And why, indeed, should they not? Within the memory of man there was no government in Kansas. They, Kansans, made the government themselves for their own purposes. The government is therefore simply certain men employed by themselves to do certain things; it is the sum of the energy, the good judgment, the resourcefulness of the individuals who originally created it, and who periodically renew it. The government is the individual writ large; in it every Kansan sees himself drawn to larger scale. The passion for controlling all things by law is thus not the turning of the hopeless and discouraged individual to some power other and higher than himself for protection; it is only the instinct to use effectively one of the many resources always at his command for achieving desired ends. Of a government hostile to the individual they cannot conceive; such a government is a bogus government, and its laws are bogus laws; to resist and overthrow such a government, all the initiative and resourcefulness is enlisted that is devoted to supporting one regarded as legitimate. There is a higher law than the statute book; the law of the state is no law if it does not represent the will of the individual.

To identify the will of the individual with the will of society in this easy fashion presupposes a certain solidarity in the community: an identity of race, custom, habits, needs; a consensus of opinion in respect to morals and politics. Kansas is such a community. Its people are principally American-born, descended from settlers who came mainly from the Middle West. It is an agricultural state, and the conditions of life are, or have been until recently, much the same for all. "Within these pastoral boundaries," says ex-Senator Ingalls, in his best Kansas manner, "there are no

millionaires nor any paupers, except such as have been deprived by age, disease, and calamity of the ability to labor. No great fortunes have been brought to the state, and none have been accumulated by commerce, manufacture, or speculation. No sumptuous mansions nor glittering equipages nor ostentatious display exasperates or allures." And the feeling of solidarity resulting from identity of race and uniformity of custom has been accentuated by the peculiar history of the state. Kansans love each other for the dangers they have passed; a unique experience has created a strong *esprit de corps*—a feeling that, while Kansans are different from others, one Kansan is not only as good as any other, but very like any other. The philosophy of numbers, the doctrine of the majority, is therefore ingrained, and little sympathy is wasted on minorities. Rousseau's notion that minorities are only mistaken finds ready acceptance, and the will of the individual is easily identified with the will of society.

And in a sense the doctrine is true enough, for there is little difference of opinion on fundamental questions. In religion there are many creeds and many churches, but the difference between them is regarded as unimportant. There is, however, a quite absolute dogmatism of morality. Baptism is for those who enjoy it, but the moral life is for all. And what constitutes the moral life is well understood: to be honest and pay your debts; to be friendly and charitable, good-humored but not cynical, slow to take offense, but regarding life as profoundly serious; to respect sentiments and harmless prejudices; to revere the conventional great ideas and traditions; to live a sober life and a virtuous—to these they lay hold without questioning. Likewise in politics. One may be Democrat or Republican, stalwart or square-dealer, insurgent or stand-patter: it is no vital matter. But no one dreams of denying democracy, the will of the people, the greatest good to the greatest number, equal justice and equal opportunity to all. Whether in respect to politics or economics, education or morals, the consensus of opinion is very nearly perfect: it is an opinion that unites in the deification of the average, that centers in the dogmatism of the general level.

It goes without saying that the general level in Kansas is thought to be exceptionally high. Kansans do not regard themselves as mere Westerners, like Iowans or Nebraskans. Having passed through a superior heat, they are Westerners seven times refined. "It is the quality of piety in Kansas," says Mr. E. H. Abbott, "to thank God that you are not as other men are, beer-drinkers, shiftless, habitual lynchers, or even as these Missourians." The pride is natural enough, perhaps, in men whose judgment has been vindicated at last in the face of general skepticism. Having for many years contributed to the gaiety of nations, Kansas has ceased to be the pariah of the states. Kansans have endured Job's comforters too long not to feel a little complaisant when their solemn predictions come to naught. "While envious rivals were jeering, . . . pointing with scorn's slow unmoving finger at the droughts, grasshoppers, hot winds, crop failures, and other calamities of

Kansas, the world was suddenly startled and dazzled by her collective display of . . . products at the Centennial at Philadelphia, which received the highest awards." It is inevitable that those who think they have fashioned a cornerstone out of the stone rejected by the builders should regard themselves as superior workmen.

To test others by this high standard is an instinctive procedure. There is an alert attention to the quality of those who enter the state from outside. The crucial question is, are they "our kind of men"? Do they speak "the Kansas language"? Yet the Kansas language is less a form of speech or the expression of particular ideas than a certain personal quality. Some time since a distinguished visitor from the East came to the state to deliver a public address. He was most hospitably received, as all visitors are, whether distinguished or otherwise, and his address—permeated with the idealistic liberalism of a half century ago—was attentively listened to and highly praised. But to no purpose all these fine ideas. The great man was found wanting, for there was discovered, among his other impedimenta, a valet. It was a fatal mischance. The poor valet was more commented upon than the address, more observed than his master. The circumstance stamped the misguided man as clearly not our kind of man. Obviously, no man who carries a valet can speak the Kansas language. Needless to say, there are no valets in Kansas. *chick*

The feeling of superiority naturally attaching to a chosen people equally inclines Kansans to dispense readily with the advice or experience of others. They feel that those who have worn the hair shirt cannot be instructed in asceticism by those who wear silk. In discussing the university and its problems with a member of the state legislature, I once hazarded some comparative statistics showing that a number of other states made rather more liberal appropriations for their universities than the state of Kansas did for hers. I thought the comparison might be enlightening, that the man's pride of state might be touched. Not at all. "I know all about that," he replied. "That argument is used by every man who is interested in larger appropriations for any of the state institutions. But it doesn't go with a Kansas legislature. In Kansas, we don't care much what other states are doing. Kansas always leads, but never follows." And, in fact, the disregard of precedent is almost an article of faith; that a thing has been done before is an indication that it is time to improve upon it. History may teach that men cannot be legislated into the kingdom of heaven. Kansans are not ignorant of the fact, but it is no concern of theirs. The experience of history is not for men with a mission and faith to perform it. Let the uncertain and the timid profit by history; those who have at all times the courage of their emotions will make history, not repeat it. Kansans set their own standards, and the state becomes, as it were, an experiment station in the field of social science.

The passion for equality in Kansas is thus the complement of the individualism and the idealism of its people. It has at the basis of it an altruistic

motive, aiming not so much to level all men down as to level all men up. The Kansan's sense of individual worth enables him to believe that no one can be better than he is, while his confident idealism encourages him to hope that none need be worse.

The Kansas spirit is the American spirit double distilled. It is a new grafted product of American individualism, American idealism, American intolerance. Kansas is America in microcosm: as America conceives itself in respect to Europe, so Kansas conceives itself in respect to America. Within its borders, Americanism, pure and undefiled, has a new lease of life. It is the mission of this self-selected people to see to it that it does not perish from off the earth. The light on the altar, however neglected elsewhere, must ever be replenished in Kansas. If this is provincialism, it is the provincialism of faith rather than of the province. The devotion to the state is devotion to an ideal, not to a territory, and men can say "Dear old Kansas!" because the name symbolizes for them what the motto of the state so well expresses, *ad astra per aspera*.

DUNCAN CLINCH HEYWARD

Rice Plantations in South Carolina *

OFTEN during my years as a planter, when the rice industry on our south Atlantic coast was rapidly being abandoned, I have sat under a great cypress, growing on my river bank, and, looking across the broad expanse of my rice fields, have thought of their strange and remarkable history. There would come to my mind the great and fundamental changes, racial and social as well as economic, which have taken place in a short space of time. And I have wished that the old tree above me could tell the tragic story of those fields, recounting events of which it had been a silent witness.

If the tree could only have spoken, I know its story would have begun at a time when the swamp, on whose edge it grew, was the favorite hunting ground of the red man. It would then have told of the coming of the white man, who drove the red man far away and took from him his lands. Next it would have told how the black man came, brought from far across the sea, how he felled the trees in the swamps and cleared them of their dense undergrowth, letting the sunshine in; then how he drained the lowlands and grew crops of golden grain; and finally it would have told of the emancipation of the black man, who, after years of servitude, worked on faithfully as a freedman.

The rest of the story of my rice fields would for me have needed no telling. It would have dealt with the years when the white man was compelled, by conditions beyond his control, to give up planting, and the black man moved away seeking employment elsewhere, leaving fertile lands, the only naturally irrigated ones in this country, to revert to their former state.

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The principal rivers in South Carolina, along which rice was planted, were the Waccamaw, the Pee Dee, the Santee, the Cooper, the Edisto, and the Combahee. There were also many large rice plantations on the Savannah River, which separates South Carolina and Georgia. Farther south in

* Reprinted from *Seed from Madagascar* (Chapel Hill, 1937) by permission of the publishers, the University of North Carolina Press. The author, a former governor of South Carolina, was the last planter to grow rice in the state. His story of the vicissitudes of rice-growing in South Carolina is a vivid chapter in the annals of American agriculture.

Georgia were the Ogeechee, the Altamaha, and the Satilla rivers, the last near the Florida line. Some of these rivers are long, having their sources in the mountains, while others are much shorter. All of them are affected for a number of miles by the rise and fall of the tide, the result being that the fresh water they contain is backed up in the rivers and then drawn down again as the water in the ocean rises and falls. Great salt-water marshes lie on either side of the rivers as they approach the ocean, while higher up they were originally bordered by dense cypress, gum, and cedar swamps where the water was fresh, though rising and falling with the tide. It was in these fresh-water swamps that rice was successfully grown for the longest period of years.

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I know of no crop which in beauty can be compared with a crop of rice. In my dreams I still see the crops I used to grow, and, when I am awake, I am conscious of the fact that my dreams failed to do them justice. This was especially true during the late spring and summer months, when the crop was passing through its successive stages of growth and looked different to me each day as I rode through it.

Until the middle of July the color of the rice never looked the same. Some days it changed as constantly as the colors change on the surface of the sea. As its blades changed their direction with each shifting breeze, they changed their color also. Over the field a breeze often blew, coming inland from the ocean across the salt marshes and up the lower reaches of the river. Thus the crop was kept in constant motion, swaying in one direction and then in another. The result was that the whole field, as far as one could see, appeared to be alive, shifting with the wind, the sunshine, and the shadows of passing clouds.

As the season advanced, a decided change gradually took place in the color of the field, for its green began to be mingled with gold as the heads of rice appeared and its stalks began to be weighted down with the ripening grain. Yellow then predominated over the green until the whole field looked like a mass of gold, as it awaited the hook of the reaper.

Rice planted in March ripened the latter part of August, and, very shortly after, rice planted in April was ready for the sickle.

When the harvest flow was let off the field, the Negroes would begin cutting the rice. They cut three rows at a time. Grasping the stalks with their left hands, they used the sickles with the right, laying the rice on the stubble behind them in order that the sun might dry it. The task of cutting rice was a half acre, and a good hand could do this in two hours. The next morning each hand would cut a quarter of an acre, and then wait until the rice cut the day before had been sufficiently dried to be tied in bundles and stacked in the field. Usually four or five stacks of rice were put in each half acre.

On some plantations these stacks remained in the field until they were dried out enough to be threshed; on others they were hauled to high land for safety. The latter was an extra expense, but I have known it to save crops. On my plantations, to move the rice to the barnyard was a long haul, and I always took the chance of leaving it in the field. In an experience of twenty-six years I can recall losing only one crop by not removing it from the field. I counted on storms coming late in August or early in September, and, when the tenth of the latter month had passed, I felt my crop was fairly safe.

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It is said in Charleston that from its beautiful Battery on a still night a week or ten days before the approach of a West Indian hurricane, the roar of the surf on the sea islands several miles away can be distinctly heard, although the weather be clear and the stars shining. Should the moon at the time be nearly full and its perigee approaching when the sound of the surf is heard, the residents of the city know that a storm is on its way and with true philosophy await its approach.

Several days before the storm the wind sets in from the north or northeast, blowing gently at first, and small fleecy white clouds begin to appear. Gradually the sky becomes overcast, though no large black clouds are to be seen; there is only a leaden sky. The force of the wind increases each hour, coming at first in slight gusts while the barometer steadily falls. As the wind continues to stiffen, the tide begins to come higher and to fall very little. Whitecaps appear in the harbor, and the eastern horizon darkens.

All small pleasure craft seek shelter up the Ashley River, and crews of the larger vessels riding at anchor in the bay begin to batten down their hatches, making fast their anchors, and, with everything snug, hope to ride out the storm. The wharves of Charleston present a busy sight. The captains of tugboats and coastwise schooners and ocean tramps all look to their moorings and take every precaution to keep their ships off the wharves.

Racing into the harbor come the little fishing boats, or "mosquito fleet," manned by Negro fishermen, sailing in, some twenty or thirty of them, their white sails full set and billowing in the freshening breeze. They sail with the wind full astern. Their masts bending and their boats keeling over on their sides, they ride the waves, which begin to be dark and white-crested.

As the center of the storm progresses up the coast, the gray sky continues to darken, and the wind comes in stronger gusts from the north-northeast to northeast, and from this quarter it works due east, and each hour blows harder. The wind seems to come out of the bank of heavy black clouds hanging low on the horizon, which gradually spreads, as out of it the rain begins to descend, light at first but increasing as each gust drives it inland.

The velocity of the wind soon becomes tremendous: from forty to fifty,

from fifty to seventy-five, and sometimes for a short while reaching ninety miles an hour, while a blinding rain comes down in great slanting sheets, striking with almost irresistible force.

Charleston always received the full force of the wind, for nothing stands between it and the angry ocean. Leaves blow before the gale; limbs are broken and trees blown down; business signs are carried away; and roofs are stripped off houses, and many small buildings crash down. Through the entrance of the harbor the ocean rushes as the storm gathers up the water of the Gulf Stream and sweeps it toward the coast. Waves pound against the seawall of the Battery, their spray rising high in the air and being driven the distance of a city block. All the while the ocean keeps coming in, and, as the wind from the east increases, ships drag their anchors and are driven ashore, while many are pounded against the wharves. Except for the dim light of the hidden moon, the city is in darkness.

When the fury of the storm reaches its height, suddenly, when it seems impossible for anything to stand longer before it, the wind dies down, and for a short time, except for the rain, everything is still. The wind soon comes back again, but from the south, for during the lull it has shifted. The air seems warmer, and the waves stop pounding so hard, though they still keep rolling in. Soon the rain ceases, and the next day the sun shines hot and scalding through the damp air. Many citizens of Charleston come out on the streets sightseeing, especially along the waterfront. They note the marks which the water reached and compare them with the marks of former hurricanes, for Charleston has experienced many a blow, and its citizens are not easily disheartened or discouraged. Storms, sieges, fires, and earthquakes have done their worst, but the old city has withstood them all. The chimes of St. Michael's have never ceased to ring, until very recently; from its belfry at midnight the watchman has never failed to call "all is well."

For days succeeding a West Indian hurricane a scene of desolation prevailed on our rice plantations. Heavy-hearted planter and overseer rode its river banks, where riding was almost impossible. They forced their horses through tangled vines and briars, which had been blown across the bank, the horses scarcely able to keep their footing. Outside of the bank the river is slowly falling, for the wind is from the west, but its water, through the open breaks in the banks, still flows into the fields.

Within the river bank, where only a short time before an inspiring sight had met the eye, a sorry spectacle is presented. Where the crop had been cut and stacked, the stacks have sunk in and stand deep in water, sprouting and rotting under the September sun. Nothing can be done until the breaks are mended.

The planter stops his horse and gazes across his fields, hidden beneath the water. Past years come back to him, and his eyes have a far-away look as he wonders what those who once planted these fields would do if they were

in his place. Would they mend their breaks and plant again? He feels that they would, and so must he.

With the west wind blowing and the sun shining, he recalls an afternoon years ago, when first he rode those banks and saw a rainbow in the sky. In his imagination he sees it again, its end resting in his fields, and hope fills his heart. Then and there he determines to mend his breaks and plant again.

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One day, after the transfer of my property had been made, I happened to be on Combahee and was sitting by myself on the piazza of the dwelling at the Bluff when old Judy Simmons chanced to pass by, saw me, and stopped to talk. We talked of old times, of my father and my grandfather, and finally she asked what I expected to plant that year, and I told her, nothing; that I did not own any land to plant. Immediately the old woman began to weep and exclaim, "Maussuh, don' tell me onnuh ent hab no lan'." I assured her that it was true. And, finally, still weeping and wringing her hands, she turned away and walked slowly down the long avenue of live oaks leading from the house. And as far as I could see her she was still weeping, waving her arms, and crying at the top of her voice, "Oh, me Gawd! Me Maussuh 'e ent hab no lan'. 'E ent hab no lan'," repeating it again and again.

I sat there on the piazza watching her until she reached the end of the avenue where the old oaks seemed to draw nearer together; their streamers of gray moss reached closer to the ground, and the figure of Judy grew smaller and smaller. I watched her until she faded from my view, and, as I did so, I thought of Ike Davis, who had died years before; of our arguments at school about slavery; of our talk that day in the road with old Judy, and how I wished the friend of my youth could hear that lament of an old Gullah Negro, who for many years had been a slave. "Oh, me Gawd! Me Maussuh 'e ent hab no lan'. 'E ent hab no lan'."

I realized that day, as never before, that at last my father's prediction in regard to rice planting in South Carolina and Georgia had come true.

DAVID L. COHN

Durham: the New South *

Washington Duke Hotel
Durham, North Carolina

DEAR ELISAVETA ANDRIEVNA: I have now been in Durham for ten days. Here I have found Southerners and the South, although it is no more the South of the legendary past than is the Yankee-pre-empted hunt country of northern Virginia. Durham is, on the contrary, a type town of the future South. It is filled with boosting, go-getting, up-and-at-'em businessmen who haven't the slightest interest in whether Grandpa Clutcher dispersed a whole regiment of Yankees at Manassas or hid in the woods around Burnt Britches Bridge until the war was over. Ancestors, to Durham folk, are merely biological but not social necessities. They derive more comfort from the ascending curves of business graphs than from the flowering branches of family trees. They don't ask where you came from, but where you expect to go. If you want the South of moonlight and roses, with crinoline trimmings and faithful colored retainers plunking guitars in the moonlight, you are frankly told to go to Charleston, which specializes in that kind of thing. Durham's stars twinkle not in Baedeker but in Bradstreet; it is a boom town built on two depression-proof industries—the manufacture of cigarettes and culture; it is still crude and almost unrelievedly ugly; but for all that I hope you will include it in the itinerary of your grand American tour.

Here, first of all, you will see a striking and unique phenomenon: a made-overnight university complete with acres of Gothic buildings, eminent faculty, star football team, cheer leaders, college spirit, sorority mothers, campus statuary, a student body gathered from all over the land, climbing ivy, and a great cathedral. Elsewhere universities have grown accretion by slow accretion. Bologna, the Sorbonne, Oxford, Heidelberg, Harvard, and Yale are the distillations of centuries. But Duke University stands where only ten years ago pines swayed in the vagrant winds. Philosophy C1 is taught in 1940 on the very spot where the rabbits of 1930 indulged their odd, fantastic habits amid tangled honeysuckle. Professorial voices expounding the law of corporations linger on the air that a little while ago was musical with the notes of mockingbirds singing amid sweet-gum trees. Only fifty

* Reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1940, by permission of the author and the publishers.

years before this time, moreover, the Dukes who decreed a university as imperiously as Kublai Khan decreed a golden dome had been impoverished peddlers of tobacco going up and down the rutted roads of North Carolina in a swaybacked wagon drawn by two blind mules.

A phenomenon such as this, my dear, is one that you will not encounter elsewhere in the world; nor is it likely to be repeated in the America of our times. It belongs to the past, along with such native ingenuities as the fur derby hat, the solid gold toothpick with ear spoon combined, Turkish leather rockers, and no restrictions—moral or legal—upon a man's ability to amass wealth. In the high old days, however, before the coming of inheritance and income taxes and antimonopoly laws, men could (and did) go rapidly from rags to riches, while Horatio Alger, Junior, confidently wrote as follows during the devastations of the panic of 1872-1873:

Writing this preface abroad, after having visited for a second time some of the leading countries of Europe, I am able to confirm . . . that nowhere . . . are such opportunities afforded for those who wish to rise as in America. We hear, indeed, occasional instances of prominent men who have risen from the ranks; what is rare and occasional in Europe is the rule with us.—*Bound to Rise, or, Up the Ladder*

When you approach Durham by road from any direction, you note that the landscape is dominated by the tall steel water tanks (American Byzantine) of its tobacco factories. These lend support to the hotly contested theory of some students that the Civil War conferred benefits upon the South other than those contained in the book and motion picture called *Gone with the Wind*. For example: the tobacco industry.

On a soft April day about seventy-five years ago, thousands of men wearing uniforms of blue or gray were gathered at a little hamlet in North Carolina called Durham's Station. They played games, swapped horses and stories, and enjoyed the novelty of fraternizing with the enemy. What if they were soldiers of the opposing armies of Generals Sherman and Johnston who were camped near by awaiting battle? Durham's Station was a neutral area by mutual consent, where Yank and Reb met to play. Here the men found a house full of smoking tobacco that had been manufactured by John R. Green for Confederate soldiers, but when the house was sacked the tobacco was equitably divided between the Blue and the Gray. (The moral holiday of war is sometimes observed with punctiliousness.) Later the groups separated, fought the battle demanded by the conventions of the military, Johnston surrendered to Sherman, the Civil War receded into history, and the men scattered to their distant homes.

American boys were once taught at home and in school that, if you worked hard, served your boss well, and saved your money, you might become rich. Chance, according to these teachers, played no part in the rise of any man worthy of the name; it was even deplored as slightly im-

moral; it flew in the face of the early-to-rise, early-to-bed doctrine of success. Let's see the workings of chance at Durham's Station, as the postmaster received letters from ex-soldiers asking where they could buy tobacco—the same soldiers who had stolen it at Durham's Station. The letters were turned over to John R. Green—the same Green who had been the victim of the robbery. He now sacked some of his tobacco and mailed it to his erstwhile despoilers whom peace had turned into paying customers. The accident of war had given him at small cost the nucleus of a national distribution of his product, and set him on the road to riches. Mr. Green called his brand Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. The Bull of Durham was to go everywhere in the world, roll up great wealth for his owners, create an industry, a town, and a giant source of revenue to the federal government.

At first Bull Durham went into pipes alone, but later in the nineteenth century, and much of the twentieth, millions of coatless men walked the summer streets of America with a sack of Bull attached to a shirt button, and cigarette papers for making "coffin nails" in their pockets. The ability to roll one's own deftly, with a minimum of saliva and under any conditions of wind, came to be a badge of manhood which the unskillful envied and to which youth aspired. America had become the greatest tobacco-producing and tobacco-consuming country in the world, and Durham one of its most important provincial capitals.

While Mr. Green was busy at the Sign of the Bull, a forty-five-year-old ex-Confederate soldier, released from Federal prison at New Bern, North Carolina, trudged penniless and weary one hundred and forty miles to his hill farm. He was a widower, with children, named Washington Duke. The Yankees, in sacking his farm, had overlooked a small amount of tobacco, which Duke now packed in bags and labeled "Pro Bono Publico." Then he hitched his two blind mules to a wagon, loaded it with tobacco, a frying pan, tin plates, a side of bacon, sweet potatoes, a bushel of corn meal, and set out for a week's trip to the herring fisheries on Albemarle Sound. At mealtimes he prepared his own food; at night he camped by the roadside. Duke bartered his tobacco for salt herring; the herring was traded to farmers for fresh pork; and the pork sold for cash to Raleigh merchants. Out of his profits he bought a dollar's worth of brown sugar—a rare luxury at the time—for his hungry boys at home. One of them was James B. Duke, who was to become the founder of the American Tobacco Company and of Duke University.

Soon after this journey, Washington Duke and his sons began to manufacture and sell tobacco at home. The business grew so rapidly that within ten years the family factory had been removed to Durham; but, while W. Duke Sons and Company prospered, they were dissatisfied with their progress. The road to greater and greater riches was blocked by the fact that none of the Duke brands could compete satisfactorily with Bull Durham smoking tobacco. It was therefore decided to manufacture cigarettes.

This venture was favored by the circumstances that the Civil War had enormously increased the popularity of smoking, and North Carolina had begun to produce Bright Tobacco, which was especially adapted for cigarettes. But cigarette-making machinery had not yet been invented, and no one in Durham knew how to roll them by hand. The Dukes then did what California fruit growers, Hawaiian pineapple planters, and Southern cotton farmers had done under other circumstances—they imported the needed laborers. In this case they were New York Jews who had learned their trade while in the employ of the Russian tobacco monopoly. (Their descendants still live in Durham.) The Jews, however, soon gave way to Negroes, just as the Negroes have long been giving way to machinery in the tobacco industry. The growing wealth and population of the country, the ever-increasing use of the habit-forming weed, and the opening of world markets under the fierce energy of the Dukes caused expansion after expansion of their firm.

Now, my dear, let us observe a sequence of events that could have happened only in America. So lucrative is the manufacture of tobacco that, as you know, many European governments reserve it to themselves as a monopoly and permit no private competition. And the rise from rags to riches in Europe generally takes several generations. Contrast this with the rise of the Dukes. By 1890—*only twenty-five years after Washington Duke had begun to peddle tobacco from a wagon*—four rival concerns joined with W. Duke Sons and Company to form the American Tobacco Company. Its capitalization of \$25,000,000 was termed by the United States Commissioner of Corporations “an amount vastly in excess of tangible assets,” or, in the less polite words of the man in the street, “watered stock.” But nineteenth-century America was characterized by a savage *laissez faire*, and the Dukes, after all, were men of their times. Finally, eighty-six other and competing firms were merged or consolidated with the American Tobacco Company, while its capitalization was run up to \$235,000,000. James B. Duke was made president of the company, which at its inception secured control of 90 per cent of the cigarette business of the greatest cigarette-smoking country in the world. That, my dear, is (or was) America.

Monopoly, real or alleged, has now become a wearisomely familiar issue to the American people, but there was a time—particularly in the days of Theodore Roosevelt—when it provoked avid interest and intense indignation among the public. When, therefore, in 1911, the Commissioner of Corporations issued a report on American Tobacco in which he spoke of its alleged corporate sins, of the bare living earned by tobacco farmers, and of the starvation prices paid them for tobacco, it was agreed something must be done. And something was done. The United States Supreme Court, which has often been given to a rather charming metaphysical unawareness of the brawling world, ordered the dissolution of the Tobacco Trust.

Whereupon its component parts rearranged their positions; the country's population increased; millions of women joined the ranks of smokers; tobacco farmers remained poor; and the Dukes grew richer.

In the meanwhile, James B. Duke had moved in 1905 from Durham to Somerville, New Jersey, where he constructed a palace on an estate of twenty-five hundred acres, and lived in that magnificence to which self-made American millionaires seem to feel they are called. The years went by pleasantly enough for Mr. Duke in New Jersey, while down in North Carolina tobacco farmers continued to sow their seeds in hotbeds, transplant the slips to warm spring earth, cultivate the growing crop in hot summer, sit up autumn nights to keep wood fires blazing in curing barns, haul their tobacco to market, take the prices they were offered for it, and endure their poverty with becoming humility. When the times pressed too hard upon them, they clamored for William Jennings Bryan for President, and shouted for the coming of the Lord in revival meetings. When times were relatively good, they bought a secondhand Ford, loaded the family into it, and went off to visit relatives and hunt 'coons up at Spruce Pine. All in all, it was not a bad world, but it was a world from which James B. Duke was soon to depart.

In 1924, with but one more year to live, his thoughts reverted to Durham, where his youth had been spent and his fortune founded. In that town there was a small school—Trinity College. He now descended upon its trustees with a startling proposal. If they would change the name of Trinity to Duke University, said Mr. Duke, he would grant it an endowment of \$40,000,000. This condition, reports the late Professor Boyd of Duke University with admirable understatement, "was readily fulfilled by the Trinity trustees." A year later James B. Duke was dead. He has, however, achieved at least earthly immortality. A university bears his name; he stands frock-coated with cigar in hand in enduring bronze on the Duke campus; he lies in marble effigy with his brothers in the chapel of Duke cathedral; beneath its stones rest his remains.

The Duke millions began to be converted into Duke University just about the time when economic depression moved in on us for a long visit, and they resulted in a boom for the small but already depression-proof town of Durham. Its principal activity—cigarette making—had increased for years through good times and bad. Now the town was to experience a first-class building boom as the pines went down and the university went up. When the tents had been finally erected, the star performers arrived—men learned in the professions and esoteric lore; doctors of this and doctors of that; men with bizarre names in a community accustomed to simple Anglo-Saxon nomenclature; but all of them, of whatever kind or degree, with the golden aura of consumers about their heads. Close upon their heels came the girl-and-boy student body: potential purchasers of lipsticks, tennis rackets, shoes, clothing, and ice-cream sodas. Culture, it appeared to the

town's astonished citizens, was not a total loss; it could pay dividends as well as tobacco. Durham's business and population grew; rows of new homes pirouetted on the flanks of the town's mastodontic tobacco warehouses; steel tanks and Gothic towers looked down upon a world freshly born; the ugly duckling of North Carolina had become a fairy princess overnight.

Once the university had a roof over its head, it began to erupt fountains of culture in the form of lectures and recitals by famous speakers and musicians, accessible to townsfolk as well as students. But in Durham, as nearly everywhere else in the United States, the propagation of the arts, like the duties of spring cleaning and putting up pickles, is left to the ladies. Occasionally a determined Durham woman succeeds in dragging her husband away from a poker game to hear Rachmaninoff instead of "What ya got?" but in general Durham's men let their ladies absorb Duke's "advantages" while they root for its football teams. For this group, education justified itself when the Duke Blue Devils played Southern California in the Rose Bowl, and, while its members await the coming of another Great Team, they are content for their women to listen to discourses on the bird life of the Bahamas or Edna St. Vincent Millay.

In short, Durham's men—conscious of the fact that the South, with 50 per cent of the nation's resources within its borders and a rapidly growing population, is nonetheless the most poverty-stricken area of America—are out to get the business, and let him who will have the "culture" and Southern "romance." Northerners deplore this attitude because they feel the South ought to stick to the business of being picturesque. The fact that it is highly unprofitable is all the more reason—in Northern eyes—why the South should stick to it. Old-time Southerners are likely to resent the Durham attitude because to them it means that the South is committing its greatest crime: aping the North. Durham, however, was settled not by aristocrats but by hardworking plain folk like the Dukes; it is not obsessed with the historical past; and, consciously or unconsciously, it feels that the time has come to stop playing the role of jolly peasants singing on the village green for the delectation of rich and patronizing Northerners.

If the white men of Durham have abandoned the Southern-charm role, so have the Negroes. Here one finds perhaps the most imposing and substantial business structure that Negroes have ever erected in America—the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company. Founded over forty years ago by the Negro barber John Merrick, it is today still conducted entirely by Negroes, operates in six states, has assets of \$6,000,000 and nearly \$50,000,000 of life insurance in force. Durham Negroes also own and run a successful bank and an equally successful fire-insurance company. This concern—Bankers Fire Insurance Company—is unique in that it constitutes the only group of Negroes in America engaged in the field of fire-insurance underwriting, and caters to Negroes who, in many cases, could not get

insurance elsewhere. It follows that Durham is not a happy hunting ground for writers in search of "that's-why-darkies-are-born" material, because here they seem born to conduct business rather than "hoe the cawn."

The success of the North Carolina Mutual is opposed to at least four American legends. (1) Negroes are incapable of managing large-scale enterprise. (2) Even if they were capable of managing large-scale enterprise, they would have to operate in the North because the Negro-biased South would not give them a chance. (3) The best Negro brains go north for lack of opportunity in the South, leaving the dregs of the race to drag out a miserable existence. (This company was founded by and is conducted entirely by Southern Negroes.) (4) Negroes are faced with extermination because of the ravages of tuberculosis and venereal diseases. This legend was once given solemn documentary sanction by one of the great insurance companies in 1890.

At that time—twenty-five years after the Civil War—the Prudential Life Insurance Company assigned one of its best actuaries, Hoffman, to the task of ascertaining whether it would be profitable to insure the lives of Negroes. Hoffman, after a long investigation, issued a thick, statistics-bristling report concluding that there was no sense in insuring Negroes for the simple reason that within two or three generations there would be no Negroes left to insure. They would long ago have perished of pulmonary and venereal diseases! This point of view, strangely enough, was held both by laymen and by actuaries long after the Civil War, and it continued to be held despite the fact that each census showed an increase in the Negro population. I wonder what the ghostly Mr. Hoffman thinks now as he sees 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States (there were about 4,000,000 in 1865), and a large Negro life-insurance company prosperously insuring the lives of Negroes.

Now all this is obviously not the Old but the New South. Deplore it if you will; call it sterile; call it whatever you like; and resent the spread of the acquisitive instinct at the expense of many other values. All this, in fact, is resented by Durham's neighbor, the ancient town of Raleigh, many of whose citizens look down their patrician noses at the upstart town of Durham, because its sky is filled with the smoke of chimneys rather than the lambent Carolina light, its streets paved less with tradition than with brick, and its leaders more intent upon piling up cash than culture. These folk see culture—by which they mean mellowed homes, old silver, impeccable manners, and a gracious way of living—as an abstraction come out of the nowhere into the now. It could not possibly be associated with anything so gross as trade; its silver surface would be tarnished by the breath of business.

They forget, of course, that, wherever on this continent or elsewhere an intellectual or sensory culture has prevailed, it sprang from trade and flour-

ished in trading centers. Boston, New York, Richmond, and New Orleans were business cities, and it mattered little whether they exchanged hardware for tea, as Boston did with China, or slaves for money, as Virginia did with the lower South; culture followed in the wake of business. Southerners are prone to forget—or do not want to remember—that some of the shrewdest, toughest-minded financiers who ever drove a hard bargain on this continent were the Huguenot bankers of old Charleston. And long before western Europe had awakened from forest barbarism, culture and business had gone hand in hand in Babylon, Athens, and Alexandria. I do not despair, therefore, of Durham, nor deplore its existence. Give it time.

Two or three miles west of Durham I stopped to read the inscription on a simple bronze plaque. It commemorates not a Confederate victory but a Confederate defeat which was the death of the Confederacy. Its noble language breathes the spirit not of defiance but of reconciliation and serene pride. Note these words:

THIS MONUMENT MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE MILITARY FORCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FINALLY TRIUMPHED AND ESTABLISHED AS INVIOLEATE THE PRINCIPLE OF AN INDISSOLUBLE UNION; IT MARKS ALSO THE SPOT OF THE LAST STAND OF THE CONFEDERACY IN MAINTAINING ITS IDEAL OF INDESTRUCTIBLE STATES—AN IDEAL WHICH PRESERVED TO THE AMERICAN UNION BY VIRTUE OF THE HEROIC FIGHT GROWS IN STRENGTH FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

It seems not unreasonable to me that a community capable of uttering these sentiments is worthy of the luxury of wearing shoes weekdays as well as Sundays.

Affectionately,
DAVID

*Farewell, My Lovely! **

I SEE by the new Sears Roebuck catalogue that it is still possible to buy an axle for a 1909 Model T. Ford, but I am not deceived. The great days have faded, the end is in sight. Only one page in the current catalogue is devoted to parts and accessories for the Model T; yet everyone remembers spring-times when the Ford gadget section was larger than men's clothing, almost as large as household furnishings. The last Model T was built in 1927, and the car is fading from what scholars call the American scene—which is an understatement, because to a few million people who grew up with it the old Ford practically was the American scene.

It was the miracle God had wrought. And it was patently the sort of thing that could only happen once. Mechanically uncanny, it was like nothing that had ever come to the world before. Flourishing industries rose and fell with it. As a vehicle, it was hard-working, commonplace, heroic; and it often seemed to transmit those qualities to the persons who rode in it. My own generation identifies it with Youth, with its gaudy, irretrievable excitements; before it fades into the mist, I would like to pay it the tribute of the sigh that is not a sob, and set down random entries in a shape somewhat less cumbersome than a Sears Roebuck catalogue.

The Model T was distinguished from all other makes of cars by the fact that its transmission was of a type known as planetary—which was half metaphysics, half sheer friction. Engineers accepted the word "planetary" in its epicyclic sense, but I was always conscious that it also meant "wandering," "erratic." Because of the peculiar nature of this planetary element, there was always, in Model T, a certain dull rapport between engine and wheels, and, even when the car was in a state known as neutral, it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward. There was never a moment when the bands were not faintly egging the machine on. In this respect it was like a horse, rolling the bit on its tongue, and country people brought to it the same technique they used with draft animals.

Its most remarkable quality was its rate of acceleration. In its palmy days the Model T could take off faster than anything on the road. The reason was simple. To get under way, you simply hooked the third finger

* Reprinted from the *New Yorker* for May 16, 1936, by permission of the authors and the publishers.

of the right hand around a lever on the steering column, pulled down hard, and shoved your left foot forcibly against the low-speed pedal. These were simple, positive motions; the car responded by lunging forward with a roar. After a few seconds of this turmoil, you took your toe off the pedal, eased up a mite on the throttle, and the car, possessed of only two forward speeds, catapulted directly into high with a series of ugly jerks and was off on its glorious errand. The abruptness of this departure was never equaled in other cars of the period. The human leg was (and still is) incapable of letting in a clutch with anything like the forthright abandon that used to send Model T on its way. Letting in a clutch is a negative, hesitant motion, depending on delicate nervous control; pushing down the Ford pedal was a simple, country motion—an expansive act, which came as natural as kicking an old door to make it budge.

The driver of the old Model T was a man enthroned. The car, with top up, stood seven feet high. The driver sat on top of the gas tank, brooding it with his own body. When he wanted gasoline, he alighted, along with everything else in the front seat; the seat was pulled off, the metal cap unscrewed, and a wooden stick thrust down to sound the liquid in the well. There were always a couple of these sounding sticks kicking around in the ratty subcushion regions of a flivver. Refueling was more of a social function then, because the driver had to unbend, whether he wanted to or not. Directly in front of the driver was the windshield—high, uncompromisingly erect. Nobody talked about air resistance, and the four cylinders pushed the car through the atmosphere with a simple disregard of physical law.

There was this about a Model T: the purchaser never regarded his purchase as a complete, finished product. When you bought a Ford, you figured you had a start—a vibrant, spirited framework to which could be screwed an almost limitless assortment of decorative and functional hardware. Driving away from the agency, hugging the new wheel between your knees, you were already full of creative worry. A Ford was born naked as a baby, and a flourishing industry grew up out of correcting its rare deficiencies and combating its fascinating diseases. Those were the great days of lily-painting. I have been looking at some old Sears Roebuck catalogues, and they bring everything back so clear.

First you bought a Ruby Safety Reflector for the rear, so that your posterior would glow in another car's brilliance. Then you invested thirty-nine cents in some radiator Moto Wings, a popular ornament which gave the Pegasus touch to the machine and did something godlike to the owner. For nine cents you bought a fan-belt guide to keep the belt from slipping off the pulley.

You bought a radiator compound to stop leaks. This was as much a part of everybody's equipment as aspirin tablets are of a medicine cabinet. You bought special oil to prevent chattering, a clamp-on dash light, a patching outfit, a tool box which you bolted to the running board, a sun visor, a

steering-column brace to keep the column rigid, and a set of emergency containers for gas, oil, and water—three thin, disklike cans which reposed in a case on the running board during long, important journeys—red for gas, gray for water, green for oil. It was only a beginning. After the car was about a year old, steps were taken to check the alarming disintegration. (Model T was full of tumors, but they were benign.) A set of antirattlers (98c) was a popular panacea. You hooked them on to the gas and spark rods, to the brake-pull rod, and to the steering-rod connections. Hood silencers, of black rubber, were applied to the fluttering hood. Shock-absorbers and snubbers gave "complete relaxation." Some people bought rubber pedal pads, to fit over the standard metal pedals. (I didn't like these, I remember.) Persons of a suspicious or pugnacious turn of mind bought a rear-view mirror; but most Model T owners weren't worried by what was coming from behind because they would soon enough see it out in front. They rode in a state of cheerful catalepsy. Quite a large mutinous clique among Ford owners went over to a foot accelerator (you could buy one and screw it to the floor board), but there was a certain madness in these people, because the Model T, just as she stood, had a choice of three foot pedals to push, and there were plenty of moments when both feet were occupied in the routine performance of duty and when the only way to speed up the engine was with the hand throttle.

Gadget bred gadget. Owners not only bought ready-made gadgets; they invented gadgets to meet special needs. I myself drove my car directly from the agency to the blacksmith's, and had the smith affix two enormous iron brackets to the port running board to support an army trunk.

People who owned closed models builded along different lines: they bought ball-grip handles for opening doors, window antirattlers, and deluxe flower vases of the cut-glass antisplash type. People with delicate sensibilities garnished their car with a device called the Donna Lee Automobile Disseminator—a porous vase guaranteed, according to Sears, to fill the car with a "faint clean odor of lavender." The gap between open cars and closed cars was not as great then as it is now: for \$11.95, Sears Roebuck converted your touring car into a sedan, and you went forth renewed. One agreeable quality of the old Fords was that they had no bumpers, and their fenders softened and wilted with the years and permitted the driver to squeeze in and out of tight places.

Tires were 30 x 3½, cost about twelve dollars, and punctured readily. Everybody carried a Jiffy patching set, with a nutmeg grater to roughen the tube before the goo was spread on. Everybody was capable of putting on a patch, expected to have to, and did have to.

During my association with Model T's, self-starters were not a prevalent accessory. They were expensive and under suspicion. Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to Get Results. It was a special trick, and, until you learned it (usually from

another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation), you might as well have been winding up an awning. The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gunfire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred, and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket.

The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless. Owners had their own theories about everything; they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism. Exact knowledge was pretty scarce, and often proved less effective than superstition. Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient; it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine. There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on. The Ford driver flew blind. He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel, or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the "splash system"). A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a windshield-wiper. The dashboard of the early models was bare save for an ignition key; later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter which pulsed alarmingly with the throbbing of the car. Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted. Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments. I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine. When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer. It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function. It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case against which, many people believed, the roller rolled. I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to—I was just showing off before God. There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers. Some people, when things went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench. Other people opened it up and blew on it. There was a school that held that the timer needed large amounts of oil; they fixed it by frequent baptism. And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone; these

people were continually taking it off and wiping it. I remember once spitting into a timer; not in anger, but in a spirit of research. You see, the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics. He believed his car could be hexed.

One reason the Ford anatomy was never reduced to an exact science was that, having "fixed" it, the owner couldn't honestly claim that the treatment had brought about the cure. There were too many authenticated cases of Fords fixing themselves—restored naturally to health after a short rest. Farmers soon discovered this, and it fitted nicely with their draft-horse philosophy: "Let 'er cool off and she'll snap into it again."

A Ford owner had Number One Bearing constantly in mind. This bearing, being at the front end of the motor, was the one that always burned out, because the oil didn't reach it when the car was climbing hills. (That's what I was always told, anyway.) The oil used to recede and leave Number One dry as a clam flat; you had to watch that bearing like a hawk. It was like a weak heart—you could hear it start knocking, and that was when you stopped and let her cool off. Try as you would to keep the oil supply right, in the end Number One always went out. "Number One Bearing burned out on me and I had to have her replaced," you would say, wisely; and your companions always had a lot to tell about how to protect and pamper Number One to keep her alive.

Sprinkled not too liberally among the millions of amateur witch doctors who drove Fords and applied their own abominable cures were the heaven-sent mechanics who could really make the car talk. These professionals turned up in undreamed-of spots. One time, on the banks of the Columbia River in Washington, I heard the rear end go out of my Model T when I was trying to whip it up a steep incline onto the deck of a ferry. Something snapped; the car slid backward into the mud. It seemed to me like the end of the trail. But the captain of the ferry, observing the withered remnant, spoke up.

"What's got her?" he asked.

"I guess it's the rear end," I replied, listlessly. The captain leaned over the rail and stared. Then I saw that there was a hunger in his eyes that set him off from other men.

"Tell you what," he said, carelessly, trying to cover up his eagerness; "let's pull the son of a bitch up onto the boat, and I'll help you fix her while we're going back and forth on the river."

We did just this. All that day I plied between the towns of Pasco and Kennewick, while the skipper (who had once worked in a Ford garage) directed the amazing work of resetting the bones of my car.

Springtime in the heyday of the Model T was a delirious season. Owning a car was still a major excitement; roads were still wonderful and bad. The Fords were obviously conceived in madness: any car which was capable of going from forward into reverse without any perceptible me-

chanical hiatus was bound to be a mighty challenging thing to the human imagination. Boys used to veer them off the highway into a level pasture and run wild with them, as though they were cutting up with a girl. 'Most everybody used the reverse pedal quite as much as the regular foot brake—it distributed the wear over the bands and wore them all down evenly. That was the big trick, to wear all the bands down evenly, so that the final chattering would be total and the whole unit scream for renewal.

The days were golden, the nights were dim and strange. I still recall with trembling those loud, nocturnal crises when you drew up to a signpost and raced the engine so the lights would be bright enough to read destinations by. I have never been really planetary since. I suppose it's time to say good-by. Farewell, my lovely!

B E T T Y F I B L E M A R T I N

*Spring Comes to the Farm **

Vienna, Virginia.

OURS is a back road spilling off U. S. Highway No. 50—one small farm after another. We do not need to be told what is happening. We know. We hear the “peepers” chorusing their high overture to spring from every marsh and pond. We see the cows and horses shedding their heavy winter coats. We find the broody hens clucking over a nest of eggs. We smell the earth again after weeks of odorless snow and ice. In the quiet of the night we hear the rabbits drumming on the ground, calling to their mates.

Our world is being born anew. Out of the darkness of winter has emerged a fresh, bright land of opportunity returned, ours to do with as we will. Last year’s failures and mistakes are somehow wiped away, gone with the winter’s snow, and here we have a whole new season inviting new adventure. It has been thus since time began, but there is always a wonder, a happy mystery, about the land when spring returns. The land endures, year after turning year; yet it is ever changing, and spring itself is the very epitome of change.

It is time to prune the grapevines, cut out the dead apple wood, clean the fence rows, and burn over the fields of weeds and broom sedge. Columns of smoke dot the horizon—bonfires here, grass fires there “a-poppin’ an’ a-hissin’”—spreading in the wind until the rolling countryside is enveloped in a dense screen of peaceful smoke.

We turn out the restless stock, anxious to graze on the green fuzz of pasture grass, to roam free from confining stanchions and stalls. We hitch up the horses, lazy after the long idle winter, and devote hours to the heavy task of hauling manure piles from barnyards out into the fields. We watch the warm winds dry the mud in which man, beast, and machine have mired after each successive thaw and rain.

Rusty plows cut through the sod of old fields and garden patches, followed by streams of chickens gorging on grubs and “fishin’ worms,” and come up glistening at the end of the first long furrow. The air is pungent with the cleanliness of turned earth.

* Reprinted from the *New York Times Magazine* for April 21, 1940, by permission of the author and the publishers.

Lights shine early from kitchen windows. There is no "lyin' in the bed" of a morning. Men, women, and children breakfast before dawn in order to get on with the work clamoring for attention after the paralyzing months of winter inactivity. Trucks of the hay, grain, and fertilizer store rumble down the road piled high with sacks. Everyone wants his order of lime and fertilizer at one and the same moment. The drivers work early and late. Each sack of fertilizer weighs 160 pounds. Each bag of ground limestone is just so much concentrated dead weight, the moving of each bag of hydrated lime a choking operation. The boys puff and blow and declare quite cheerfully they will be ready to eat their "beans come supper time."

Plans frozen in each mind during the winter thaw into action. One field must be made ready for early oats, grass, and clover, a patch near the house for potatoes, peas, onions, and all the rest of the spring vegetables. This field must be plowed for corn, the next for soy beans.

And there is the livestock. Every creature has babies, from horses to hogs, ducks to barn cats—to the wonder and delight of the children, the satisfaction or sometimes consternation of the grown-ups.

If we want eggs in the fall, we must raise chickens in the spring. Our women start the fires in the brooder houses, tend them, watch thermometers and thermostats preparatory to the arrival of the mail carrier's car noisily filled with boxes of from twenty-five to one hundred day-old chickens, peeping like mad for a warm hover, a drink, and something to eat.

Leggy colts appear in pastures, nuzzling their mothers hungrily, frisking with sheer delight over being here and then lying out flat in the good warm sun to sleep off food and play. Wabby calves butt at the cows, gambol about after feeding, and inadvertently bring milk, butter, and cheese to larders lean after the long winter.

As the fresh spring weather settles into a steadier warmth, we travel the five miles to the freight station. The freight room, ordinarily housing a scanty array of milk cans, gates, and an occasional piece of farm machinery, is a jam of orders—great bundles of fruit trees, small bundles of cane fruits and grapevines, sack after sack of seed: oats, grass, clover, potatoes, vegetable, soy bean, and corn. We help the bewildered agent search for our order, note his sigh of relief to be rid of a few sacks of responsibility.

We go from there to the post office, alive with peeping chickens, a motley assortment of strawberry plants, perennial flowers and small fruits peeping out from bundles and baskets, even orders of swarms of bees done up neatly in screened packages.

In the village, drug, feed, grocery, and hardware establishments—all save the filling station—display packets of seed, bags of seed, a wealth of rose bushes and mountains of bug and fungus poisons and repellents.

All our ready cash is consumed in futures—the future of the seeds, baby chickens, turkeys, and ducks we have purchased—the future of the colts, calves, and satiny little pigs newly arrived after a long investment in feed and housing for their parent stock. The net gain—if any—will not be reckoned until harvest and market time.

These are our problems, and, if we are less intent on the affairs of Europe and the troubles of a distant world than on them, it is perhaps understandable. We harvested our soy beans and cut our corn in the torrid September days with an ear cocked toward Poland. We roamed up knoll and down bottom under the sparkling fall skies, half a mind on the “beadles” jumping the rabbits, the other half on Finland. But now we are knee-deep in spring, and the echoes from each new danger zone come more faintly over the hills.

It must be so on every farm lying in a nation at peace, this time of year, when soil is turned for other crops than forts and bomb shelters, and fence posts are set for peaceful fences, not barbed-wire entanglements. Ours is a peaceful scene, and our minds are filled with affairs of peace, which somehow fit the season.

Our harrows go up and down the plowed fields, breaking and combing the clods into smooth beauty, clean soil from fence to fence, a virgin bed for our livelihood during the year to come. Fields are small along our road, horse-drawn seeders scarce. So, up and down, across and back, the farmer marches, bucket of seed under his left arm, his right a piston of driving regularity, tossing seed up and out. He watches it fly and settle on the “loomy” soil, then harrows it in.

On porches and in the lee of sheds, wherever the sun is warm, the women pass the time of day. Their hands have not been idle, cutting potatoes into seed, the small children too young for school twittering about their feet. The following morning they were out in the garden with their menfolk, dropping seed potatoes into the straight deep furrows.

Day by day, brown fields green under the tender warmth of spring rain and sun. Hard by the farmhouses—the freshly painted and gray tumble-down shack alike—the bloom comes on the fruit: plums, cherries, peaches, pears, and apples burst forth in all their white and pink glory.

And after the preventive spraying, there is a lull in the work, the breather between seeding and cultivating. We walk over our acres more leisurely. We see the potatoes, up hand-high, alive with potato bugs feeding like *gourmands* on the young leaves. We linger outside at dusk long enough to hear the whippoorwills calling in the woods and the first base duets of the bullfrogs in the pond. Bugs, whippoorwills, and bullfrogs—then we know spring has been “tippin’ out” and summer “creepin’ in.”

HAROLD W. THOMPSON

*Legends and Ghosts of Cooper's Land **

"THIS is grand!—'tis solemn!—'tis an edication of itself, to look upon!" exclaimed Cooper's Deerslayer as he stood leaning on his rifle, gazing over the Glimmerglass, Otsego Lake in York State. So Judge William Cooper must have felt when in 1785 he reached the hill called "Vision" and first looked down upon the land which still bears his name.

As Sir Walter Scott said of James Fenimore Cooper, William's son, the judge was a "castle of a man," a tall, strong squire of Stuart and Trumbull portraits. Owning three quarters of a million acres, he lived to see forty thousand frontier farmers dwelling upon vast estates that reached to the St. Lawrence River. Quite as much frontiersman himself as country squire, he once offered 150 acres to anyone who could throw him at "wrassling." There is a story of his being approached by a tenant who pled that bad harvests prevented the settlers at Unadilla from paying an annual rent. The judge challenged him to a wrestling match for the sum in question and—perhaps deliberately—lost.

William Cooper was well mated with the strong-willed lady whose cozy portrait seems to me the most charming in the Museum and Art Gallery of the New York State Historical Association at Cooperstown. Upon her first visit of inspection to Otsego Lake, in 1787, she was so thoroughly frightened by tippy canoes and so miserably jolted in her careening chaise that she resolved to remain in Burlington in New Jersey. Upon the day in 1790, 150 years ago, selected by the judge for removal to his wilderness estate, she seated herself at a desk in his library, announcing that she would not budge from her chair to go on such a mad journey. Tradition says that her masterful husband lifted her, chair and all, into his wagon, thus preserving her pride and effecting his own ends. The baby who sat jouncing in her lap was to become the creator of our Leatherstocking tales.

Another favorite story about Mme. Cooper concerns the volunteer fire department, whose clumsy activities she regarded with distrust. When Otsego Hall, the judge's mansion, caught fire during his absence, she locked the doors from within and called to the servants, "You look out for the fire, and I'll attend to the fire department." As the tale was told to

* Reprinted from the *New York Times Magazine* for August 25, 1940, by permission of the author and the publishers.

the late Rev. Mr. Birdsall, whose *The Story of Cooperstown* is a classic of local history, she poured hot water from a second-story window upon the firemen, extinguishing their zeal as promptly as her servants put out the flames.

Perhaps this firmness of the Coopers is part of their county's character. Miss Janice Neal, who collects merry lore of Otsego, tells of a certain Deacon Charlie of Roseboom who was being baptized in Cherry Valley Creek. The future deacon's son enlivened the ceremony by calling, "Don't let loose of him, parson; but if you do happen to let him go, look for him upstream; he's too damn contrary to go down."

Even the Cooperstown ghosts, of whom there is an extraordinary number even for central New York, show a grim persistence. My favorite among them is the Kicking Indian who for at least a century and a half sat buried beside the retaining wall of a garden on River Street. No matter how firm the masonry, the Injun managed to break through at the place where he sat. The late James Fenimore Cooper the younger, grandson of the novelist, told me that in his youth he was present when repairs were being made, and actually saw the seated skeleton, bony chin on knees, the cavernous eyes glaring at the mural symbol of a white man's attempt to wall up the red man's freedom. Recently the bones have been deposited in an ancient Indian burial mound on one of Cooperstown's beautiful private estates. The white man's wall is now intact.

Speaking of burials: no visitor is permitted to depart without seeing two old graveyards of the village. Through a weathered lich gate that reminds you of England, you stroll in God's Acre before reaching the portal of Christ Church. To your right is a plot once reserved for colored servants in the parish. At the grave of a certain Jenny who died in 1837 there is an inscription: "She had her faults was kind to the poor." The sexton will explain that Jenny's master was convinced that his cook, without consulting him, fed most of the indigent colored people of Cooperstown.

Jenny shares fame with a white lady buried in the old Presbyterian cemetery. An unskillful stonecutter was commissioned to chisel verses including the words "O Lord, she is thine." Unfortunately he hadn't room for the final letter, though there seems to have been an attempt to insert it above the line; so the lady remains "forever silent and forever *thin*."

As Carl Sandburg remarked while examining a collection of epitaphs gathered near Cooperstown, "These prove that the people have always wanted poetry, in life and in death." Sometimes the inscriptions are adaptations of Biblical verses, such as the one for Mrs. Augusta Maria Averill, who died in 1833: "She opened her mouth with wisdom and in her laughter was the law of kindness." Sometimes a crudely rhymed poem carries the

august presence of eternity. Such is the one at Mount Vision, where a tall locust shades these lines for Thompson Keyes, who died in 1852:

He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain
No morn shall awake him into eternity again.

Certainly we have no more eloquent inscription for a white man's grave than that which adorns the Indian burial mound in Cooperstown previously mentioned:

White Man, Greeting!

We, near whose bones you stand, were Iroquois. The wide land which now is yours was ours. Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb.

It is not strange that Otsego, "The Gathering Place," should have attracted by its charm many ghosts from the past. The Cooper family itself seems to have had what we now describe as psychic powers, which a century ago would have been called "animal magnetism." The novelist's daughter, Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, a lady as famed for her charities as for her social leadership, was a slender little woman weighing less than a hundred pounds. Yet her nephew has told me that, when the heavy dining table was inverted and a prodigiously fat man seated on it, she could move it across the floor by merely touching it with her fingers. One night she became convinced that her strange powers were not from God; thereafter she refused to employ them.

Not all the legends of Otsego County concern the supernatural, but many of them are pretty tall. Cal Corey of Edmeston, about whom I first heard from Miss Thelma Shatzel, was perhaps the master liar of his county. Elsewhere I have related his adventures as a stage driver:

"One day I was driving along as slick as a mink when a feller about seven feet high on a hoss to match held me up with one of them old muzzle-loading rifles. I used to be mighty quick in my youth; just as the feller started to shoot, I picked up a hatchet from the seat aside of me and threw it at the cuss. It flew straight and true towards the bullet and split it in two. No, it didn't hurt me none, that bullet—just cut off the two ends of my mustache."

Whenever Cal needed a new suit of clothes, he always carried on a polite conversation with some convenient scarecrow: "Now, mister, how will you trade? Even? Done!" A little "tetched," he would hide his tattered garments under a pile of bark and dance naked in the storm to lay the thunder-devil. Like Leatherstocking, he never lost his aplomb before devil or man. When a hotel proprietor threw him out into the dusty road, he picked himself up with dignity, then said with a smile: "This ain't going to make any difference in our friendship." One spring Cal was found dead under a tree, where he had sunk exhausted, finally conquered by a blizzard mightier than his own boasted strength.

As you see, all kinds of stout fellows have made the lore of Cooper's county. One of my favorite heroes from the past is Dominie Dunlop, whom Little Aaron of the Mohawks defended at the Cherry Valley massacre. Driving westward over Route 20 from Albany, you reach that panorama of glory near Cherry Valley where you look across a noble strath toward the Mohawk and the Adirondack haze. When Samuel Dunlop reached that region, twenty-five years before the Revolution, the wild cherries may have been blossoming to suggest a new name for the little frontier settlement. Back in Ireland was the girl to whom he had said: "Wait for me seven years, and, if I have not returned, marry another." Tradition reports that thin fortune and ill winds kept him from Erin until seven years were past—that he did not return until the day before his girl was to wed another. His arrival was an ill wind for the other suitor.

There on our far frontier the dominie "professed schoolmaster," teaching so skillfully that parents sent their boys all the way from Albany and Schenectady to live in his home and to learn Greek and honorable conduct. Because schoolmasters and parsons were badly paid, he was often seen following the plow, attended by lads reciting Homer and Virgil.

I have not told you of Leatherstocking's Cave, of Baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, of a dozen other villages that cluster in the Otsego Hills. Even the city of Oneonta, "Place of Overhanging Rocks," has a village grace, and an elegance which dates back to frontiersmen who loved quiet beauty. The whole county seems blessed by a prayer attributed to Molly Brant of the Mohawks and sent to me by the Rev. Yale Lyon of Unadilla:

Now I know the voice of man can reach unto the heaven,
Now I know that the Mighty One hath heard me when I prayed,
Now I know that the Word of Old, the Great Spirit truly heard it,
Now I know that Our Father hearkeneth unto man's prayer.
I know that good, and good alone, hath come, my children, unto you.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

The Buckeye Country *

WHENEVER in Europe or the East I was asked just where Ohio was in the United States, I found myself replying: "It is the farthest east of the West, the farthest west of the East, the farthest north of the South, and it is the North."

It has always been a state with marked but unspectacular characteristics, lacking the mint-julep romance of the South, the intellectual snobbery of New England, and the cowboy-frontier traditions of the West; yet somehow all three are to be encountered in Ohio in one form or another. In a way it is the state of all the forty-eight which is the most typically American, since of all states it is least touched by sectionalism. The Middle West begins with Indiana, the East with Pennsylvania, the South with Kentucky, and surrounded by these sits Ohio, one of the richest spots on the whole earth, since it is fabulously wealthy both in agriculture and industry and situated only a few miles from the center of population of the whole country. Geographically it lies between two great waterways, the Great Lakes and the Ohio River, both of which have played large roles in its history.

Ohio is, by date of first settlement, older than Kentucky and nearly one hundred years older than its nearest neighbor to the west. For years before Marietta was built on the banks of the Ohio River, it was a blood-stained battleground between the French and the English and their respective Indian allies. Until well into the beginning of the nineteenth century north-western Ohio had a French cast, and even today most of the names of streams and portages are French. Just east of this area lay the Western Reserve, settled by vigorous pioneers from Massachusetts, and the Firelands, where land was awarded by grant to those citizens of Connecticut whose dwellings were destroyed during the American Revolution. The southern part of the state was settled almost entirely by Virginians and Marylanders, with the strange and ill-fated colony at Gallipolis, recruited from among bourgeois French citizens, in the very midst of it. Then there were the liberal German refugees who came over after the Revolution of 1848, and the scattered religious, communistic colonies of Swiss and Ger-

* A review of Harlan Hatcher's *The Buckeye Country: A Pageant of Ohio*. Reprinted from the *New York Herald Tribune Books* for September 29, 1940, by permission of the author and the publishers.

man peasants sprinkled here and there throughout the state. Out of this mixture of elements came the Ohioan.

All this Mr. Hatcher has set forth in his excellent book together with chapters on the remarkable beauty of the Ohio countryside and the predominance of the state in national politics from the very first days of its statehood. The mixture of race, of philosophy, of religions so characteristic of the state has had, as Mr. Hatcher points out, a great deal to do with the peculiar, unregional character and the extraordinary adaptability of the Ohioan himself. He has never espoused a professional regional character like the New Englander and the Southerner or even the Hoosier. Despite the number of writers coming out of Ohio, there has never been a school of Ohio writers. Most Ohio writers have never even met each other. The mixture and background as well as the economic richness possibly explains, too, the peculiarly conservative character of its citizens—that they resent taxation or regimentation of any sort, that in most of the solidly rich towns which exist in such large numbers in the state the newcomer, even the millionaire industrialist, must undergo a test of his personal qualities before he is accepted.

In one sense the old South and the old New England are more alive in Ohio today than in Virginia or Massachusetts, for the descendants of the first Virginians and the first settlers from Massachusetts have not gone to seed in Ohio. Preserved by the economic robustness of the state, they have gone on in their tradition, still practicing many of the virtues and exhibiting many of the ancient qualities which have largely died out in the region of their origin. The list of hierarchal Ohio families which have gone on generation after generation—the Mathers, the Stones, the Hays, the Whitneys, the Tafts, the Longworths, and countless others—is as long as your arm. Every community has its list of families still vigorous and dominant after more than a half-dozen generations.

These are economic and social questions, but many of the most fascinating chapters of the book have to do with the geographical and historical background. There is a fascinating and tragically romantic chapter upon Harman Blennerhasset and his bride and their ill-fated venture into a Rousseau paradise, and a poetic chapter filled with nostalgia on the Ohio River, and, of course, a chapter on Ohio's Saint Francis, Johnny Appleseed. I have a suspicion that Mr. Hatcher's explanation of who Johnny really was is rather too pat. A legend could not have grown out of the figure of a practical, commonplace, and prosperous nurseryman, no matter how great his kindness and good humor. I suspect that his theory is less correct than my own. I believe in Johnny Appleseed. I have heard a great-aunt describe having seen him on his frequent visits to her father's house. I believe that he existed, very much as he does in the legend. In any case there is no better saint for the rich Ohio country, where the fields are still the most fertile in America.

Altogether I find *The Buckeye Country* a fascinating book. I am sorry that Mr. Hatcher did not go into the romantic history of the underground railroad and the fabulous characters who played their parts in the escape of thousands of slaves who, like Eliza, fled from Kentucky across Ohio to Canada. And he should, I think, have included a list of personalities from Ohio who have contributed so much to the American world of entertainment—Elsie Janis, Marilyn Miller, Tyrone Power, Ramona, the Nugent family, the Gish sisters, Libby Holman, Clark Gable, and so on almost forever. It is a list longer even than the list of Ohio's sturdy persistent families.

The Buckeye Country is a vastly entertaining book which should be read by every American, especially at this time, and it is one of singular fascination for everyone who has even the remotest connection with the Buckeye country itself. With it one should read one of the most beautiful novels of our time, a book called *The Trees*, by Conrad Richter, which recreates the early world of Ohio as the first settlers came into it, a world of magnificent forest and meadows and marshes. It is encouraging to find that today, even as I write, the Federal conservation program is restoring to the state so much of the beauty desecrated by the industrialists and white-trash farmers of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Northeast Corner *

THE PART of the United States that I know best and love best is that lying east of the Hudson River; that is to say, New England and a little strip of New York. I insist on that little strip both because I now live in it and because I would like to include New York City and the Hudson River itself in what may be called my private America. There is much else in America, of course, that I like, and I am not the kind of sectional patriot who thinks other regions inferior to his own. But I have spent my whole life in this particular area, and, if I didn't like it, I probably wouldn't think much of America.

In eastern New York, fifteen miles from the Hudson, about ten miles from the Massachusetts border and less than twenty from Vermont, is a little village that once was part of the great feudal Dutch manor of Rensselaerwyck. In this village, on the farm where I live, there is a graveyard whose stones bear the names of early settlers, men and women who came here from Rhode Island and Massachusetts—*Mayflower* descendants, by the way, every one of them.

The village was the last part of the great manor to be settled, for it was the least accessible and the least fertile. But a time came when the good sites were all gone, and the pioneers, driving their ox teams down the valley of the Little Hoosick, turned west again at Petersburg and climbed the Grafton hills. They chose their farms as best they could, and signed their agreements with Stephen Van Rensselaer, promising to pay him and his heirs so many bushels of wheat a year in perpetuity. Then they went to work to clear the land, as the broad stone walls show.

For a hundred and twenty-five years the pioneers and their heirs got whatever living they could out of the intractable soil. Then the farm was sold for its timber, and most of the great oaks and maples and hemlocks were cut down. Shorn of its trees, except those near the house, it was put on the market again, and this time sold to a teacher for a summer home. For ten or twelve seasons he lived in the place, loved it, and tinkered with it, installing a rough-and-ready water system and a bathroom, building a porch, dividing the upper part into rooms. But at last he planned to retire

* Reprinted from *I Like America* (New York, 1938), by permission of the publishers, Modern Age Books, Inc.

and leave the vicinity, and he sold it—to us. For a few years we used it, as he had, only in the summer, but three years ago, as I shall subsequently tell, I lost my job, and since then it has been our home.

Here begin and end such journeys of exploration as we make. Usually we go either south or east, and more often south, to the island of publishers, magazines, and literary teas. If I go alone, I go by train, and that in many ways is best, for, from the train, one sees the Hudson all the way, and the trip is, according to a friend much more traveled than I, the most beautiful train ride in the world.

Sometimes we drive. There is nothing very exciting about Route 9, but its steady speed takes us at last to the Bronx River Parkway, with its fine wide pavement, the laurel, bridal wreath, and coreopsis that have been naturalized along its borders, the easy sweep over rolling hills, the disciplined arches of the bridge over Croton Lake, the towering menace of the reservoir embankment. On Sundays the city reaches out and takes possession of the parkway, as well it might, but on other days the traveler scarcely knows the city is near until he plunges into it.

New York is part of the America we like. I never drive across one of the bridges into Manhattan or walk up the incline into the Grand Central Station without a little gooseflesh of excitement. Nothing can ever overcome my rural prejudice that it is not a fit place for human beings to live in, but I like to be there. I like the height of the buildings, the complexity of the subways, even the blatancies of Times Square advertising. I like the crowds and the roar and the sense of urgency.

That is not all I like in New York. I like the theaters and the concert halls and the art galleries. It may be a pity, but the cultural life of America does center in New York. When I am there, I know what is happening, for better or worse, in American literature, art, drama, and music. And because it is the cultural capital, many of my friends live there, and that is another reason why I like it.

New York is exciting, and, as I have said, when we leave the farm, we usually go south, but our eyes go east every day, and so do our thoughts. The house looks toward the east, and so, born New Englanders all of us, do we.

We look to the east, to the mountains. Our Taconics. Two or three times a day some one of us calls the others to look. Even in the winter, when the clouds are over them, we speak of their invisibility. The colors of sunrise over our Taconics. The disk of the moon showing above them. Clusters of cloud over or upon them. Snow lying heavy or streaked along the tops. The steady change of color from day to day and hour to hour. And behind them Greylock of the Berkshires, whose beacon nightly reminds us that the mountains are there.

There are finer views of the Taconics than ours, and certainly there are

grander mountains, but we know we have been fortunate, and we do not ask to change. We look toward them, and often we cross them. As we drop down our range of hills toward the valley of the Little Hoosick, we see all their beauty, and then in a minute we are climbing them. The Taconic Trail is, I suppose, as modern engineering goes, an ordinary enough road, but that is all the more reason for marveling at it. Think of the generations of New Yorkers and New Englanders who, for one hundred and fifty years, skirted those mountains. Think of the railroad builders, laying their tracks in a great semicircle from Troy to Williamstown in order to follow the river valleys. And today's car, on today's road, goes up the mountains in high gear, so easily that most drivers do not pause, as we always do, to look back on the road, on the valley, on the narrow line of the Little Hoosick, on the farms and orchards and boulder-strewn pastures, on the hills with the yellow band that is our road, and on the horizon peaks of the Adirondacks.

Just below the crest of the mountain Massachusetts begins, and at the foot there is a fork in the road. Shall we turn right and wind into Pittsfield, or left and pass in the shadow of Williamstown's colonial college halls and North Adams' grimy factories? If we go left, we can drive from Williamstown to Bennington, and thence straight north through the center of Vermont, or we can climb the Mohawk Trail out of North Adams and head for Boston. If we go right, Pittsfield offers us the choice of the Berkshire Trail to Northampton and Worcester or the Jacob's Ladder route to Westfield and Springfield or the roads into the southern Berkshires and Connecticut.

All New England is before us as we pause on the eastern slope of the Taconic Trail, and it is hard to tell where it is pleasantest to go. Whatever way we choose has not only charm of its own but also the added charm of agreeable memories.

In the southern part of Maine there is the farm where my wife was born and spent her first thirteen years. The farmhouse has since burned, but she can tell us about the painted chamber, with the pictures on its walls of the houses and the people, the exotic fauna and flora, that, growing out of the imagination of some ancestor, became part of her childhood fantasies. She can show us the brook that was filled every August with cardinal flowers, the pasture where she and her brothers rode bareback on the farm horses, the site of the barn in which the whole family slept on hot summer nights.

Twenty miles away is a lake on whose shores we spent three summers. We could draw a map of it from memory, locating each of the four infinitesimal islands on which we ate picnic lunches and took sun baths. We could easily find the marsh where the heron used to come and hunt for frogs, or the big rock on which I was once marooned, or the spot on the trail to the Saco River where we camped one night, lying awake to watch

the movement of the constellations and listen to the barking of a fox. We know just how long it takes to paddle across to the sandy beach, just how far a canoe can be taken up the inlet, from just what point one can, on very clear days, catch a glimpse of Mount Washington.

North from our lake—and the best way to go is, or used to be, on the Songo River steamer—is a town in which five or six generations of my ancestors are buried. Their neighbors went west and farther west, or took to the sea, but they stayed on their farms, and the town is still populated with third and fourth cousins whom I have never seen.

It was my grandfather who broke away and went to Boston, earning his living as a teamster. My father was born in Boston, and so was my mother, though her roots are in Cape Cod; his in Maine. I was born in New Hampshire, but Boston was the center of my early life, just as New York is the center of my life today. Ten years of childhood and youth were spent in suburbs of Boston, and for seven years I lived across the Charles in Cambridge.

It would be hard to say what draws me, even now, to Boston. It is not, for the most part, a beautiful city, and certainly not an impressive one. But it was the first city I knew, and it gave me not only my first impression of size and of crowds but also my first understanding of human activities other than those practical ones that are devoted to keeping alive. Boston means to me my first moving picture, my first play, my first big parade, my first meal in a restaurant. It means the natural history rooms, the art museum, the opera, Symphony Hall, the public forums. If I am, as I suppose I am, what is called an intellectual, that is, a person specializing in things without which life can exist but without which there seems little reason for its existing, Boston is largely responsible.

Boston and Cambridge. To go back to Cambridge now and see the millions of bricks that, placed end to end, would doubtless stretch an astronomical distance but, arranged in various architectural patterns, make up Harvard's elaborate new houses, is for me a little depressing. But there has always been a great deal about Harvard that I do not care for. So much of it symbolizes what I do not like in America that it is hard for me to feel strong affection for it. I do feel gratitude, however, and I know that there is a Harvard that belongs to us and our America.

Everywhere I go in New England, I find something that makes me glad to be a New Englander and an American. Just off the Berkshire Trail there is a brook with a fine fall and a lovely gorge. My wife and I discovered it by accident one day when we got lost on a hike, and we revisit it every time we are in the vicinity. We know every pool and ledge and connect with each some story of ours. Even when we have to drive by in a hurry, it is good to know the brook is there.

It is pleasant, driving through the onion fields between Northampton and Amherst, to look up at Mount Holyoke and think that I have walked

along the range and might some day do it again. It is exciting, going up the Connecticut Valley, to remember that, if I want to, and I always do, I can stop at Hanover and see the Orozco murals.

Not far from Boston there is a town in which I lived as a boy. On my bicycle I covered every road in the neighborhood. Some of the roads are today automobile highways, on which no cyclist would be safe, but I suspect that others are unchanged, and that I could find my way to certain waterfalls as confidently as I did twenty-five years ago. Perhaps I could even reconstruct the dramas that I acted out as I rode along.

New England is full of lovely places. Near Mount Chocorua there is a house to which, ten years ago, friends took me when I was as nearly exhausted as I have ever been in my life, and from this house my daughter recently started out to climb her first mountain. In the Green Mountains there are a dozen streams beside which we have at one time or another stopped, impetuous streams that in floodtime pick up concrete bridges and throw them about. All over New England—

But I did not intend this to become a guidebook. All I am trying to say is that it is a joy to live and to be able to travel in such country as this. I make no apologies for the way in which my affections are restricted. If I knew more of America as well as I know this part, I would find just as much to admire and rejoice in. But patriotism begins at home, and mine is firmly rooted in love of this country east of the Hudson.

*Portrait of the U.S.A.**

LESS by definition than by achievement, the United States is the greatest nation on earth. Everybody knows it, everybody believes it, everybody says it—usually without quite knowing why. It isn't the greatest nation in size. Its continental area of 3,026,789 square miles is less than half the size of the Soviet Union, and smaller than Canada or Brazil. It is almost once and a half the size of Europe without the Soviet Union, but with all possessions it occupies only 7 per cent of the total land area of the world, whereas the British Empire sprawls across a third of the globe, Soviet Russia's chunk equals 14 per cent, and the French reservation another 8 per cent. The United States isn't the greatest nation by nose count. Its population of 130,085,000 is small compared to 450,000,000 Chinese, 353,000,000 Indians, and 170,000,000 Russians. Per square mile it has only forty-three inhabitants, and is more sparsely settled than any of the major nations with the exception of Soviet Russia; in contrast the 742 persons per square mile in England seems almost fantastic. Nor is the United States by any means the fastest-growing nation. Its birth rate has declined from 23.7 per thousand in 1920 to 17.9 per thousand estimated for 1938, and in a couple of decades at this rate persons of fifty or over will constitute the dominant population bloc.

In spite of an unparalleled industrial civilization, the United States is not predominantly a manufacturing nation. Manufacturing accounts for less than a fifth of the country's total realized income, whereas in the United Kingdom and Japan over 30 per cent of national income is derived from factory trades; in Sweden 40 per cent. The United States has built the world's most fabulous cities, but it is not the most urbanized nation, even though the population of citified New York exceeds that of either Canada or Argentina, and though Pennsylvania has more inhabitants than Belgium or Hungary, citified Illinois more than Finland and Denmark together. But less than 30 per cent of U.S. citizens live in big cities. In England nearly 45 per cent of the people dwell in cities of 100,000 or more, and in Germany over 30 per cent. The United States is still predominantly small-town and rural; not metropolitan.

Commonly presumed to be wealthier in natural resources than any other nation, the United States in some respects is probably equaled and in others

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exceeded by the British Empire and the Soviet Union, and its reserves may some day be equaled by those awaiting exploitation or discovery in South Africa, South America, and the hinterland of Asia. Furthermore, the United States has certain vital deficiencies. It consumes more than half the world rubber crop, grows none. It drinks half the world's coffee, and again grows none. It uses three fourths of the world's raw silk without cultivating any silkworms to speak of. It brings in (mainly from Argentina) 15 per cent of its hides. Its production of sugar, taken with that supplied by U.S. island possessions, is about 12 per cent of the world's total, but it consumes 20 per cent, and that 8 per cent difference amounts to 2,770,000 tons. It has virtually no tin, or platinum, or chromite, or antimony; precious little manganese, quicksilver, tungsten, and nickel. Granted that the superb U.S. technology could stop some of these gaps if war or other *force majeure* cut off imports, the fact remains that in a number of categories the United States is far from being independent of the outside world.

But in spite of all lacks and unfavorable comparisons the United States is the greatest nation on earth. It might be great simply on account of its 3,026,789 square miles. It might again be great on account of its 130,085,000 people. It might be great because of its tremendous agriculture. It might be great because of its vast industrialization. It might be great on account of basic mineral and energy resources. It might have greatness of a sort because of its political system. But its actual greatness rests not on these single assets, but on their combination. The greatness of the United States is the sum of a vast land area; a great, resourceful population of diverse origins and talents; a great agriculture of such richness that it embarrasses; a universal industry of cosmic dimensions; an enormous treasury of resources; a form of government that has stimulated the optimum development of all the components of the economy. It is the compounding of all these sources of greatness that makes the United States great.

And it is this compounding that has resulted in the creation of an American superman. For in a civilization based on energy and productivity the meaning and the effectiveness of every U.S. citizen are magnified and extended. Each has the largest per capita share of the world's coal and corn and iron ore and wheat and electricity and automobiles and bathtubs and radios and telephones and machines in general. It is as a nation of industrialized individuals who are in effect supermen that the United States has attained wealth, productivity, and strength far beyond comparison with any other nation, or, for that matter, most combinations of nations.

Just as the greatness of the United States is a source of wonder and envy to the rest of the world, so the character of the U.S. people has always been a tantalizing enigma. The English are "great colonizers" and "shopkeepers." The French are "a gay nation, fond of light wines and dancing." The Russians invariably are "mad," the Orientals "inscrutable," the Germans "thorough," the Italians "sentimental." Doubtless these epithets are

highly inaccurate, but no handle has ever been fitted to the American character, and in spite of numerous attempts the psychoanalysis of the race is yet to be made. The world's statesmen have spent a century and a half trying to understand Americans, and countless European commentators have swarmed across the United States. The commentators have gone everywhere, seen everything, talked with everyone, taken mountains of notes, and gone home to write searching books about the United States, which invariably turn out to be no more than delightful commentaries on the commentators. The United States has been called "Uncle Shylock," the "Land of Greed," the "Land of Dollar Grabbers," but let a famine develop in Asia or a war break out in Africa or an earthquake level a city in South America, and at once Americans rush to the rescue with fleets of supplies, or money, or ambulances, or anything else that would come in handy.

The United States is the world's greatest democracy, but its fundamental law was written mainly by aristocrats and conservatives who feared the people. The United States is the world's most tireless advocate of the principles of freedom, equality, tolerance, and due process of law. Yet it is peculiarly susceptible to wholly undemocratic outbursts of mob violence resulting in lynchings, repression, and vigilantism; and every so often it produces a Ku Klux Klan or a Black Legion, and it supports a fair share of indigenous fascist movements. The United States is a law-abiding nation, which recorded 1,400,000 major crimes in 1937 and has a hard time finding jail space to house the criminals. It has a divine faith in the power of legislation. It spends more money on making laws and governing itself than any other country, outside of the U.S.S.R., and it takes a peculiar satisfaction in circumventing or ignoring its own laws. The United States is the arch-enemy of injustice throughout the world, and sounds off at frequent intervals on the iniquities of foreign governments, foreign philosophies, and foreign methods, based on persecution, imperialism, and force; yet it tolerates the most brutal exploitation of certain classes of its own people and shrugs nonchalantly at the organized persecution of unpopular characters. So close to the frontier that many a living man has filed notches in his gun, the United States has canonized its most colorful banditti—Jesse James and Billy the Kid are typical heroes—and exhibits a thinly disguised admiration for its Dillingers and Baby Face Nelsons.

The United States has over 30,000,000 students enrolled in schools and colleges. But over 4 per cent of the population is illiterate, a rate comparing unfavorably with the averages of most European countries. The United States is a religious nation, with 64,000,000 churchgoers who occasionally visit 248,000 churches to worship and play Bingo. It is a nation of home and family lovers, and its divorce rate of sixteen per hundred marriages is next to the highest in the world.

INTEGRATION OF A UNIVERSE

But, if Americans are altogether too paradoxical for any compact description, at least they can be measured in terms of their major achievement. That achievement has been the integration within the boundaries of a single, unified nation of the infinite variety of racial, cultural, economic, and geographic components of the U.S. scene.

In the beginning there were pioneers who created pioneer colonies based on the pioneer ideal of self-sufficiency. Although they achieved a loose political unity when they were leagued under the Articles of Confederation, for all practical purposes they remained separate nations. Even under the Constitution the states placed their individual interests above the national interest, and this selfishness—becoming sectional—led to the Civil War. But a nation had been created, the frontier was pushed westward, and industry became a strong integrating force. A northern factory might employ southern labor and sell to the West; and the transcontinental railroads helped bind the nation together with their long steel tracks. For industry was essentially national rather than sectional or regional. It prospered in the expanding free-trade area.

See the sweep, the magnitude of the achievement. On the map this gigantic slab of earth confronts the mind, the eye, and the imagination like a cake too big to eat. There is a thumb thrust toward the warm Caribbean, and here a fist reaching for icebergs in the North Atlantic. Here is the gentle loveliness of velvet lawns and flaming autumn hillsides in New England, and here the parched, harsh desolation of the prairies on a snowless day in winter. Here is East Texas as flat as a frozen lake, and here the high Sierras with their snowy crests floating like swans in the tall blue sky. Here is the Boston Common calf-deep in mud on a dim November afternoon, and here on the same afternoon is a black-shadowed date grove in Phoenix under a sun that burns like mustard plaster, in air so dry it stings. Here is the moss-hung lushness of palms tossing in the moonlight on the Louisiana shore, and here the austere march of evergreens up the western slopes of the Cascades. Here is New York at night, hell-red with neon and fogged by the factories in Hoboken, and here is a lone rider herding sheep on an empty Wyoming plateau. Here is the whole land, laid lavishly across the belly of a continent, washed by three seas, warmed by a dozen suns, breathing a hundred airs, so vast its horizons exhaust the eye, so turbulent with beauty, ugliness, terror, and hope that it wears a thousand faces and speaks with ten thousand tongues. All this has been integrated.

Or consider the history and derivation of the people. At first there are the Latins, here for plunder for the galleons of Spain, or land and furs for Paris. Then there are the English, coming for freedom, or what they then considered freedom; finding it, losing it, and fighting to have it again.

Narrow, stern, hard-muscled, tough-minded English yeomen in the North, and English Cavaliers of a quite different breed in the South. The Englishmen pushing westward out of curiosity, or because the land along the coast was thin, or because they hated the sight of the neighbors' chimneys, or because they wanted less government. Some of them dropped like seeds into pockets of the Appalachians, but always there were some who could not stop. By 1810 they had traversed most of the West, and by 1850 had settled most of it—in spots. All this is very new. The battle of the Little Bighorn was fought in 1876, and as late as 1890 Pershing was campaigning against the Sioux in Dakota. A hundred years ago the state of Texas was a full-fledged republic with heroic traditions and a promising future. The Latter-day Saints under Brigham Young not only created an independent nation beside the Great Salt Lake but established a moral code that made New England puritans shudder. Only seventy-five years ago we were "engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure." Only twenty-eight years ago the U.S. flag had forty-six stars, before New Mexico and Arizona were admitted to the union. All this has been integrated.

And culturally and racially the country is still in the process of integration. The tidal wave of immigration that started around 1820 had brought some 40,000,000 new Americans to the United States by 1938. The mass immigration ended in 1929, when a strict quota law went into effect, and in the next decade the net population gain from abroad was a mere 150,000. Still, over 10 per cent of the total population—some 14,500,000 people—is foreign-born, and the melting pot has not yet produced the ultimate American man. Granted that Americans are a mongrel race, they are perhaps the one people with the energy, the vision, the guts, the greed, and the divine impatience to subdue so quickly the fecund, terrifying land and to create the historic phenomenon called the United States. All this is being integrated.

THE REGIONS

But of course the overshadowing achievement of the American people—the achievement that is the foundation of the nation's greatness—has been the integration of the divergent economies of the United States. Externally the nation looks like a compact, single economic unit, but a familiar inspection reveals that it is scarcely that. Indeed, it is a union composed of countless units, each with its own economy based on its own sources of wealth, dominated by self-interest, and competing with every other unit. To take a *reductio ad absurdum*, each citizen is a complete unit, and essentially every worker is in competition with every other worker for the job he has, or a better one. At the other end of the scale there are certain vast and vague

areas that have been traditionally divided against each other: the North versus the South, the East versus the West. The passions aroused by the conflicting interests of those areas have at times been intense. In politics these passions are known collectively as sectionalism.

Indeed there are any number of ways of dividing the United States, and concerning few of them do scholars agree. But they are most nearly in agreement on the relatively modern doctrine of regionalism, which is distinguished from sectionalism on a number of counts, but chiefly in the fact that, whereas the basis of sectionalism is often emotional and political, the basis of regionalism is truly economic, cultural, and social. In any event, a division of the United States into its regions provides the best opening to an understanding of its fundamental achievement.

Even regionally, however, there are a great number of ways of dividing the United States. Few regions are crystallized; few correspond exactly to state borders. Yet for statistical purposes the regions must be built of whole states. *Fortune* has arbitrarily chosen the division: the Northeast, the Southeast, the Middle States, the Mountain and Plains States, the Southwest, the Pacific Northwest, and the Far West. While each of these regions contains subregions, this division would seem to be the most realistic one, on most counts, that students have devised.

THE NORTHEAST

Closest to Europe, and more nearly European than any other U.S. region, the Northeast has three tiers—New England; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia. Almost any snap characterization of this group of states is certain to be wrong. It has thirty-four cities of more than 100,000. Therefore it is a metropolitan region. Yet there is nothing so truly rural in the United States as the New England villages off the big highways radiating north from New York, where farming is still largely unmechanized and milch cows with bells around their necks are prodded down Main Street by towheaded youngsters, and sheep crop the green plots around the monuments to those who died at Cold Harbor and Bull Run. It is a metropolitan region with a population of over forty million occupying about 7 per cent of the nation's area. It is a highly civilized, highly educated, ultrasophisticated region, yet witchcraft flourishes in parts of southeastern Pennsylvania, where barns and houses wear cabalistic symbols designed to ward away the dreaded hex, and the pious Amish folk refuse to have their pictures taken. It is a calm, orderly, and settled region, but feuds still smolder and occasionally blaze among the mountain clans of West Virginia.

Economically the Northeast stands in relation to the United States about the way England stands in relation to the British Empire. The region is

dependent on the rest of the country for its wheat and flour, and for a large part of its fresh meats, fruits, vegetables, and canned goods. It likewise is a heavy importer of lumber and allied products, newsprint, cotton, petroleum, although it supplies most of its own iron and coal.

To the United States the Northeast sells heavy machinery, coal, steel, railway equipment, paints, varnishes, glass, clothing and New England textiles, leather goods and shoes, paper, and tools. Again like England, the Northeast is the great concentration point of finance, ownership, and control. Of the national income the region draws nearly 40 per cent, and has 41 per cent of the nation's wealth. The value of its manufactures is 39 per cent of the nation's total; half the foreign imports of the United States clear through its ports.

Thus the Northeast draws financial tribute from every part of the United States, and intellectual tribute as well. A common complaint throughout the country is, "All our smartest people go east." They are drawn east, principally to New York and principally by the legendary glamour of the city that is the country's main source of information and entertainment. On a rock beside a river that is still one of the loveliest in the world the metropolis perches and its skyscrapers "lift their foggy plumes of stranded smoke out of a stony mouth." It is a phenomenon, but a typically American phenomenon. "Here, world, is a city," it seems to say. "Where but in America could you expect to find the like?"

From Pennsylvania on the south to New England on the north is a jump from a concentrated heavy-industry state to a section wherein industry is a small-scale, specialized operation. Only 2 per cent of the industrial plants in New England employ more than 500 workers, while in 88 per cent of the factories there are fewer than 100. The New England economy is a craft economy, reflecting the section's original isolation and its remoteness from the raw material that make possible a mass-production economy. But the New Englander who first launched the craft economy had a native ingenuity that poverty sharpened. He put his eggs in as many baskets as possible, with the result that there are 200-odd different lines of manufacture in New England today, or about two thirds of all the lines in the United States. The section thus is virtually a "little nation" existing within the Northeast regional nation; economically indeed it is comparable to Switzerland. Its people are its chief asset, and its crafts its chief *raison d'être* in the U.S. economy. New England is preoccupied with its own problems, and they are sufficient to keep the New England mind firmly centered on New England. There is probably no more insular city on earth than Boston, and a perfect commentary on the Boston attitude is contained in the little anecdote about the Bostonian who planned to drive to California, and when asked which route he intended to take replied that he was "going by way of West Newton."

THE SOUTHEAST

The Southeast—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas (which most Southerners consider more western than southern and pretty no-account anyway), and Florida (a freakish national phenomenon having little in common with the rest of the region)—has just entered the twentieth century. In a loose way it resembles the Northeast of the early days of the industrial revolution. The South begins in the Washington airport terminal, where the signs on the two doors read “MEN (White Only)” and “WOMEN (White Only).” Across the Potomac lie Virginia’s red-clay fields; to the southwest, the laurel-tangled mountains humping through Tennessee, Kentucky, and North Carolina; southward, the flatlands and thinly rooted pines of Georgia and South Carolina, the treeless, hard-baked vistas of Alabama and Mississippi, and the near-jungles of Florida and the lands along the Gulf. Down near latticed Charleston the Gullahs speak a primitive, liquid tongue, and bastard French is a useful language in the south Louisiana parishes. Mobile by night is hauntingly lovely, and Paris, Algiers, and Marseille converge beneath the wrought-iron balconies of New Orleans. To the west across the Huey Long Bridge the country is like a Rousseau painting, with pink flamingos toe-dancing across the black, green-scummed bayous. In this romantic imagery, and indeed in almost every respect, the Southeast is the precise opposite of the Northeast. It has more than twice as much land as the Northeast but only two thirds as many people. Of these 70 per cent are rural, and their per capita income is less than half that of the Northeast. Whereas the Northeast contains well over half of the 13,000,000 foreign-born U.S. white population, the Southeast has less than 2 per cent. Therefore it lays claim to being “the most American region,” even though 30 per cent of its people are black and unassimilable.

There is no occasion here to trace the history of the Southeast through feudal beginnings to the Civil War and the later Reconstruction, which failed to reconstruct. Slaves and cotton built the South, and the descendants of the slaves are today its greatest curse. Among the U.S. regions it is the *enfant terrible*. Unlike New England, it is naturally rich, and, if it is retarded, the blame rests squarely on the shoulders of the inhabitants, whose character, economy, and attitude are so different from New England’s, and who thus far have displayed little of the Yankee’s ingenuity in squeezing the best out of the land, and in developing appropriate regional industries.

However, precisely because it has been retarded, the industrial South appears to have the greatest growth potential of any region in the United States. Today the value of southern manufactures is 10 per cent of the U.S. total, and almost four times the value of the agricultural production of the

region. It has 40 per cent of the U.S. forest land, accounts for 40 per cent of the total timber cut in the United States, and has an investment of \$225,000,000 in its pulp and paper industry. There is bauxite in Arkansas; there are oil, natural gas, and sulphur in Louisiana; phosphates in Florida, Tennessee, and South Carolina; marble, high-grade clays, and vast quantities of limestone. Around Birmingham coal crops up close to important iron deposits, and years ago the late Henry C. Frick predicted that by 1940 Birmingham would be a bigger steel city than Pittsburgh. It isn't—its capacity is only 34 per cent of the total U.S. steel capacity. But it could be. Here are also more than a third of the chickens laying nearly 40 per cent of the eggs.

THE MIDDLE STATES

In such lavish country a fundamental optimism is natural and infectious. The Middle West sees no confining horizons, is confident, boastful, scornful of penny-pinching. Chicago is BIG—biggest hotel, biggest trading center, biggest crooks, biggest recreational waterfront. Detroit too is big—biggest American flag (in a department store) and biggest crucifix (at Father Coughlin's shrine)—but Detroit is a renegade that constantly strives to have itself grouped with eastern rather than midwestern cities. And Cleveland has forgotten about bigness and pays more attention to cultural and intellectual niceties.

Outside of the cities the population is introspective rather than exuberant. Your typical farmer of the region is an individualist who will not be bossed, yet nowhere will you find a man more eager to be taught or more willing to make sacrifices for co-operative ventures. He knows soil chemistry, avidly follows the experimentation going on at his state agricultural college, and sits on his county agent's doorstep waiting for advice. He is rarely isolated, and almost never hidebound. The big cities he dislikes not so much on principle but because they represent—the eastern cities especially—the forces that are always trying to deprive him of political relief for the "farm problem"—i.e., the glut resulting from the application of his superior agricultural technology to his extraordinarily fertile land. No humble peasant, he has successfully used his political power time and again. He flocked to the Progressive Party in Wisconsin, the Bull Moose standard back in 1912, created the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota; and in Iowa and elsewhere oiled his shotgun and halted the wave of mortgage foreclosures in 1932 by the simple expedient of preventing bidding on foreclosed farms. He is probably the most completely democratic individual in the entire United States, and he knows how to make democracy work for him.

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE PLAINS

West of the Mississippi you begin to find your pockets cluttered with round bits of white metal—mill pieces to pay the sales taxes—and west of the states bordering the river the last few vertebrae are ironed out of the land and the roads shoot westward like black arrows. To say that it is flat means nothing because flatness is only one dimension and here the sky closes in around your upraised hand, and the idea that the earth is round seems preposterous. Between the western Mississippi states and the foothills of the Rockies the only considerable break in the flatness occurs in the Black Hills of Wyoming and South Dakota, which loom up like a great island in a sea and then subside again in flatness. You drive across the plains at sixty, seventy, eighty—any speed. The ditches beside the road are dry and seamed like gingerbread, and a rime of dust settles on your lips and on your windshield. Wheat stretches to the right of the road and to the left, and behind and ahead, and a few miles across the lonely flatness you see the combines spouting chaff. That treetop standing like a semaphore ten miles beyond your radiator cap means a farmhouse, and that gray smudge ten miles beyond the tree, a town. And when the wind blows hard, as it so often does, the tan dust eddies up above the tossing wheat and an iridescent curtain dims the sun.

There is no part of the American land that the men living on it do not love, but by all conventional standards the Northwest Plains states—Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota—are the least attractive in the United States. The plains run into the eastern halves of Wyoming, Montana, and Colorado, with the Rockies beyond running through Utah. These eight states cover 750,000 square miles—almost a quarter of the nation—and support a twentieth of the U.S. people. They were settled long after the Pacific states, in large part by a backwash of the Oregon and California migrations, and lately the settling process has been coming to a halt. The reason is simply that in spite of its great area the region is entirely off balance, and it is certainly the least independent U.S. region. It is almost wholly agricultural, with only about 8 per cent of its \$3,000,000,000 income coming from manufacturing, and it must import virtually all its finished goods, as well as many raw commodities. The region possesses enormous mineral resources—but these are largely low-grade and unexploited, and the existing mining industry is controlled in large part by "foreign," i.e. eastern, capital, which draws the profits out of the region as fast as they are created.

Thus the region's most important resource is the land itself, and owing to a combination of factors the land is of diminishing value. Plowed up and mined for wheat during the years of the war wheat boom, the Plains states contain 165,000,000 acres of the most seriously eroded land in the United States, and hardly a section in the area fails to show signs of damage by

wind or water. By 1930 the region was growing half the U.S. wheat and had become the third-biggest corn producer, the largest sheep raiser, and ranked second in horses and cattle. But its cows give less milk than other cows, and its horses and chickens are valued lower at the market—in all, the realized agricultural income amounts to \$530,000,000. Always arid, the Plains have been experiencing a chronic drought for nearly ten years, and farmers have stopped hoping for more than the present average annual rainfall of 18.7 inches. Wheat has sucked the subsurface moisture from the earth, the rain no longer flattens the dust, and a considerable fraction of the population can sit on their front porches and watch their livelihoods blowing away into the sky. As farmers go bankrupt, land reverts to the government by default of taxes, and much of it is returned to its original grass. Timothy and alfalfa replace wheat on thousands of acres, and the agronomists work ceaselessly to discover new crops suitable for the parched soil, new ways of utilizing the last drops of the scanty rain that falls.

It would be hard to say that these states conflict with other regions in view of the dominant conflict of the region versus nature. It resembles the South in that its main resource is apparently declining, yet it lacks the South's opportunities for expansion in other directions. Except for the \$25,000,000 sugar-beet crops, mining, oil, and range land, scenery and national parks are the chief assets of Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, and tourists are their main source of cash.

THE SOUTHWEST

Historically the oldest, politically the youngest of the regions, the Southwest is a colonial economy exporting vast quantities of raw materials, importing most fabricated goods, and having more than a superficial resemblance to Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela, and Peru. It exports cotton for British, southern, and New England mills; cattle for the Chicago abattoirs; oil and minerals for the world. The region consists of Texas—where most of the developed resources are located and where the industrial dawn is breaking in the sparkling new cities of the eastern plains—Oklahoma, and empty New Mexico and Arizona.

The state of Texas—described in *Fortune* for December, 1939—is a thing apart; too big, too rich, too varied, too prophetic to be lumped in any general regional description, or synthesized in a paragraph or two. Bigger than any European nation except the U.S.S.R. and Germany, its widest points are more than 800 miles apart, and it has close to a tenth of the U.S. land area with a population of only 6,200,000—smaller than Greater New York. Texas grows more than a fourth of U.S. cotton and claims that it could supply the entire world. It furnishes close to 40 per cent of U.S. crude oil. On the coastal ranges it supports seven million head of cattle. Thanks to a \$100,000,000 in-

vestment in irrigation ditches, the lower Rio Grande valley has already become a large producer of oranges, lemons, and grapefruit, and a distinct worry to the California citrus growers.

Nearly all of this fabulous wealth and growth are in east and central Texas. West of Big Spring, Texas blends into the New Mexico-Arizona Southwest, with "centers" (*not* cities) separated by scores of miles of empty desert, incredible conformations of the land, always the hot sun, the high, dry air, the giant, theatrical, green cacti standing like sentries against the sky. New Mexico is Santa Fe, Roswell, and Albuquerque set down in 123,000 square miles with 422,000 inhabitants. Arizona is another 114,000 square miles, another 412,000 people, and Phoenix and Tucson, eternally bickering over each other's attractions. Phoenix is a spectacular working model of what other parts of the region may some day hope to be—a road or a fence separating cactus desert from lushly blooming irrigated fields of lettuce, orange groves, and every fruit and vegetable. Here is an American machine-conscious culture, rather than machine culture, built upon deep strata of ancient Indian and Mexican civilizations, and achieving a wholly pleasant compromise. In addition to the \$77,500,000 annual copper output, tourists constitute a main source of income in Arizona and New Mexico, approximately \$48,000,000 being spent by visitors. Arizona in particular visualizes itself as a tourist center and is often tempted to make a good thing better by legalizing gambling and relaxing the divorce laws to steal Nevada's lure.

THE FAR WEST

Nevada and California combine to form an almost indescribable region, with the infinite variety of California on one side of the mountains and the wild Nevada desert on the other. California is the second-biggest state in area and, with 6,154,000 people, is sixth in population; Nevada has only 101,000 inhabitants and is forty-eighth in population, but sixth in area. Along with per capita income of \$717, California has the fourth-highest total income in the United States, whereas Nevada keeps herself going mainly by virtue of spinning roulette wheels, blinking red lights, the eastern cartwheels dropping into slot machines, and the complacent magistrates handing down three thousand six-week divorces per year in Reno, "the Biggest Little City in the World." There is also a mining industry (chiefly copper) bringing in \$14,000,000 annually; and there are minor livestock and farming activities in the infrequent irrigated portions of the state.

The great Golden State is a good deal like the amazing elephant encountered by the blind men. The coast line measures a thousand miles, runs from Oregon to Mexico. The northern quarter of California has some of the wildest forests and mountain terrain in North America; the southern

quarter has an empty and dangerous desert—Death Valley. According to some experts the finest ski country in the United States lies along the slopes of the Sierra Nevada; a few hours away the Pacific rolls onto golden beaches under palms and a semitropical sun. The contrast between the state's two great cities is as sharp as any—San Francisco a cosmopolitan, compactly built, sophisticated place, probably more completely unionized than any other U.S. city; gusty, vital Los Angeles, the booster and cheese-cake capital of the world, attempting to become a city but still nothing but a garbled town sprawling across 450 square miles. "L.A." stands as immortal reproach to the subdividing realtors. It is bitterly antiunion, bitterly clear in its remembrance of the bombing of the *Times* by the McNamara brothers back in 1910. Just as sharp as the contrast between Los Angeles and San Francisco is the contrast between the state's intellectual centers and the southern California crackpot preserve, where new grocery stores are inaugurated with floodlight displays. . . .

Since Sutter's Mill in '48, California has produced something like \$2,000,000,000 in gold, and its gold production is still worth more than \$40,000,000 a year—including the driblets panned by thousands of prospectors working the streams and earning from a quarter to \$5 a day. But more important than the gold is the agriculture, which accounts for a good 11 per cent of the state's income. California produces everything from avocados and citrus fruits in the south to the wine grapes of the San Joaquin. Virtually no crop refuses to grow in California, and practically no crops are overlooked, although citrus is the leading one. On the state borders fruit-inspection stations have been established for the ostensible purpose of preventing the importation of insects or fruit diseases, but in effect they form a barrier against fruit imports—diseased or otherwise.

A major part of California's industry consists of canning, packing, bottling, and other functions subsidiary to its agriculture. Although southern California is the chief center of the U.S. aircraft industry, and although more and more automobile-assembly plants have been erected by eastern companies, the state has comparatively few large factories. Its economy is in transition between the raw-material exporting economy of the Southwest and the agricultural-industrial economy of the Middle West.

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Just as the Far West appears to be the least integrated of the regions, so the 250,000 square miles of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho are perhaps more closely unified than any other part of the United States. Although the Pacific Northwest was explored by Lewis and Clark around 1805, its intensive settlement did not begin until the Northern Pacific linked Chicago

with Seattle in 1883. Today it is closer to the frontier—topographically and economically—than the rest of the West, and, as of the census of 1930, less than half the population was native to the region.

The population today amounts to 3,200,000, or 2.5 per cent of the nation's total, whereas the Pacific Northwest has 8.3 per cent of the U.S. land, with a high ratio of resources to population. It has, for example, about 40 per cent of all U.S. potential water power, mostly accounted for by the Columbia River system. Yet this power is for the most part incidental to irrigation and water-conservation projects, because about 60 per cent of the region lies to the east of the Cascades, which block the rains from the Pacific. The mountains make for fogs and forests on the western slope, but semiarid areas inland. Thus the whole economy of the Pacific Northwest revolves around the problem of bringing water to the land, and it is laced together by the branches of the Columbia, the main source of water. Today a quarter of the 160,000,000 acres is suitable only for grazing. Here, and throughout the West generally, a good deal of the soil is potentially arable provided it can be watered, and the region looks forward to a conservative increase in productive farm acreage as the existing water supply is put to use. Grand Coulee alone will provide water for more than a million acres.

On the land that it currently farms the region grows over a fifth of the nation's apples, a quarter of the cherries, nearly a third of the pears, a tenth or more of the potatoes, onions, strawberries, green peas, and dry beans. It also accounts for close to an eighth of the wheat, over 10 per cent of the wool, and a slightly lower percentage of sheep and lambs. Mineral resources thus far have been scarcely touched, but even so the region mines large amounts of zinc, lead, and silver. However, its greatest source of wealth is the forest that covers the western slopes of the Cascades, representing about half the standing saw timber in the United States and producing roughly 40 per cent of the nation's output of softwood lumber. Over 50 per cent of all wage earners in Pacific Northwest manufacturing are employed in lumber industries. Currently the annual cut of slightly under ten billion board feet runs ahead of the growth by two or two and a half to one, and the region is becoming pocked with stranded communities decaying in the devastated cutover areas similar to those in northern Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan. There is much talk of bringing the cut and the growth into balance, but so far few effective steps have been taken. Safe from destruction are 70,000-odd square miles of forest standing in three great national parks and on other U.S. government land—land that amounts to a phenomenal 48 per cent of the region's total and an incredible 58 per cent of the area of Idaho.

The region is in competition with practically every part of the country. Its lumber competes with southeastern lumber; its wheat with the Middle West and Plains states; its orchards with those of the Northeast; its potatoes

with Maine; its sheep and wool with the Southwest; and so on. Virtually its only noncompetitive export is the Columbia River salmon catch—and even that has Alaskan competition.

Meanwhile, with manufacturing accounting for only 16 per cent of its income, the Pacific Northwest must import nearly all finished goods, as well as oil, sugar, and other commodities. Ostensibly the heavy raw-material exports would balance the imports for an over-all profit, but a catch exists in the form of freight rates. The region's markets are thousands of miles away—the fruit is shipped to New York, for example—and freight eats up from a quarter to a half of the farmer's wholesale price in the East, whereas the local growers have no such handicap. The result is that the Washington farmer, to compete with the Easterner, must be content to receive far less in net cash. When middlewestern wheat growers were complaining about fifty-four-cent wheat, Pacific Northwest farmers growing the same wheat were realizing only thirty cents per bushel for their crop.

Conversely, the region is squeezed when it buys eastern manufactured goods. An Allis-Chalmers tractor delivered in Spokane would cost between 20 and 30 per cent more than the same tractor unloaded in Ohio. In effect the Pacific Northwest produces raw materials, pays a stiff price to get them out of the region, pays again to bring in its manufactured goods. Consequently, next to irrigation and power development, the freight-rate squeeze is the region's chief preoccupation, and few conversations go on very long without the subject's coming up and without the city of Chicago's being mentioned with infinite loathing.

However, these are familiar troubles in a pioneer economy, and the region will unquestionably outgrow them. For it has plenty of room, abundant resources, tremendous power, and perhaps more usable land. Cheap power is certain to lead to the creation of regional industries, and already Portland has begun an expansion that may make it the leading industrial city of the north coast. Seattle is a little San Francisco, economically and in spirit, with shipping and lumber to sustain it and Alaska acknowledging it as an "unofficial capital." Posters in the state of Washington announce that such-and-such is the "fastest-selling" article of its kind in "the Pacific Northwest and Alaska." The northern U.S. outpost, which seems so remote to the rest of the country, comes close to being a part of the Pacific Northwest region.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

From this hasty tour of 3,026,789 square and fabulous miles the secret of U.S. power emerges clearly. The United States is not great by nature or by accident. It is great by the act of man. The purpose of the political system invented by the founders of the republic was the political integration of sov-

ereign states. But this political integration resulted in an economic integration far beyond anything man had ever attempted before. The economic interests of the states burst the boundaries of the states; they intertwined, merged, became compounded one with another. The result, as we have seen, has been the formation of shadow nations within a nation—seven of them by this count, fewer or more by others. The boundaries of these shadow nations are economic rather than geographical; they do not necessarily coincide with political sovereignties. The northern part of California seems to belong to the Pacific Northwest instead of the Far West, and so does western Montana, though it is included in the Mountain States. The eastern half of the state of Texas goes with the old South, the western half with the Southwest. And so forth. The economic forces cut across political forces, check them, merge with political forces elsewhere, bind two into one. The action is like that within a huge retort in which dissimilar substances mix and compound, to create a new substance of a higher power. That new substance is what we know as the U.S.A.

This new entity is greater than the sum of its own parts. If the shadow nations were real nations, if the political boundaries coincided with the economic boundaries, then the area now known as the United States would be far less potent, far less rich than it is. Then New England would be struggling for food, and in the Northwest an automobile would be as rare as in other agricultural countries that have difficulty accumulating foreign exchange. It is when the Aluminum Company of America contracts for water power in Oregon that the United States is created. It is when the rich coupon clippers on Manhattan are taxed to help build highways in empty Nevada that the United States lives. Every time a freight train crosses a state line, every time a purchasing department makes up its mind to buy an out-of-state commodity, every time an order clerk receives an out-of-state demand, the United States grows greater. For in these events, as in thousands of others, one is working for all, and all for one.

This—and not nature or accident—is why the United States has become the greatest agricultural nation on earth, ranking first, second, or third in most of the basic commodities. This is why the United States produces a third of the world's coal and a third of the world's iron ore; makes 27 per cent of the steel. This is why it produces more than 60 per cent of the oil—and 62 per cent of the automobiles. This is why it makes a quarter of the wood pulp, generates almost a third of the electric power, produces 72 per cent of the sulphur, 20 per cent of the lead, almost 30 per cent of the zinc, more than a quarter of the phosphates. It is true that the United States has abundant supplies to start with, but so have other people who fail to produce them. The measure of its strength is taken, in terms of the individual, in Group I of the charts of the article on industrialization. That almost incredible—though fragmentary—record is more descriptive than words or statistics of what it means for 30,000,000 families to share some \$322,000,000,-

000 worth of wealth, and about \$62,450,000,000 (\$2,082 per family) of national income.

MATURITY

Such is the greatest of the world powers. It has not wanted to be a world power. It was born by breaking away from the world-power system, and its deepest tradition is an aversion to that system. Behind the oceans it has for one hundred and fifty years marveled at its own growth; and it has concluded that the security of that growth lies in isolation. As indeed it did in the early days of growth, when the United States was by no means one of the world's most powerful nations. But the fact is—and this issue of *Fortune* is presented to signalize and partially to document it—that the United States has now matured. It will still grow; but the manner of its growth will be of a different sort, analogous to the growth in mind and awareness and wisdom and *earning power* of a man who has reached maturity. The United States will still grow—but it is already big. It will get bigger—but it is already the world's biggest. It represents the refuge and the hope of a civilization whose spiritual roots go down two thousand years, whose social, political, economic, intellectual, and scientific roots are embedded deep in medieval and renaissance Europe. This fact will change the entire outlook of the American. It will change his outlook toward his domestic economy, and it will also change his outlook toward the world. To begin with, let us see how this has come about.

Until the World War the United States had always been a project. The colonies, indeed, had been founded as projects, some of them merely commercial, some religious, all eventually a mixture of these and other ends. The founders of the republic, inheriting this tradition, set the United States up as a project. It was a project for the establishment of individual liberty and rights; for the integration of political units; for the encouragement and protection of economic interests. The project always extended futureward beyond the reach of the American as something to be desired but never quite achieved. It became the American Dream. No matter how much land was added, no matter how many people, or how much wealth, the reality was never able to catch up with the dream. Whenever it threatened to, the dream was luckily expanded by the addition of some gold in California, or a transcontinental railroad, or the birth of the automobile. During its entire history until the World War the *future* of the United States was in a quite literal sense just as real as the present.

By 1900 most of the land had been distributed, and for a while the United States began to look for projects elsewhere. There was a brief period of imperialism, which had its origins earlier in the dismemberment of Mexico; some possessions had been added in Asia; the navy grew; a super-Destiny became partially Manifest. This daring interest in a world beyond our own

borders subsided during the first quarter of the twentieth century, because it was in basic conflict with the American's ideas about himself and his world. Besides, he became distracted by those astounding and revolutionary developments at home that are described in "The U.S. Frontier." But the outbreak of the European war in 1914 reminded the American that he had a project for humanity. And that was the very reason why he entered the war three years later.

The United States emerged from that war greater than it knew. Politically, economically, industrially, financially, it was the equal of any power, and the superior of most. The fact was not immediately evident that the war had failed to gain its major objectives; nor was it evident that civilization in Europe had, so to speak, run into diminishing returns. The American bankers had no such diagnosis; Europe, and indeed every corner of the earth, was theirs to finance. At home there ensued an era of consolidation. Supported by New York-financed orders from Europe, American industry sold itself to the public, with both products and equity stock. New industries born in previous eras were taken up and developed on an unprecedented scale. By 1929, when Mr. Hoover was inaugurated, the average family income had reached \$2,650 a year, an unheard-of sum representing a consumer power that no one prior to the World War had ever dreamed of, much less attained. The consumer power had reached the point, indeed, of doubling up on itself. There were to be two chickens where formerly had been a drumstick; two cars where formerly had been a horse, or maybe nothing at all. It looked, indeed, as if the present were catching up to the future; the reality, to the dream. It looked as if the project were about to be fulfilled.

And then all the hidden miscalculations, the ill-fought war, the faulty economics, the disregard of the basic realities of industrialization, took their sudden and spectacular toll. Just as the prophets were committing themselves to a kind of economic perpetual motion, just as Mr. Hoover was envisioning gigantic moves to crown the American struggle with fulfillment, everything collapsed. Far from achieving perpetual motion, the economic machine virtually stalled. The dream, which had seemed almost within our grasp, faded further away than it had been in generations—so far, indeed, that many gave it up. There was something nauseous in the idea that a nation in which ten or twelve or thirteen million people had no work, no means of support, no share in the economy, should conceive of itself as a project for humanity. This nation became, overnight, a hard reality; and a damned bitter one at that.

WORLD POWER

This sudden and fundamental change, which amounts to a revolution in the point of view toward life of the U.S. citizen, has raised a host of

problems with which the politicians, economists, and pundits have been grappling ever since. These problems cannot be reviewed here, though many are touched on in the course of the articles that follow. They involve the land, the population, the automobiles, the national income, the distribution of wealth, the reinvestment of earnings, prices, unemployment, rehabilitation—all the headaches of our time. But concerning these problems one observation is of the utmost importance: they are chiefly internal; they focus the attention of the United States upon itself, keep our minds within our borders, intensify that instinct for isolation developed in us in the days when the oceans were formidable barriers that civilization could just barely leap. This inward focusing has of course been beneficial, because there are faults in the American system that will prove to be fatal if not corrected. But it has failed to shed light. It has failed to shed light because the basic difference between the United States of 1940 and the United States of 1920 is not merely an internal difference. *The basic difference also lies in the relationship between the United States and the world.*

It is, of course, always impossible to measure civilizations, one against another: they do not eat the same kinds of bread, or travel the same distances, or desire the same mechanized extensions of their lives. One will produce a Michelangelo, another a Shakespeare, another an Edison. But, if we take as a measure of modern civilizations the criterion suggested in the succeeding article, namely, industrialization, it is possible to perform a crude sort of measurement. Industrialization, as there defined, means the augmentation of the individual's power to consume; to consume food, clothing, automobiles, refrigerators, knowledge, and music; to consume energy as well as matter; to enjoy and to fulfill. In this special sense, civilizations can be compared: using this yardstick it is possible to trace the history of the United States in perspective.

By this yardstick the United States started far behind Europe. America was, so to speak, an area of low potential—a land to be settled by the most primitive acts. The current of the world flowed into the U.S.A. People came first, and then more people, and more, to fill the gaping land. Manufactured products flowed in. Capital flowed in for the exploitation of the latent resources. Machines flowed in; literature, the arts, ideas, technologies and technicians—all "borrowed" from the Old World. For this flow Europe is not to be especially credited; Europe had the *potential*, and the American political system provided the ideal mechanism for the passage of this potential from one area to the other for the profit of all concerned.

There is no way of telling exactly at what date the potential of the United States, by successive inpourings and our own creative efforts, became equal to that of Europe. The beginnings of a reversal of the trend can be noted as far back as 1890, when the United States began to develop its mass industrial techniques. Certainly the period from 1890 to 1920 was the catching-up period. In the eighties American metallurgists were still learning their

technology in Europe; by the nineties they had developed some of their own. In chemistry, on the other hand, the United States was tied to Germany until the World War. Only one fact is entirely clear: *when we emerged from the World War, the potential of our civilization was higher than that of Europe.* And it was here that we made our fatal miscalculation. The U.S. potential was higher: if Europe's curve had been headed up, as ours was, no violent dislocation would have occurred. But for reasons that were then hidden from us, for reasons chiefly political and international arising from the failure of Europe to integrate as we ourselves had done, the curve of civilization, so to speak, was rounding itself off in Europe, while ours was shooting upwards. And, as our potential mounted, as we became the greatest and most powerful representatives of Western industrial civilization, the pressures were reversed.

The first tangible sign of this reversal had come in 1921 with the quota restriction on immigration. There was no longer room for any more people—indeed, for a few years, from 1932 to 1935, emigration from the United States momentarily exceeded immigration by a net balance of 140,000. During and after the war the flow of capital reversed; we became a creditor nation. In the wake of capital, the outflow of industrial products, which had started earlier, was much increased. The pressure became consistently outward. Through magazines and books our ideas were exported; through the movies, our culture. We became the exporters of inventions, of technologies, of mass-production techniques. We even exported whole industries by building American factories in foreign lands. Since the worldwide collapse of the thirties the pressure has become even greater. Our technological development accelerated unemployment; we were forced to mortgage our future by drawing on vast reservoirs of domestic credit to maintain and stabilize our system. In this we have temporarily succeeded. But we have in effect been exporting certain intangibles; we have been exporting our future, we have been exporting our safety: a fact that is evidenced by the transfer to us of European balances that breed only sterile piles of gold.

Now all of this was simply the result of the American growth already described: the problem was created by the achievement. But the problem was also compounded by one stupendous error. During its early youth, when its industrial potential was lower than that of Europe, the United States developed the sound and helpful policy of a *protective* tariff. The theory of this tariff, announced from the housetops, was to help the infant industries—that is, to hasten the raising of the potential. But, after the potential had been raised, after it was indisputably above that of any other industrialization in the world, the United States still clung to the tariff. In 1930, even, Hoover's fumbling with the Hawley-Smoot tariff was the prophetic note of doom for his entire administration. For this tariff, which blocked international trade by blocking imports, meant that the pressure outward of the U.S. potential could be released by only two economic

mechanisms: Wall Street loans to the rest of the world, or the acceptance of gold. The mechanism of the loans broke down in the early thirties. And nobody wants gold, which is already coming in too fast anyway in the course of settling the balances that are here seeking safety. The Roosevelt administration has continued the high tariffs, thus still blocking imports. Hence the profound world imbalance remains; and the Hull trade program, while aimed in the right direction, has been incapable of preventing it from getting even worse than it was.

So, by refusing to recognize its own maturity, by persisting in the illusion that it is still a fledgling among the nations, by pretending that the *old* project still exists—namely, developing a continent and building up under the protection of the tariff a vast industrial plant—the United States has helped to bring stagnation on the world. This stagnation is not the result of the present war; indeed, it can be cogently argued that the present war is at least partially the result of the stagnation. But the central fact is that the United States shares the stagnation and will continue to share it while its citizens awake to the new responsibilities of world power.

THE ACHIEVEMENT

From this point of view, the horrendous problems that embroil Americans in internal debate cannot but have to the European a kind of musical-comedy character. What is all the shouting about? Have we not taken all we could from Europe, and given back as little as possible—and paid the price of doing *that*? And have we not developed the greatest industrial system in the world, more fruitful and more abundant than we ourselves can consume—and paid the price of *that* too? In the eyes of the experienced observer, the U.S. citizen has no kick—against God, against man, or indeed against anybody but himself.

Possibly the U.S. citizen will not agree with this, but it raises a point of which he should be intensely aware. And that point is the point of this entire issue of *Fortune*. Almost all the serious problems that now confront the United States are problems that have their origin, and indeed their being, in the achievements of the United States. They are not the problems of poverty, but the problems of abundance. They are the problems of a high standard of living; of too much, and not of too little education; of an overwhelming desire to keep democracy and make it work, even at the price of suffering. In New York the buildings are too high; in Detroit the automobile factories are too big; in Kansas the wheat fields are too productive. The advance of technology has been too rapid, throwing millions out of work. The productive power of labor is too great, and there is too much capital accumulation in the form of savings. Of course there have been failures. But the fact remains that the United States is faced with problems

different from those in almost any country in the world, and these problems have their origins in plenty.

It follows that the problems cannot be understood, or the solutions obtained, without a firm understanding of the achievements. This great fact has been overlooked during the last six or eight years. We have thought of the problems as insurmountable because we have failed to relate them to their fabulous origins. And in thus relating them we learn two things about them.

We learn, first, that the American's answer to the European, if he makes one, will not be what the European would expect. Assuming that the United States does finally come to recognize its own maturity, and does finally consent to participate as a nation among the nations of the world, it is not apt to do so on the grounds that the world is good enough. Nothing is ever good enough for the citizen of the United States—and he has proved it time after time. For participation with other nations he will demand a project; he will demand a future, toward which to work. The fact is that the American cannot live effectively, or even decently, without a vision; when the vision fails, his whole system collapses. His new vision, his new future, his new project, will of necessity be different from the old, both internally and externally. But unless the American is extinct, a project there will be.

And the second thing we can learn about the American's problems, by relating them to the achievements from which they spring, is that any future project will have to be different from the project of an earlier day. It was characteristic of the earlier American that, while dreaming of the future and living in great expectations, he was never willing to make *concessions* to the future. He depended upon luck, nature, and the frontier, and he worked all these for all they were worth. For that matter the earlier American's project was never really a project at all. It was an ill-defined and somewhat emotional idea that the United States would provide wealth, free speech, telephones, good overalls, religion, or anything else humanity might need—and that everything would turn out all right. The United States still has this fundamental optimism. But, surely, the optimism can no longer be as thoughtless as it was when the American potential was lower than the European potential and everything was pouring in upon the land to make it rich.

Rather, if the American acquires a project again, if the Dream is reborn, it must have some of the characteristics of maturity; it must relate the present to the future in a realistic way; it must demand a certain amount of planning and sacrifice. The broadening of the income tax base, hitherto a political impossibility, would be an example of the attitude in question; a rationalization of the tariff mess would be another. So long as he is an American, the American will be an idealist. But there is no reason under the sun why he should always remain a wildman.

Some of the principles essential to the future Dream, on the domestic front, are suggested in "U.S. Industrialization" and "U.S. Frontier." They have to do with the conversion of a producers' economy into a consumers' economy; the new vistas they open up cannot be attained without reason or without plan. On the other hand, what the new, mature Dream might evoke on the international front no man would care to guess. One can only *imagine* what will happen to the American when he wakes up to find that he has been moved to the very center of the world. A thousand years ago the city of Rome was the center of the Mediterranean world, and around Rome the *Pax Romana* radiated into the barbaric darkness of Africa and eastern Asia. To prevent the modern forces of destruction from running a successful course, accomplishing the threatened extinction of everything the human race has struggled for since prehistory, the citizen of the United States, when he finds himself in the middle of the Atlantic world, may accept the thrust of destiny and turn to developing a *Pax Americana*.

Part VI

AMERICAN PERSONALITIES

AN EXTRAORDINARY amount of American writing has been biographical. The reading public has been interested in personalities who by enterprise, persistence, intelligence, and courage have helped to shape a nation. The lives of these men present an amazing variety of experiences, but in all of them one sees the quality of individuality that American independence has emphasized. Among the most fascinating life records are the autobiographies and journals that many Americans have left to posterity.

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

*Coronado, America's Don Quixote **

ONE long fiesta, from now until Christmas, will mark the Southwest's jubilee year of 1940. For it is just four hundred years ago that white civilization first came to Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, and the panhandles of Oklahoma and Texas. It came with color and glory, with hopes valorous as they were vain; it came on the sandaled feet of martyr priests; it came at the point of the invincible sword of the last knight of Spain.

The story of that coming will be re-enacted all along the route of this American Quixote, Don Francisco Vázquez de Coronado, to the tune of Spanish, Indian, Forty-niner, and cowboy music, to the rhythm of the square dances of our ancestors, the slapping feet of the pueblo dwellers, the courtly step of Spanish cavaliers. Brilliant old Spanish costumes will be brought forth from hiding; ancient vehicles will roll again when covered wagons race; blooded steeds will pace where the mounts of Coronado's army stumbled.

In New Mexico alone 10,000 people will participate in pageants that will revive the cavalcade of Coronado, folk songs of Indian, Spanish, and American origin, old fiddlers' contests, a retelling of native and cowboy legends, tournaments, rock-drilling contests, fiestas, and religious dramas.

And all under the aegis of the Coronado Cuarto Centennial, and to commemorate the fantastic courage of this grandee of Spain and Governor of New Galicia, whose journey of explorations has few rivals in the long saga of American discovery. What Marquette and La Salle did for the Mississippi Valley, what Lewis and Clark did for the Northwest, Coronado accomplished for the Southwest four hundred years ago.

It was on Sunday, February 22, 1540, that this conquistador stood at Compostela, Mexico, glittering in gilded armor as he reviewed his troops. His helmet shone gold; so did his breastplate and gorget and brasserts, cuisses and gauntlets. Curbing beneath them the finest blooded steeds from the famed stud farms of the viceroy rode 260 Spanish gentlemen, all young men of high birth. The blankets of the horses flowed to the

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ground, while each rider held erect his glittering lance and bore a sword at his side. All their armor was polished to shine as bright as the general's golden suit. Sixty footmen carried crossbows and harquebuses; some were armed with sword and shield. And, awed and excited, a thousand friendly Indians, Mexican allies and slaves, looked on, fingering now their ornaments and now their clubs or bows.

Never had the New World beheld such an army. For never had there been such a venture. All Mexico was ringing with the tales of a great empire in the north, where lay the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. Somewhere in what we should now call Arizona and New Mexico, the rumor ran, were towns as large as any in Spain, where the doorways were studded with jewels, and every other citizen was a goldsmith or a worker in silver. The climate, it was said, was like that of Europe, the meads more flowery, the soil more fertile. And all the women beautiful.

All unconscious of what awaited them, the hopeful host set forth, banners flying, cheers ringing, priests chanting *Glorias*. Horse and foot, clanking in armor, the band of medieval Europeans disappeared over the rim of Mexico, into the realm of the Apache and the rattlesnake.

Coronado's men entered what is now the United States in late May, at a spot probably near Nogales, Arizona. Already many a proud caballero was saddle-sore; many a steed was galled; finery had been flung aside all along the way, and yet the hardships had scarce begun, for the American wilderness was waiting for them, and it had only to wait. In its quiver it held deadly arrows—pitiless Indian tribes, sunstroke, sanded wells, wastes without water, mountains without passes, plains without landmarks, chasms without bridges.

To Coronado's parched and wearied army it must have seemed a fever nightmare. Today we go to the southern Arizona desert just because it is a desert; we love it for its emptiness, its wholesome aridity, its dreamy mesas, with the fantastic arms of the saguaros outlined against a cobalt sky. For this is the land of the dude ranch, where the Easterner, long pent up by winter, knows the exhilaration of a stirring gallop. This is the country of lost health regained, that has saved thousands upon thousands of lives. Where the horses of Coronado stumbled and died, the Tucson rodeo, every year, holds high fiesta; cowboys yipping, Apaches racing against Papagoes, whom once they would have scalped. Or the motorist lets his car out on the long stretches, covering three days of Coronado's march in an hour, as he spins through creosote bush to view the adobe ruins such as that on which Coronado came, only to find them empty.

The route of the adventurers took them across the Santa Catalina Mountains, where not long ago a jeweled sword of Castilian steel was found rusted among the rocks, and where today the rich Easterners' chil-

dren go to ranch schools. Somewhere near old Fort Grant the expedition struck the Gila River. Beyond it there faced Coronado what his chronicler always referred to as the Great Wilderness, the Mogollon mesa and the White Mountain Apache country. No European had ever ventured across it and come back alive.

Even today no railroad traverses this great barrier. For Coronado's army it was the bitterest of all their experiences yet, the one that broke the courage of the adventurous host, that left the cattle train dead along the way, that hurled the baggage down the chasms, and many a proud steed beside. Today you sleep sound in motor camps, on U.S. Highway 60, where his sentries heard the coyotes howl. You drink at wayside refreshment stands, where his soldiers were mad with thirst.

Not until July 7 did those fantastic crusaders come within sight of the first of Cibola's fabled Seven Cities. All along, the Coronadistas had been imagining some sort of Emerald City of Oz; tradition had it that it was greater than Mexico City at the height of Montezuma's power. But the weary and greedy adventurers beheld, atop a beetling cliff, nothing but a pile of a few hundred flat-topped houses, inhabited by a dark, squat people, whose greatest treasures were ceremonial figurines of their gods, some turquoises, pottery, mats and rugs and baskets.

But the Spaniards had come for conquest, so up the narrow stone steps of the cliff, mere toehold niches, in their armor, they pressed on, the Indians rolling great rocks upon them. With fire and sword they fought their way from house to house. And when victory was theirs, how bitter in their mouths! But there was nothing to do but to go on, and take all the "cities" of Cibola, getting nothing but wounds in exchange for empty glory, receiving the smoldering submission of the Pueblo Indians.

Today we easily identify the first of the seven cities as the Hawikuh pueblo, in what is now McKinley County, New Mexico. Acoma, Laguna, Pecos—we recognize them with some certainty from the Spaniards' descriptions. Others are vaguer; but we can be certain that the village of Tiguex is what today we call Bernalillo, on the Rio Grande, halfway between Albuquerque and Santa Fe.

To Coronado's eyes the pueblos were bitter disappointment, miserable agglomerations ill rewarding such fatigues and courage as he had endured to see them. But, wistful for every trace of the vanished or now decadent pueblo civilization, the American views the ruined pueblos with regretful eyes.

Today curious bystanders at the steps of our cars with their Eastern license plates, we watch with an only half comprehending curiosity the rattlesnake dances, the rain dances and corn dances, the bleeding processions of the Penitentes, at the extant pueblos. Every visitor to New Mex-

ico loves the smell of piñon smoke, the chuckle of irrigation waters led through the cool, dim patios of old Spanish homes, the silvery clangor of the old church bells, the golden eyes of the Mexican goats, the lisp of olive leaves.

This is New Mexico as Coronado might have dreamed it would become; it is Old Mexico in the New. We are ourselves responsible for the springing into being of the New Mexico—the metaled highways where the buses leap, the roaring passage of the streamliners (shuttles that weave a blanket of tourists all over the land), shining Harvey lunch-rooms with their piping coffee and smart waitresses, Taos artists, Santa Fe poets. Today New Mexico commingles three civilizations—Pueblo, Spanish, and American—and wears them with some grace.

All during that first winter the conquistador was not idle. He subdued all the country for hundreds of miles around. His officers led forth companies that traced the Rio Grande clear down to what is now El Paso, Texas; another party, first of all white men, reached the stupendous earth-gulf of the Grand Canyon, where not all the might of his most Christian Majesty, Charles V of Spain, was puissant enough to bridge the chasm.

But with spring a great restlessness was on that battered company of romantics. For, if Cibola had proved a disillusion, there remained still "Quivira," a land to the east about which the "Turk," a captive Plains Indian, was telling tall tales—of chiefs who wore gold breastplates and cooked in dishes of pure copper. So in 1541 Coronado led his army forth again, and the knights of Spain were soon journeying across the wilderness to come up with the foot of the rainbow.

The route of Coronado took him around the end of the Sangre de Cristo ranges, past present-day Las Vegas ("fruitful plains"), and north through the Raton Pass to buttes we might identify with Trinidad, Colorado.

But now the Turk—some crafty Pawnee or Kansa perhaps—turned east, putting the Rockies at his back, till their shining snows sank below the horizon, and the cavalcade marched out upon the high plains of Kansas. They rode, they said, through endless miles of a bush that smelled like marjoram—whereby we recognize sagebrush—and their horses were constantly stumbling in the holes dug by some strange ground squirrel, which assuredly means prairie-dog towns.

On, and always onward they rode, till they came to the sea of grass whose stems rose up again as soon as the army had passed, hiding the trail, until at last they came up with the buffalo herds. It was a sight no white man had ever seen before; millions of fierce shaggy wild cattle, bellowing, stampeding, snuffing the flowers, lowering their horns for

fight. For the first time the European horse and the American bison were met in battle, speed and intelligence pitted against ponderous weight and brute fury. Exciting sport for the caballeros—but woe to the man that lost his way in the heat of the chase. The emptiness of the prairie, the featureless monotony, where no echoes ever answered and the voice of the lost was swallowed up in silence—these appalled the knights.

And always "Quivira" receded with the horizon. Almost convinced of deception, Coronado sent back the main contingent of his army, somewhere near Wichita, and with thirty picked horsemen he turned north, where the Turk, now in chains, still promised golden good fortune. Probably somewhere near Lincoln, Nebraska (at a guess), Coronado forced from the Turk a confession that he had deliberately misled the Spaniards. The Turk was garroted on the spot. But only bitterness was in the mouth of the conquistador as he retraced his course toward Mexico. The gold and purple of the prairie autumn flowers was fading. No longer did the sear grass spring beneath the heavy hoofs; all the land lay waiting the winter blizzards, ragged and faded as an old lion hide.

He could not see, this glory-dazzled man, the dark velvet loam of the fertile prairies. He never dreamed of a million head of cattle grazing placidly where the buffalo stamped and fought. How could he foresee Kansas corn, tall as a man on horseback? Nebraska wheat, a running river of gold? He could know nothing of the radio bringing news from Spain to the ranch of eastern Colorado, swift as the speed of light, nor Havana dance orchestras pouring rhythm and fun and melody into Texan kitchens. Where his knights in armor floundered through snowbanks of the Panhandle, the automatic beacons wave on the mail plane flying through the storm at two hundred miles an hour.

The ranch flivver has obliterated distance even for the poor man, and Arabian Nights Entertainment comes a thousand and one times to Wagon Mound, New Mexico, on a silver screen. Descendants of the horses that the Indians stole from Coronado's army are carrying the peaceful red man in from Tesuque pueblo, to spread his wares before the tourists getting off the Lamy bus at Santa Fe. The government has made a reservation of the giant cacti that beckoned the Spaniard on to defeat. The raging Colorado is tamed to a turquoise lake.

Nothing remembers you, Coronado, nothing is the same. You leveled your lance at golden Quivira, and charged—only to find it was the American sun, getting up in glory on a prairie day.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The Character of George Washington *

I THINK I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and, were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But, if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share

* From a letter to Dr. Walter Jones, dated January 2, 1814.

in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

... I am satisfied the great body of republicans think of him as I do. We were, indeed, dissatisfied with him on his ratification of the British treaty. But this was short-lived. We knew his honesty, the wiles with which he was encompassed, and that age had already begun to relax the firmness of his purposes; and I am convinced he is more deeply seated in the love and gratitude of the republicans than in the Pharisaical homage of the federal monarchists. For he was no monarchist from preference of his judgment. The soundness of that gave him correct views of the rights of man, and his severe justice devoted him to them. He has often declared to me that he considered our new Constitution as an experiment on the practicability of republican government, and with what dose of liberty man could be trusted for his own good; that he was determined the experiment should have a fair trial, and would lose the last drop of his blood in support of it. And these declarations he repeated to me the oftener and more pointedly because he knew my suspicions of Colonel Hamilton's views, and probably had heard from him the same declarations which I had, to wit, "that the British constitutions, with its unequal representation, corruption and other existing abuses, was the most perfect government which had ever been established on earth, and that a reformation of those abuses would make it an impracticable government." I do believe that General Washington had not a firm confidence in the durability of our government. He was naturally distrustful of men, and inclined to gloomy apprehensions; and I was ever persuaded

that a belief that we must at length end in something like a British constitution had some weight in his adoption of the ceremonies of levees, birthdays, pompous meetings with Congress, and other forms of the same character, calculated to prepare us gradually for a change which he believed possible, and to let it come on with as little shock as might be to the public mind.

These are my opinions of General Washington, which I would vouch at the judgment seat of God, having been formed on an acquaintance of thirty years. I served with him in the Virginia legislature from 1769 to the Revolutionary War, and again a short time in Congress, until he left us to take command of the army. During the war and after it we corresponded occasionally, and in the four years of my continuance in the office of Secretary of State our intercourse was daily, confidential and cordial. . . .

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Autobiography *

Twyford, at the Bishop of St. Asaph's, 1771
DEAR SON: I have ever had pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. You may remember the inquiries I made among the remains of my relations when you were with me in England, and the journey I undertook for that purpose. Imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to know the circumstances of my life, many of which you are yet unacquainted with, and expecting the enjoyment of a week's uninterrupted leisure in my present country retirement, I sit down to write them for you. To which I have besides some other inducements. Having emerged from the poverty and obscurity in which I was born and bred, to a state of affluence and some degree of reputation in the world, and having gone so far through life with a considerable share of felicity, the conducting means I made use of, which with the blessing of God so well succeeded, my posterity may like to know, as they may find some of them suitable to their own situations, and therefore fit to be imitated.

That felicity, when I reflected on it, has induced me sometimes to say that, were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some sinister accidents and events of it for others more favorable. But, though this were denied, I should still accept the offer. Since such a repetition is not to be expected, the next thing most like living one's life over again seems to be a recollection of that life, and to make that recollection as durable as possible by putting it down in writing.

Hereby, too, I shall indulge the inclination so natural in old men to be talking of themselves and their own past actions; and I shall indulge it without being tiresome to others, who, through respect to age, might conceive themselves obliged to give me a hearing, since this may be read or not as anyone pleases. And, lastly (I may as well confess it, since my

* Franklin began his *Autobiography* in 1771 while in England resting at the home of his friend, Bishop Shipley of St. Asaph's. Although he worked on the document at four periods in his life, he never completed it. The *Autobiography* has appeared in numerous editions which vary widely in the text. A definitive edition is not yet available.

denial of it will be believed by nobody), perhaps I shall a good deal gratify my own *vanity*. Indeed, I scarce ever heard or saw the introductory words, "Without vanity I may say," etc., but some vain thing immediately followed. Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor and to others that are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life.

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Josiah, my father, married young, and carried his wife with three children into New England, about 1682. The conventicles having been forbidden by law, and frequently disturbed, induced some considerable men of his acquaintance to remove to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy their mode of religion with freedom. By the same wife he had four children more born there, and by a second wife ten more, in all seventeen; of which I remember thirteen sitting at one time at his table, who all grew up to be men and women, and married; I was the youngest son, and the youngest child but two, and was born in Boston, New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of New England, of whom honorable mention is made by Cotton Mather in his church history of that country, entitled *Magnalia Christi Americana*, as "a godly, learned Englishman," if I remember the words rightly. I have heard that he wrote sundry small occasional pieces, but only one of them was printed, which I saw now many years since. It was written in 1675, in the homespun verse of that time and people, and addressed to those then concerned in the government there. It was in favor of liberty of conscience, and in behalf of the Baptists, Quakers, and other sectaries that had been under persecution, ascribing the Indian wars, and other distresses that had befallen the country, to that persecution, as so many judgments of God to punish so heinous an offense, and exhorting a repeal of those uncharitable laws. The whole appeared to me as written with a good deal of decent plainness and manly freedom. The six concluding lines I remember, though I have forgotten the two first of the stanza; but the purport of them was that his censures proceeded from good-will, and, therefore, he would be known to be the author.

Because to be a libeler (says he)
 I hate it with my heart;
 From Sherburne town, where now I dwell
 My name I do put here;
 Without offense your real friend,
 It is Peter Folgier.

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends, that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it, and proposed to give me all his shorthand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with, if I would learn his character. I continued, however, at the grammar school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and farther was removed into the class of the next year above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father, in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which, having so large a family, he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain—reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing—altered his first intention, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow chandler and soapboiler, a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well, and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much tramping we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and, working with them diligently like so many em-

met, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

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From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's *Historical Collections*; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's *Lives* there was in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of Defoe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr. Mather's, called *Essays to do Good*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and

made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-street-ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but, as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts and perhaps enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I owed to the printing house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was

the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact on me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it.

When about sixteen years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconveniency, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that, if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books. But

I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing house to their meals, I remained there alone, and, dispatching presently my light repast, which often was no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry cook's, and a glass of water, had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

And now it was that, being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed in learning when at school, I took Cocker's book of arithmetic, and went through the whole by myself with great ease. I also read Seller's and Shermy's books of navigation, and became acquainted with the little geometry they contain; but never proceeded far in that science. And I read about this time Locke *On Human Understanding*, and the *Art of Thinking* by Messrs. du Port Royal.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*, wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practiced it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved. I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so*; or *it is so, if I am not mistaken*. This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or

receiving information or pleasure. For, if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fixed in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in *pleasing* your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. . . .

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant*. The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter*. I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and, after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

Encouraged, however, by this, I wrote and conveyed in the same way to the press several more papers, which were equally approved; and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted, and then I discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And, perhaps, this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and, accordingly, expected the same services from me as he would from

another, while I thought he demeaned me too much in some he required of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and, thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.¹

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censured, and imprisoned for a month, by the speaker's warrant, I suppose because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examined before the council; but, though I did not give them any satisfaction, they contented themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libeling and satire. My brother's discharge was accompanied with an order of the House (a very odd one) that "James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the *New England Courant*."

There was a consultation held in our printing house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper; but, my brother seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on, as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and, to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be returned to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion; but, to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name, for several months.

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon

¹ I fancy his harsh and tyrannical treatment of me might be a means of impressing me with that aversion to arbitrary power that has stuck to me through my whole life.

me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natured man: perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refused to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclined to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and, from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stayed, soon bring myself into scrapes; and further, that my indiscrete disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel or atheist. I determined on the point, but, my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that, if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his that had got a naughty girl with child, whose friends would compel me to marry her, and therefore I could not appear or come away publicly. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and, as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near three hundred miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratified them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offered my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles farther; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

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I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city [Philadelphia], that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and

about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it, a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draft of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in or slept in, in Philadelphia.

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[In Philadelphia, Franklin found employment as a printer with one Keimer and presently began to think of setting up for himself. Sir William Keith, irresponsible governor of the province of Pennsylvania, met the lad and encouraged him to plan a trip to London to buy printing types. Franklin's father had declined to start him in business.]

"And since he will not set you up," says he [the governor], "I will do it myself. Give me an inventory of the things necessary to be had from England, and I will send for them. You shall repay me when you are

able; I am resolved to have a good printer here, and I am sure you must succeed." This was spoken with such an appearance of cordiality that I had not the least doubt of his meaning what he said. I had hitherto kept the proposition of my setting up a secret in Philadelphia, and I still kept it. Had it been known that I depended on the governor, probably some friend that knew him better would have advised me not to rely on him, as I afterwards heard it as his known character to be liberal of promises which he never meant to keep. Yet, unsolicited as he was by me, how could I think his generous offers insincere? I believed him one of the best men in the world.

I presented him an inventory of a little printing house, amounting by my computation to about one hundred pounds sterling. He liked it, but asked me if my being on the spot in England to choose the types, and see that everything was good of the kind, might not be of some advantage. "Then," says he, "when there, you may make acquaintances, and establish correspondences in the bookselling and stationery way." I agreed that this might be advantageous. "Then," says he, "get yourself ready to go with *Annis*," which was the annual ship, and the only one at that time usually passing between London and Philadelphia. . . .

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalmed off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many. Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I considered, with my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you." So I dined upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing is it to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.

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[Franklin went to England and found a job as a printer in London, where he made good use of his time. Governor Keith's letters of credit and promises proved worthless. At length he returned to Philadelphia and resumed work for Keimer. Finally he was able to set up a shop for himself. An eligible young man, he proved a temptation to the matchmaking instincts of Mrs. Godfrey. He avoided the match she had

planned and later married Deborah Read, whom he had earlier courted, before her marriage to and desertion by a worthless rascal.]

I had hitherto continued to board with Godfrey, who lived in part of my house with his wife and children, and had one side of the shop for his glazier's business, though he worked little, being always absorbed in his mathematics. Mrs. Godfrey projected a match for me with a relation's daughter, took opportunities of bringing us often together, till a serious courtship on my part ensued, the girl being in herself very deserving. The old folks encouraged me by continual invitations to supper, and by leaving us together, till at length it was time to explain. Mrs. Godfrey managed our little treaty. I let her know that I expected as much money with their daughter as would pay off my remaining debt for the printing house, which I believe was not then above a hundred pounds. She brought me word they had no such sum to spare; I said they might mortgage their house in the loan office. The answer to this, after some days, was that they did not approve the match; that, on inquiry of Bradford, they had been informed the printing business was not a profitable one; the types would soon be worn out, and more wanted; that S. Keimer and D. Harry had failed one after the other, and I should probably soon follow them; and, therefore, I was forbidden the house, and the daughter shut up.

Whether this was a real change of sentiment or only artifice, on a supposition of our being too far engaged in affection to retract, and therefore that we should steal a marriage, which would leave them at liberty to give or withhold what they pleased, I know not; but I suspected the latter, resented it, and went no more. Mrs. Godfrey brought me afterward some more favorable accounts of their disposition, and would have drawn me on again; but I declared absolutely my resolution to have nothing more to do with that family. This was resented by the Godfreys; we differed, and they removed, leaving me the whole house, and I resolved to take no more inmates.

But this affair having turned my thoughts to marriage, I looked around me and made overtures of acquaintance in other places; but soon found that, the business of a printer being generally thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife, unless with such a one as I should not otherwise think agreeable. In the meantime, that hard-to-be-governed passion of youth hurried me frequently into intrigues with low women that fell in my way, which were attended with some expense and great inconvenience, besides a continual risk to my health by a distemper which of all things I dreaded, though by great good luck I escaped it. A friendly correspondence as neighbors and old acquaintances had continued between me and Mrs. Read's family, who all had a regard for me from the time of my first lodging in their house. I was often invited there and consulted

in their affairs, wherein I sometimes was of service. I pitied poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, who was generally dejected, seldom cheerful, and avoided company. I considered my giddiness and inconstancy when in London as in a great degree the cause of her unhappiness, though the mother was good enough to think the fault more her own than mine, as she had prevented our marrying before I went thither, and persuaded the other match in my absence. Our mutual affection was revived, but there were now great objections to our union. The match was indeed looked upon as invalid, a preceding wife being said to be living in England; but this could not easily be proved, because of the distance; and, though there was a report of his death, it was not certain. Then, though it should be true, he had left many debts, which his successor might be called upon to pay. We ventured, however, over all these difficulties, and I took her to wife, September 1st, 1730. None of the inconveniences happened that we had apprehended; she proved a good and faithful helpmate, assisted me much by attending the shop; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavored to make each other happy. Thus I corrected that great *erratum* as well as I could.

About this time, our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's, set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me that, since our books were often referred to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them altogether where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books to a common library, we should, while we liked to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was liked and agreed to, and we filled one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and, though they had been of great use, yet, some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the Junto, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterwards obtained a charter, the company being increased to one hundred: this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous. It is become a great thing itself, and continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defense of their privileges.

Memo. Thus far was written with the intention expressed in the beginning and therefore contains several little family anecdotes of no importance to others. What follows was written many years after in compliance with the advice contained in these letters [omitted], and accordingly intended for the public. The affairs of the Revolution occasioned the interruption.

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It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my care was employed in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous was not sufficient to prevent our slipping; and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore contrived the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition. I proposed to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annexed to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occurred to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept, which fully expressed the extent I gave to its meaning.

These names of virtues, with their precepts, were:

1. TEMPERANCE

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. FRUGALITY

Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; i.e., waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. MODERATION

Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS

Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILLITY

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. CHASTITY

Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dullness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13. HUMILITY

Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

My intention being to acquire the *habitude* of all these virtues, I judged it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and, when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone through the thirteen; and, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arranged them with that view, as they stand above. Temperance first, as it tends to procure that coolness and

clearness of head which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up, and guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquired and established, Silence would be more easy; and, my desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I improved in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtained rather by the use of the ears than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was getting into of prattling, punning, and joking, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave *Silence* the second place. This and the next, *Order*, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. *Resolution*, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all the subsequent virtues; *Frugality* and *Industry*, freeing me from my remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of *Sincerity* and *Justice*, etc., etc. Conceiving then, that, agreeably to the advice of Pythagoras in his Golden Verses, daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method for conducting that examination.

Form of the pages

TEMPERANCE							
EAT NOT TO DULLNESS; DRINK NOT TO ELEVATION.							
	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
T.							
S.	*	*		*		*	
O.	* *	*	*		*	*	*
R.			*			*	
F.		*			*		
I.			*				
S.							
J.							
M.							
C.							
T.							
C.							
H.							

I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid every the least offense against *Temperance*, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I supposed the habit of that virtue so much strengthened, and its opposite weakened, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could go through a course complete in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplished the first, proceeds to a second, so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress I made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots, till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination.

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The precept of *Order* requiring that *every part of my business should have its allotted time*, one page in my little book contained the following scheme of employment for the twenty-four hours of a natural day.

THE MORNING	{	5	{	Rise, wash, and address <i>Powerful Good-</i>
		6		<i>ness!</i> Contrive day's business, and take
		7		the resolution of the day; prosecute the
		8		present study, and breakfast.
		9		
Question. What good shall I do this day?	{	10	{	Work.
		11		
		12		
		1		
		2		
		3	{	Read, or overlook my accounts, and
		4		dine.
		5		
		6		
		7		
Noon	{	8	{	Work.
		9		
		10		
		11		
		12		

EVENING	{ 6 7 8 9 }	Put things in their places. Supper. Music or diversion, or conversation. Examination of the day.
<i>Question.</i> What good have I done today?		
NIGHT	{ 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 }	Sleep.

I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. To avoid the trouble of renewing now and then my little book, which, by scraping out the marks on the paper of old faults to make room for new ones in a new course, became full of holes, I transferred my tables and precepts to the ivory leaves of a memorandum book, on which the lines were drawn with red ink, that made a durable stain, and on those lines I marked my faults with a black-lead pencil, which marks I could easily wipe out with a wet sponge. After a while I went through one course only in a year, and afterward only one in several years, till at length I omitted them entirely, being employed in voyages and business abroad, with a multiplicity of affairs that interfered; but I always carried my little book with me.

My scheme of *Order* gave me the most trouble; and I found that, though it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the disposition of his time, that of a journeyman printer, for instance, it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. *Order*, too, with regard to places for things, papers, etc., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it, and, having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that respect, like the man who, in buying an ax of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the ax hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his ax

as it was, without further grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and-by; as yet, it is only speckled." "Yes," says the man, "*but I think I like a speckled ax best.*" And I believe this may have been the case with many, who, having, for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that "a speckled ax was best"; for something, that pretended to be reason, was every now and then suggesting to me that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which, if it were known, would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to Order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But, on the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavor, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life, down to his seventy-ninth year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but, if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country and the honorable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper and that cheerfulness in conversation which makes his company still sought for and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

It will be remarked that, though my scheme was not wholly without religion, there was in it no mark of any of the distinguishing tenets of any particular sect. I had purposely avoided them; for, being fully persuaded of the utility and excellency of my method, and that it might be serviceable to people in all religions, and intending some time or other to publish it,

I would not have anything in it that should prejudice anyone, of any sect, against it. I purposed writing a little comment on each virtue, in which I would have shown the advantages of possessing it, and the mischiefs attending its opposite vice; and I should have called my book *The Art of Virtue*,¹ because it would have shown the means and manner of obtaining virtue, which would have distinguished it from the mere exhortation to be good, that does not instruct and indicate the means, but is like the apostle's man of verbal charity, who only, without showing to the naked and hungry how or where they might get clothes or victuals, exhorted them to be fed and clothed.—James II, 15, 16.

But it so happened that my intention of writing and publishing this comment was never fulfilled. I did, indeed, from time to time, put down short hints of the sentiments, reasonings, etc., to be made use of in it, some of which I have still by me; but the necessary close attention to private business in the earlier part of my life, and public business since, have occasioned my postponing it; for, it being connected in my mind with *a great and extensive project*, that required the whole man to execute, and which an unforeseen succession of employs prevented my attending to, it has hitherto remained unfinished.

In this piece it was my design to explain and enforce this doctrine, that vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, the nature of man alone considered; that it was, therefore everyone's interest to be virtuous who wished to be happy even in this world; and I should, from this circumstance (there being always in the world a number of rich merchants, nobility, states, and princes, who have need of honest instruments for the management of their affairs, and such being so rare), have endeavored to convince young persons that no qualities were so likely to make a poor man's fortune as those of probity and integrity.

My list of virtues contained at first but twelve; but, a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud; that my pride showed itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing, and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances; I determined endeavoring to cure myself, if I could, of this vice or folly among the rest, and I added *Humility* to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the *appearance* of it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbade myself, agreeably to the old laws of our Junto, the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fixed opinion, such as *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, etc., and I adopted, instead

¹ Nothing so likely to make a man's fortune as virtue.—Marginal note.

of them, *I conceive, I apprehend, or I imagine* a thing to be so or so; or it *so appears to me at present*. When another asserted something that I thought an error, I denied myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there *appeared or seemed* to me some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy, and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my points.

In reality, there is, perhaps, no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as *pride*. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it, perhaps, often in this history; for, even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.

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In 1732 I first published my almanac, under the name of *Richard Saunders*; it was continued by me about twenty-five years, commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And, observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth and thereby securing virtue, it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright*.

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations,

I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the *Almanac* of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

I considered my newspaper, also, as another means of communicating instruction, and in that view frequently reprinted in it extracts from the *Spectator* and other moral writers, and sometimes published little pieces of my own, which had been first composed for reading in our Junto. Of these are a Socratic dialogue, tending to prove that, whatever might be his parts and abilities, a vicious man could not properly be called a man of sense, and a discourse on self-denial, showing that virtue was not secure till its practice became a habitude, and was free from the opposition of contrary inclinations. These may be found in the papers about the beginning of 1735.

In the conduct of my newspaper, I carefully excluded all libeling and personal abuse, which is of late years become so disgraceful to our country. Whenever I was solicited to insert anything of that kind, and the writers pleaded, as they generally did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stagecoach, in which anyone who would pay had a right to a place, my answer was that I would print the piece separately if desired, and the author might have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction; and that, having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their papers with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice. Now, many of our printers make no scruple of gratifying the malice of individuals by false accusations of the fairest characters among ourselves, augmenting animosity even to the producing of duels; and are, moreover, so indiscreet as to print scurrilous reflections on the government of neighboring states, and even on the conduct of our best national allies, which may be attended with the most pernicious consequences. These things I mention as a caution to young printers, and that they may be encouraged not to pollute their presses and disgrace their profession by such infamous practices, but refuse steadily, as they may see by my example that such a course of conduct will not, on the whole, be injurious to their interests.

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In 1739 arrived among us from Ireland the Reverend Mr. Whitefield, who had made himself remarkable there as an itinerant preacher. He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy, taking a dislike to him, soon refused him their pulpits, and he was obliged to preach in the fields. The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous, and it was matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admired and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them by assuring them they were naturally *half beasts and half devils*. It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk through the town in an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street.

And, it being found inconvenient to assemble in the open air, subject to its inclemencies, the building of a house to meet in was no sooner proposed, and persons appointed to receive contributions, but sufficient sums were soon received to procure the ground and erect the building, which was one hundred feet long and seventy broad, about the size of Westminster Hall; and the work was carried on with such spirit as to be finished in a much shorter time than could have been expected. Both house and ground were vested in trustees, expressly for the use of any preacher of any religious persuasion who might desire to say something to the people at Philadelphia; the design in building not being to accommodate any particular sect, but the inhabitants in general; so that even if the Mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mohammedanism to us, he would find a pulpit at his service.

Mr. Whitefield, in leaving us, went preaching all the way through the colonies to Georgia. The settlement of that province had lately been begun, but, instead of being made with hardy, industrious husbandmen, accustomed to labor, the only people fit for such an enterprise, it was with families of broken shopkeepers and other insolvent debtors, many of indolent and idle habits, taken out of the jails, who, being set down in the woods, unqualified for clearing land, and unable to endure the hardships of a new settlement, perished in numbers, leaving many helpless children unprovided for. The sight of their miserable situation inspired the benevolent heart of Mr. Whitefield with the idea of building an orphan house there, in which they might be supported and educated. Returning northward, he preached up this charity, and made large collections, for his eloquence had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers, of which I myself was an instance.

I did not disapprove of the design, but, as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built

the house there, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong desire to give, and applied to a neighbor, who stood near him, to borrow some money for the purpose. The application was unfortunately to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, Friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

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In 1746, being at Boston, I met there with a Dr. Spence, who was lately arrived from Scotland, and showed me some electric experiments. They were imperfectly performed, as he was not very expert; but, being on a subject quite new to me, they equally surprised and pleased me. Soon after my return to Philadelphia, our library company received from Mr. P. Collinson, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, a present of a glass tube, with some account of the use of it in making such experiments. I eagerly seized the opportunity of repeating what I had seen at Boston; and, by much practice, acquired great readiness in performing those, also, which we had an account of from England, adding a number of new ones. I say much practice, for my house was continually full, for some time, with people who came to see these new wonders.

To divide a little this incumbrance among my friends, I caused a number of similar tubes to be blown at our glass house, with which they furnished themselves, so that we had at length several performers. Among these, the principal was Mr. Kinnorsley, an ingenious neighbor, who, being out of business, I encouraged to undertake showing the experiments for money, and drew up for him two lectures, in which the experiments were ranged in such order, and accompanied with such explanations in such method, as that the foregoing should assist in comprehending the following. He procured an elegant apparatus for the purpose, in which all the little machines that I had roughly made for myself were nicely formed by instrument-makers. His lectures were well attended, and gave great satisfaction;

and after some time he went through the colonies, exhibiting them in every capital town, and picked up some money. In the West India islands, indeed, it was with difficulty the experiments could be made, from the general moisture of the air.

Obliged as we were to Mr. Collinson for his present of the tube, etc., I thought it right he should be informed of our success in using it, and wrote him several letters containing accounts of our experiments. He got them read in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their *Transactions*. One paper, which I wrote for Mr. Kinnersley, on the sameness of lightning with electricity, I sent to Dr. Mitchel, an acquaintance of mine, and one of the members also of that society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laughed at by the connoisseurs. The papers, however, being shown to Dr. Fothergill, he thought them of too much value to be stifled, and advised the printing of them. Mr. Collinson then gave them to Cave for publication in his *Gentleman's Magazine*; but he chose to print them separately in a pamphlet, and Dr. Fothergill wrote the preface. Cave, it seems, judged rightly for his profit, for by the additions that arrived afterward they swelled to a quarto volume, which has had five editions, and cost him nothing for copy money.

It was, however, some time before those papers were much taken notice of in England. A copy of them happening to fall into the hands of the Count de Buffon, a philosopher deservedly of great reputation in France, and, indeed, all over Europe, he prevailed with M. Dalibard to translate them into French, and they were printed at Paris. The publication offended the Abbé Nollet, preceptor in natural philosophy to the royal family, and an able experimenter, who had formed and published a theory of electricity, which then had the general vogue. He could not at first believe that such a work came from America, and said it must have been fabricated by his enemies at Paris, to decry his system. Afterwards, having been assured that there really existed such a person as Franklin at Philadelphia, which he had doubted, he wrote and published a volume of letters, chiefly addressed to me, defending his theory, and denying the verity of my experiments and of the positions deduced from them.

I once purposed answering the abbé, and actually began the answer; but, on consideration that my writings contained a description of experiments which anyone might repeat and verify, and, if not to be verified, could not be defended; or of observations offered as conjectures, and not delivered dogmatically, therefore not laying me under any obligation to defend them; and reflecting that a dispute between two persons, writing in different languages, might be lengthened greatly by mistranslations, and thence misconceptions of one another's meaning, much of one of the abbé's letters being founded on an error in the translation, I concluded to let my papers shift for themselves, believing it was better to spend what time I could spare

from public business in making new experiments than in disputing about those already made. I therefore never answered M. Nollet, and the event gave me no cause to repent my silence; for my friend M. le Roy, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, took up my cause and refuted him; my book was translated into the Italian, German, and Latin languages; and the doctrine it contained was by degrees universally adopted by the philosophers of Europe, in preference to that of the abbé; so that he lived to see himself the last of his sect, except Monsieur B——, of Paris, his *élève* and immediate disciple.

What gave my book the more sudden and general celebrity was the success of one of its proposed experiments, made by Messrs. Dalibard and de Lor at Marly, for drawing lightning from the clouds. This engaged the public attention everywhere. M. de Lor, who had an apparatus for experimental philosophy, and lectured in that branch of science, undertook to repeat what he called the *Philadelphia experiments*; and, after they were performed before the king and court, all the curious of Paris flocked to see them. I will not swell this narrative with an account of that capital experiment, nor of the infinite pleasure I received in the success of a similar one I made soon after with a kite at Philadelphia, as both are to be found in the histories of electricity.

Dr. Wright, an English physician, when at Paris, wrote to a friend, who was of the Royal Society, an account of the high esteem my experiments were in among the learned abroad, and of their wonder that my writings had been so little noticed in England. The society, on this, resumed the consideration of the letters that had been read to them; and the celebrated Dr. Watson drew up a summary account of them, and of all I had afterwards sent to England on the subject, which he accompanied with some praise of the writer. This summary was then printed in their *Transactions*; and, some members of the society in London, particularly the very ingenious Mr. Canton, having verified the experiment of procuring lightning from the clouds by a pointed rod, and acquainting them with the success, they soon made me more than amends for the slight with which they had before treated me. Without my having made any application for that honor, they chose me a member, and voted that I should be excused the customary payments, which would have amounted to twenty-five guineas, and ever since have given me their *Transactions* gratis. They also presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley for the year 1753, the delivery of which was accompanied by a very handsome speech of the president, Lord Macclesfield, wherein I was highly honored.

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*William Byrd of Westover, an American Pepys**

IN 1705 a gay and brilliant bachelor of thirty returned from England to inherit one of the finest plantations on the James River in a region where an aristocracy of considerable pretensions had already developed. This polished cavalier was William Byrd II, who had come home to take over his father's estate at Westover. For a great part of his youth and early manhood Byrd had lived in England. As a benchler at the Middle Temple he had been the familiar friend of such Restoration wits as the dramatist William Wycherley, and he had come to know intimately important people, including Sir Robert Southwell, Sir Charles Wager, the Earl of Orrery, the Duke of Argyle, and many another whose name carried weight in the world of fashion. It was through Sir Robert Southwell that the Virginia youth had been elected to membership in the Royal Society, and to this learned body Byrd had communicated in 1697 a paper on an albino Negro whom he described as "dappled." By the time Byrd came into his inheritance, he was perhaps the most accomplished and best-educated gentleman of his generation in America. He had already served the colony of Virginia as official agent in London, and he had been a member of the House of Burgesses during a brief stay at home.

Having had his fling among the wits of London, the inheritor of vast lands and riches was ready to settle down to the life of a public-spirited planter. In 1706 he married Lucy Parke, daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke, the rakish governor of the Leeward Islands and grandfather of Martha Washington's first husband. Three years later he reached the zenith of social and political distinction by being sworn a member of the Council of State, that Sanhedrin of the tight little aristocracy who ruled Virginia. Henceforth Byrd's name was closely bound up with the history of the colony. Later generations remember him not only as the builder of one of the best-proportioned plantation houses of the eighteenth century, but as the author of the entertaining and witty *History of the Dividing Line*, an account of the survey of the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina in 1728. That account, rewritten from a journal kept by Byrd during the survey, won for him the epithet "the American Pepys." Recently a

* Reprinted from the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for July, 1940, by permission of the publishers. The transcription from the shorthand was made by Mrs. Tinling.

document that makes his likeness to Pepys infinitely more striking has been discovered. Among manuscripts collected by the late R. A. Brock of Virginia and now in the Huntington Library, there came to light an intimate and detailed diary kept in shorthand by Byrd from February 6, 1709, to September 29, 1712. A daily entry, sometimes extending to more than two hundred words in length, gives an account of the routine existence of the most cultivated Virginian of that period. It was clearly never intended for eyes other than the writer's own.

The little book containing the shorthand diary is exceedingly valuable, for it holds more than one clue to the spiritual and intellectual life of the author of the *History of the Dividing Line*. On one leaf the young man had written out in longhand a statement of his religious creed, a nearly orthodox creed according to Anglican beliefs except for a hesitancy about subscribing to a literal hell. The good will inherit "unspeakable happiness," Byrd had written, "but those who have obstinately and impenitently rebelled against God and their own consciences shall go into a state of sorrow and misery."

A suggestion of Byrd's legal training is also found in the volume in a few leaves of notes copied from the *Reports* of Edward Coke, the great Jacobean lawyer. Interspersed in these notes are shorthand symbols for unwieldy phrases. These notes provided the key to the identification of the diary. This journal of Byrd's for 1709-1712 is the earliest extensive private diary yet discovered in the Southern colonies.

Although diary-keeping was common in New England, few Southern colonists took the trouble to write a daily record, or, if they did, the diaries have disappeared. In Byrd's journal there is a vast amount of detailed information—much of it trivial and repetitious in itself—which presents in the aggregate a valuable and human picture of plantation life, for Byrd is careful to mention all manner of trifling things, much as Pepys did. Indeed, though Pepys was more gossipy, the comparison with his diary is not inappropriate, and there are some striking parallels. Like Pepys, Byrd had his troubles at home, and he recounts the quarrels with his wife, and an indiscretion now and then. When he played cards, he notes his losses and gains. He puts down with careful regularity a record of his prayers morning and evening, and mentions lapses when he forgot these devotions. He notes the food he ate and the medicine he took on the frequent occasions when he dosed himself. No trifle is too insignificant to find a place in the journal, even to the shortening of his coat or the stumbling of his horse, but in such trifles are unconscious revelations of character and personality not found in more formal documents. In this diary Byrd comes to life, and we follow with a living interest the flow of events at Westover. Visitors come and go; slaves get sick and die—not without a deal of care and medication from the master; Byrd himself has a cold that lays him low; his daughter is ailing, and his wife is cross; but presently it is spring, and the garden blooms, and husband and wife walk together in the twilight with

all quarrels forgotten; ships for England load at the Westover dock while Byrd hurries his letters and worries about the high rate of freight and the low price of tobacco; the parson comes to visit, and Mrs. Byrd thinks him unmannerly because he talks Latin with her husband; a neighbor sends a haunch of venison; meetings of the Council require Byrd's presence in Williamsburg; he attends court and is surprised to find a young man on trial for ravishing a homely woman; he writes an anonymous lampoon on members of the House of Burgesses, but George Mason gets drunk and reveals the author; an overseer proves incompetent and has to be discharged; a windstorm ravages the crops; the parson preaches a good sermon to a full church; Byrd spends a wet day planting trees, gets his feet soaked, and has to stop to change his stockings; newspapers come from England saying there is no likelihood of peace in Europe; and so the diary runs, an intensely human narrative enumerating thousands of forgotten incidents that throw light on the times and illuminate the character of Virginia's most important man of letters in the colonial period.

Busy as the master of Westover usually found himself, he followed a routine of reading and study and disliked encroachments upon the time devoted to Hebrew, Greek, Latin, or one of the modern languages, usually French or Italian. Though Byrd was far from an ascetic, he believed a gentleman should cultivate his mind, even at the cost of some exertion; hence he followed a custom of rising early and reading Hebrew and Greek before breakfast; during the rest of the day less edifying matters might engage him. For instance, on November 2, 1709, he writes:

I rose at six o'clock and read a chapter in Hebrew and some Greek in Lucian. I said my prayers and ate milk for breakfast, and settled some accounts, and then went to court, where we made an end of the business. We went to dinner about four o'clock, and I ate boiled beef again. In the evening I went to Dr. B-r-t's, where my wife came this afternoon. Here I found Mrs. Chiswell, my sister Custis, and other ladies. We sat and talked till about 11 o'clock, and then retired to our chambers. I played at [r-m] with Mrs. Chiswell and kissed her on the bed till she was angry and my wife also was uneasy about it, and cried as soon as the company was gone. I neglected to say my prayers, which I should not have done, because I ought to beg pardon for the lust I had for another man's wife. However, I had good health, good thoughts, and good humor, thanks be to God Almighty.

Precisely a month later, on December 2, after noting his daily stint of Greek and Hebrew, he comments: "In the evening I read more Italian and washed my feet." The diary frequently mentions the writer's displeasure because he had been interrupted in his reading. Guests in the house, a sudden journey, or something else occasionally interfered with the routine. On November 13, 1709, while visiting Colonel Custis, Byrd was somewhat put out by having to forgo his reading in order to hurry off to church:

I rose about seven o'clock but could read nothing because we were in haste to go to church. I ate milk for breakfast, notwithstanding it was here not very good. About ten o'clock we rode to church, which is six miles off. There was the biggest congregation I ever saw in the country. The people look half dead since the sickness which they had last year. Mr. Dunn preached a good sermon. After church we returned to Colonel Custis' again. About three o'clock we dined, and I ate boiled beef. In the evening we drank a bottle of wine pretty freely and were full of mirth and good humor and particularly Colonel Waters. However, we were merry and wise and went to bed in good time by my means. I neglected to say my prayers but had good health, good thoughts, and good humor, thanks be to God Almighty.

Though the diary mentions frequent quarrels between Byrd and his wife, he undoubtedly had great affection for her. The daughter of Daniel Parke could hardly have been anything but spoiled and temperamental, and the Byrd household could not have escaped a clash of wills. A crisis occurred on February 5, 1711, when Mrs. Byrd insisted upon plucking her eyebrows in preparation for the governor's ball in Williamsburg on the queen's birthday:

I rose about eight o'clock and found my cold still worse. I said my prayers and ate milk and potatoes for breakfast. My wife and I quarreled about her pulling her brows. She threatened she would not go to Williamsburg if she might not pull them; I refused, however, and got the better of her and maintained my authority....

The following day—the day of the ball—Byrd had such a cold that his wife cheerfully offered to stay at home with him, but “rather than keep her from going, I resolved to go if possible.” After being “shaved with a very dull razor” and getting off to a bad start by neglecting to say his prayers, Byrd pulled himself together sufficiently to attend the ball. He was pleased to find Colonel Carter's wife and daughter there and rather proud that “the Governor opened the ball with a French dance with my wife,” after which “we danced country dances for an hour and the company was carried into another room where was a very fine collation of sweetmeats.” “The Governor,” Byrd reports, “was very gallant to the ladies and very courteous to the gentlemen.” This was Lieutenant-Governor Alexander Spotswood. The night of the ball was villainously wet, and the guests had trouble getting to their lodgings in Williamsburg. “Colonel Carter's family and Mr. Blair were stopped by the unruliness of the horses and Daniel Wilkinson was so gallant as to lead the horse himself through all the dirt and rain to Mr. Blair's house. My cold continued bad. I neglected to say my prayers and had good thoughts, good humor, but indifferent health, thank God Almighty. It rained all day and all night. The President [of the Council] had the worst clothes of anybody there.”

That masters were not unmindful of the rights and privileges of servants and slaves, the diary makes amply clear. For example, on the day after the ball, the governor thoughtfully permitted his house servants to get drunk in reward for staying sober the day before, as an entry for February 7, 1711, explains:

I rose at eight o'clock and found my cold continued. I said my prayers and ate boiled milk for breakfast. I went to see Mr. Clayton, who lay sick of the gout. About eleven o'clock my wife and I went to wait on the Governor in the President's coach. We went there to take our leave but were forced to stay all day. The Governor had made a bargain with his servants that, if they would forbear to drink upon the Queen's birthday, they might be drunk this day. They observed their contract and did their business very well and got very drunk today, in such a manner that Mrs. Russell's maid was forced to lay the [cloth], but the cook in that condition made a shift to send in a pretty little dinner. I ate some mutton cutlets. In the afternoon I persuaded my wife to stay all night in town, and so it was resolved to spend the evening in cards. My cold was very bad, and I lost my money. About ten o'clock the Governor's coach carried us home to our lodgings, where my wife was out of humor and I out of order. I said a short prayer and had good thoughts and good humor, thank God Almighty.

Byrd himself, though a strict disciplinarian, was a reasonable master. Sometimes he whipped a slave for disobedience or negligence, but usually the culprit got off with a threat. During an epidemic among his slaves in January, 1711, he worked hard to save them. Early and late he was at the quarters giving "his people" medicine; when they had slightly improved, he provided a bowl of his own best punch to raise their spirits. The plague he regarded as a judgment sent by God for his own sins.

Despite frailties of the flesh confessed in the journal, Byrd was sincerely religious. Indeed, the diary furnishes a needed corrective to the notion that the so-called cavaliers of Virginia were an utterly worldly race without regard for godliness. As a matter of fact, the gentlemen who made up the ruling class considered religion an essential to a proper life and believed that a civilized society without religion was a contradiction in terms. Like most of his class, Byrd was an Anglican. He attended church, performed his devotions, and read religious books with relish. Because of the great sickness throughout the community at Christmas in 1710, the religious observance was the only notice taken of the holiday. Byrd and his family attended church, and he received the communion devoutly, as he is at pains to mention in the diary. Afterward he read a sermon, though he had words with his wife and found it hard to concentrate on a work of piety:

I rose at five o'clock and read a chapter in Hebrew and some Greek in Lucian. About seven o'clock the Negro woman died that was mad yesterday.

I said my prayers and ate boiled milk for breakfast. The wind blew very strong and it rained exceedingly. . . . About eleven o'clock we went to church, where we had prayers and the Holy Sacrament, which I took devoutly. We brought nobody home to dinner. I ate boiled venison. The child was a little better. In the afternoon I took a long walk, and I saw several parts of the fence blown down with the wind which blew very hard last night. In the evening I read a sermon in Mr. Norris, but a quarrel which I had with my wife hindered my taking much notice of it. However, we were reconciled before we went to bed, but I made the first advance. I neglected to say my prayers but not to eat some milk. I had good health, good thoughts, and indifferent good humor, thank God Almighty.

Although Byrd loved the things of this world, he frequently found spiritual refreshment in a stout sermon. One of his favorite authors was Archbishop John Tillotson, whose eloquent preaching the young Virginia student may have heard in London.

The eighteenth century was given to excessive eating of meat, but in his diet Byrd exceeded even the usual consumption of flesh. Sometime earlier he had developed a food fad which led him to restrict his choice to one or two dishes at a meal. Almost invariably the staple consisted of a heavy meat, frequently pork or boiled beef. Venison, turkey (both domestic and wild), chicken, duck, goose, partridge, squirrel, and fish were other meats that pleased his palate. Asparagus and green peas were among the few vegetables he deigned to eat. Wine was the staple beverage at Westover, and the cellars were plentifully supplied with good vintages and brandy, from which the master sometimes brewed a powerful punch.

The library at Westover, which numbered more than thirty-six hundred items at Byrd's death, was already one of his proudest possessions. During August, 1709, he was busy putting it in order. On August 15 he moved two cases of books into the library and proceeded to arrange them, "notwithstanding Mr. [Isham] Randolph was here." In his library the busy planter spent many hours snatched at intervals between multifarious responsibilities.

Although the diary is a matter-of-fact entry of daily happenings, it contains some of the elements that make the *History of the Dividing Line* an entertaining work. It is an honest and genuine reflection of the life of the times. Because it was not intended for publication, it lacks any literary polish or conscious art, and for that very reason it is all the more interesting. We know we are seeing things as Byrd actually saw them, not as he wanted readers to see them. To that body of informal literature of which Pepys' diary is the most famous example, Byrd's diary is an important contribution.

That the lord of Westover may have kept a diary throughout his adult life is suggested by the discovery at the University of North Carolina of a

much later fragment of the journal. This portion, which is also in shorthand, covers the years 1739-1741. In the twenty-seven-year span between the Huntington Library diary and the later portion at the University of North Carolina, Byrd was undoubtedly jotting down entries of his daily life. From a facsimile of one page of this shorthand, recently reproduced in the *Richmond News Leader*, it is evident that he retained some of his youthful characteristics until his old age, for on June 15, 1741—three years before his death at the age of seventy—he notes: "In the evening played the fool with Margery, God forgive me."

A third part of the diary, covering the period from late in 1717 to early in 1721, when Byrd was representing the colony in London, has come to light in the Virginia Historical Society. When this was written, the first Mrs. Byrd had died, and the lord of Westover was seeking a second wife in London. Unpublished letters in the University of North Carolina notebooks recount his courtship to a certain Miss Smith, who rejected him for a titled English suitor, and the diary in Richmond gives confirmation of this courtship, along with a record of amours in London and sundry social pursuits in the world of fashion.

But the most valuable and the most interesting part of the diary is that portion in the Huntington Library which gives an account of life at Westover and events in the little capital at Williamsburg during the early years of the eighteenth century—as excerpts may indicate:

October 28, 1709 (Concerning William and Mary College)

I rose at six o'clock but read nothing because Colonel Randolph came to see me in the morning. I neglected to say my prayers, but I ate milk for breakfast. . . . We went to court, but much time was taken up in reading our letters, and not much business was done. About three we rose and had a meeting of the college in which it was agreed to turn Mr. Blackamore out from being master of the school for being so great a sot. . . .

October 29, 1709

I rose at six o'clock and read nothing because the governors of the college were to meet again. . . . When we met, Mr. Blackamore presented a petition in which he set forth that, if the governors of the college would forgive him what was past, he would for the time to come mend his conduct. On which the governors at last agreed to keep him on, on trial, some time longer. . . .

October 31, 1709

I rose at six o'clock and read two chapters in Hebrew and some Greek in Lucian. I said my prayers and ate milk for breakfast. About ten o'clock we went to court. The committee met to receive proposals for the building of the

college, and Mr. Tullitt undertook it for £2,000 provided he might wood off the college land and all assistants from England to come at the college's risk. We sat in court till about four o'clock, and then I rode to Green Springs to meet my wife. . . .

December 25, 1709 (Quiet Christmas at Westover)

I rose at seven o'clock and ate milk for breakfast. I neglected to say my prayers because of my company. I ate milk for breakfast. [*sic*] About eleven o'clock the rest of the company ate some broiled turkey for their breakfast. Then we went to church, notwithstanding it rained a little, where Mr. Anderson preached a good sermon for the occasion. I received the sacrament with great devoutness. After church the same company went to dine with me, and I ate roast beef for dinner. In the afternoon Dick Randolph and Mr. Jackson went away, and Mr. Jackson rode sidelong like a woman. Then we took a walk about the plantation, but a great fog soon drove us into the house again. In the evening we were merry with nonsense, and so were my servants. I said my prayers shortly and had good health, good thoughts, and good humor, thanks be to God Almighty.

December 28, 1709 (Skating on the ice)

. . . In the afternoon we played again at billiards till we lost one of the balls. Then we walked about the plantation and took a slide on the ice. In the evening we played at cards till about 10 o'clock. . . .

December 29, 1709

. . . About nine o'clock I ate again some chocolate with the company. Then we took a walk, and I slid on skates, notwithstanding there was a thaw. Then we returned and played at billiards till dinner. I ate boiled beef for dinner. In the afternoon we played at billiards again and in the evening took another walk and gave Mr. Isham Randolph two bits to venture on the ice. He ventured, and the ice broke with him and took him up to the midleg. Then we came home and played a little at whisk, but I was so sleepy we soon left off. . . .

March 31, 1710 (Fails to get governorship of Virginia)

I rose at seven o'clock and read some Greek in bed. I said my prayers and ate milk for breakfast. Then about eight o'clock we got a-horseback and rode to Mr. Harrison's and found him very ill but sensible. Here I met Mr. Bland, who brought me several letters from England and among the rest two from Colonel Blakiston, who had endeavored to procure the government of Virginia for me at the price of 1,000 pounds of my Lady Orkney and that my Lord [agreed], but the Duke of Marlborough declared that no one but soldiers should have the government of a plantation, so I was disappointed. God's will be done. From hence I came home, where I found all well, thank God. I ate fish for dinner.

In the afternoon I went again with my wife to Mr. Harrison's, who continued very bad so that I resolved to stay with him all night, which I did with Mr. Anderson and Nat Burwell. He was in the same bad condition till he vomited, and then he was more easy. In the morning early I returned home and went to bed. It is remarkable that Mrs. Burwell dreamed this night that she saw a person that with money scales weighed time and declared that there was no more than eighteen pennies' worth of time to come, which seems to be a dream with some significance either concerning the world or a sick person. In my letters from England I learned that the Bishop of Worcester was of opinion that in the year 1715 the city of Rome would be burnt to the ground, that before the year 1745 the popish religion would be rooted out of the world, that before the year 1790 the Jews and Gentiles would be converted to the Christianity and then would begin the millennium.

April 10, 1710 (Death of Mr. Harrison)

I rose at six o'clock and wrote several letters to my overseers. I sent early to inquire after Mr. Harrison and received word that he died about four o'clock this morning, which completed the eighteenth day of his sickness, according to Mrs. Burwell's dream exactly. Just before his death he was sensible and desired Mrs. Lee with importunity to open the door because he wanted to go out and could not go till the door was open and as soon as the door was opened he died. The country has lost a very useful man and who was both a delight and an ornament to it, and I have lost a good neighbor, but God's will be done. . . . My wife rode to Mrs. Harrison's to comfort her and to assure her that I should be always ready to do her all manner of service. My wife returned before dinner. I ate tripe for dinner. In the afternoon we played at piquet. Then I prepared my matters for the General Court. It rained, with the wind at northeast, and it was very cold, and in the night it snowed. . . .

May 23, 1710 (Children ill; quarrels with his wife)

I rose at five o'clock and read two chapters in Hebrew and some Greek in Anacreon. The children were a little better, thank God. I said my prayers and ate milk and strawberries for breakfast. . . . My daughter was very ill, but the boy had lost his fever, thank God. I settled some accounts and wrote some commonplace. I ate hashed shoat for dinner. In the afternoon Evie had a sweat that worked pretty well, but not long enough, for which I was out of humor with my wife. I read some Italian and some news and then took a walk about the plantation. When I returned, I had a great quarrel with my wife, in which she was to blame altogether; however, I made the first step to the reconciliation, to [which] she with difficulty consented.

July 9, 1710

. . . About eleven o'clock we went to church and had a good sermon. After church I invited nobody home because I design to break that custom, that my

people may go to church. I ate boiled pork for dinner. In the afternoon my wife and I had a terrible quarrel about the things she had come in [her goods from England?], but at length she submitted because she was in the wrong. For my part I kept my temper very well. . . .

July 15, 1710

. . . About seven o'clock the Negro Betty that ran away was brought home. My wife against my will caused little Jenny to be burned with a hot iron, for which I quarreled with her. It was so hot today that I did not intend to go to the launching of Colonel Hill's ship, but about nine o'clock the Colonel was so kind as to come and call us. My wife would not go at first, but with much entreaty she at last consented. About twelve o'clock we went and found abundance of company at the ship, and about one she was launched and went off very well, notwithstanding several had believed the contrary. . . .

September 20, 1710 (The governor comes for the militia muster)

I rose at six o'clock but read nothing because I prepared for the Governor's coming in the evening. I neglected to say my prayers but ate milk for breakfast. I settled several things in my library. All the wood was removed from the place where it used to lay to a better place. I sent John to kill some blue wing, and he had good luck. I ate some boiled beef for dinner. In the afternoon all things were put into the best order because Captain Burbydge sent word that the Governor would be here at four o'clock, but he did not come till five. Captain Burbydge sent his boat for him and fired as he came up the river. I received at the landing with Mr. C—s and gave him three guns. Mr. Clayton and Mr. Robinson came with him. After he had drunk some wine, he walked in the garden and into the library till it was dark. Then we went to supper and ate some blue wing. After supper we sat and talked till nine o'clock. . . .

September 21, 1710

I rose at six o'clock and read nothing but got ready to receive the company. About eight o'clock the Governor came down. I offered him some of my fine water[?]. Then we had milk tea and bread and butter for breakfast. The Governor was pleased with everything and very complaisant. About ten o'clock Captain Stith came and soon after him Colonel Hill, Mr. Anderson, and several others of the militia officers. The Governor was extremely courteous to them. About twelve o'clock Mr. Clayton went to Mrs. Harrison's, and then orders were given to bring all the men into the pasture to muster. Just as we got on our horses, it began to rain hard; however, this did not discourage the Governor, but away we rode to the men. It rained half an hour, and the Governor mustered them all the while, and he presented me to the people to be their colonel and commander-in-chief. About three o'clock we returned to the house, and as many of the officers as could sit at the table stayed to dine with the Governor, and the rest went to take part of the hogshead [of punch] in the churchyard. We had a

good dinner, well served, with which the Governor seemed to be well pleased. I ate venison for dinner. In the evening all the company went away, and we took a walk and found a comic freak of a man that was drunk that hung on the pales. Then we went home and played at piquet, and I won the pool. About nine the Governor went to bed. . . .

October 19, 1710 (Attends court at Williamsburg; loses at gaming)

. . . About eleven o'clock I went to court, it being the day appointed for trying the criminals. After we had stayed there about two hours, we went into Council and then came down to court again, where we stayed till four o'clock and then adjourned. Then I went to dine at the Governor's, where I ate boiled beef for dinner. In the evening we played at cards, and I lost twenty-five shillings. We played at basset. About eleven o'clock I returned to my lodgings. I recommended to the Governor to get some men from the men-of-war for Colonel Hill's ship. . . .

October 20, 1710

. . . I went to court and gave my judgment in several cases. About one o'clock I took some sage and snakeroot. Then I returned into court again, and there we sat till three. Then I wrote a letter to my wife and after that went to dinner and ate roast beef. . . . Then I went to the coffeehouse, where I played at hazard and lost seven pounds and returned home very peaceful. . . .

November 23, 1711

. . . About ten o'clock I went to the capitol . . . and then wrote in my journal. It was very cold this morning. About eleven o'clock I went to the coffeehouse, where the Governor also came, and from thence we went to the capitol and read the bill concerning ports the first time. We stayed till three o'clock and then went to dinner to Marot's but could get none there, and therefore Colonel Lewis and I dined with Colonel Duke, and I ate broiled chicken for dinner. After dinner we went to Colonel Carter's room, where we had a bowl of punch of French brandy and oranges. We talked very lewdly and were almost drunk, and in that condition we went to the coffeehouse and played at dice, and I lost twelve pounds. We stayed at the coffeehouse till almost four o'clock in the morning talking with Major Harrison. . . .

November 24, 1711

I rose about eight o'clock and read a chapter in Hebrew and some Greek in Homer. I said my prayers and ate boiled milk for breakfast. Colonel Carter and several others came to my lodgings to laugh at me for my disorder last night. About ten I went to the coffeehouse and drank some tea, and then we went to the President's and read the law about probate and administration. Then I went to the capitol . . . and wrote in my journal and read Italian. This day I make a solemn resolution never at once to lose more than fifty shillings and to spend

less time in gaming, and I beg the God Almighty to give me grace to keep so good a resolution if it be His holy will. I read some Italian. . . . Then I took a walk, notwithstanding I had a good cold on me and the weather was also very cold. Then went to the coffeehouse but returned to my lodgings about five o'clock and wrote two letters to England. . . .

January 9, 1712 (No governor to be trusted with £20,000)

. . . I was a little displeased at a story somebody had told the Governor that I had said no governor ought to be trusted with £20,000. . . .

January 15, 1712

I rose about seven o'clock but read nothing because I wrote some letters and one especially to Will Randolph concerning what I understood the Governor had [been] informed concerning my saying no governor ought to be trusted with £20,000, and he owned he had told it because I had said it and he thought it no secret, for which I marked him as a very false friend. . . .

January 24, 1712

. . . I was a little perplexed what to say to the Governor to extenuate what I had said, but I was resolved to say the truth, let the consequence be what it would. About ten o'clock I and my brother[-in-law] went to town and lighted at my lodgings. Then I went to the coffeehouse, where I found Mr. Clayton, and he and I went to the Governor. He made us wait half an hour before he was pleased to come out to see us, and, when he came, he looked very stiff and cold on me but did not explain himself. . . .

August 15, 1711 (Militia prepares for French invasion)

. . . In the afternoon I received a letter from the Governor with orders to exercise all the militia under my command because we were threatened with an invasion, there being fourteen French men-of-war designed for these parts. I immediately told Colonel Eppes to get the militia of this county together and sent orders to Colonel Frank Eppes to do the same in Henrico County. . . .

August 23, 1711

. . . I had a letter from Captain Drury Stith that he had a fever, but all the other officers came except John Eppes, who was sick likewise. We discoursed of several matters relating to the militia and about the beacons, and we agreed on the places where they were to be put. They dined with me, and I ate some pigeon. In the afternoon came Colonel Frank Eppes and several gentlemen with him. We settled several matters and named several officers, and then they all went away. Soon after they were gone, I received a letter from the Governor,

dated yesterday, that two French men-of-war and several privateers were arrived and ordering me to send away to Jamestown twenty-five gunners out of each county to work on the battery there. I sent away orders after my two colonels this night. My wife was frightened and would hardly go to bed, but was persuaded at last, but I could not sleep for thinking of our condition and what I was to do. . . .

August 24, 1711

I rose about six o'clock and dispatched several orders. I sent for my guns and ammunition from Appomattox, and I sent away the plate and several things of value to Captain Drury Stith's, that place being more secure than this. I sent to Major H-n-t to send an express as soon as any privateer appeared at his house. I got my arms in order and made cartouches. I ate a roast pigeon for dinner. In the afternoon Mrs. Harrison and her daughter and Mr. Cocke came to hear what news concerning the enemy and were pleased to hear I had heard no further about them. I told her[?] when I learned the danger was near I would send her word and defend her. They went away about four o'clock, and I began to read some French and to write in my journal. Tom returned from Major H-n-t without an answer, and John returned with the cart from Captain Drury Stith's and said the things got there well but that the Captain was not at home. In the evening I took a walk to the point and in the garden. . . .

August 28, 1711

. . . Dick Cocke came to hear what news and told me the alarm took through the county and all the people would be together about two o'clock. He would not stay to drink. Presently after came Colonel Littlebury Eppes, come for news likewise, and as soon as he was gone came Major Wynne and told me that Prince George County were all in arms because of the alarm of Henrico. I told him the reason of it. He said John Bolling set such a heap of straw on fire in the night that it caused two beacons of Prince George to be set on fire. The Major had his holsters at his girdle and an armor bearer that carried his pistols, which made a good figure. He would not stay to dinner. In the afternoon I read some French and Latin. In the evening came Mr. Bland's boy with letters from him and Dr. Cocke that told me the seven ships supposed to be French that entered into James River were English. As soon as I received this account, I sent away expresses to the militia of Henrico to let them know it, that they might go home if they pleased. I also sent an account of it to Prince George for the same reason. This was just as I suspected, and everything seemed quiet again, thank God. . . .

ROBERT BENNET FORBES

*A New England Boy Goes to Sea**

IN THE early part of October, 1817, I was one day on my usual visit to the ships, when my uncle came on board; and, seeing me actively employed, said, "Well, Ben, which of these ships do you intend to go in?" What more could be said to a boy of thirteen, who had already had so many hints as to the Cape and bad puddings! I answered, "I am ready to go in this one (the *Canton Packet*)."

My uncle gave his assent, and told me to go home and see my mother. I did so, and found her much overcome at the idea; but, when she saw that I had made up my mind to conform to the destiny imposed upon me by fate and my revered uncle, she gave her consent. I cut short my connection with oats and shorts, collecting wharfage bills, catching rats, and copying letters in a very bad hand, and took orders from my uncle to go to Gedney King, and get a quadrant, a Bowditch's navigator, a log book, etc.; and he detailed one of the older clerks, named Archibald, who had been to sea, to go to some slopshop, and procure for me a chest and a full outfit of sailor's clothes. I think they consisted of new, unwashed checked shirts, duck trousers much too large, socks, shoes, a pea jacket, a tin pot, an iron spoon, and several knives, a bed filled with pig's hair, and a blanket or two. The smaller luxuries were to be drawn from home.

During my sojourn at Foster's Wharf my first adventure was started through the instrumentality of George Darracot, who kept tin wares for sale near the head of India Wharf, and who bought of the clerks sundry obsolete material which Mr. Cabot ordered them to clear out of the store. The theory of my principal patron, Colonel Perkins, being that idleness was the mother of mischief, gave me the means of studying or keeping up my French three evenings in the week, and going to old Captain John Kendrick the other three to learn navigation and trigonometry. This constant filling up of my time left me only Sunday to visit my family, and perhaps had some effect in controlling my movement for the sea.

Preparations for my departure were made at home—a supply of thread,

* From *Personal Reminiscences* (Boston, 1878). Forbes became a sea captain and a great merchant in the China trade. His experiences as a boy, related in this passage from his autobiography, were typical of the adventures of many other seafaring Americans in the nineteenth century

needles, buttons, etc., was put into what sailors call a "ditty bag." Some well-darned socks, some well-patched clothes, a Testament from my aunt, Mrs. Abbot of Exeter, a bottle of red lavender, one of essence of peppermint, a small box of broken sugar, and a barrel of apples from the good friend and neighbor, Dr. Holbrook, completed my equipment. My mother wanted to give me a pillow and some sheets and pillowcases, but I scorned the idea, having been told that sailors never used them, but usually slept with a stick of wood with the bark on for a pillow! My good mother, who had been at sea herself and fully realized the dangers and temptations to which I should be exposed, felt that there could be but one more severe trial for her, and that was to put me into my grave. My uncle contributed a letter full of excellent advice, recommending me to fit myself to be a good captain, and promising to keep me in mind. Mr. William Sturgis, who had always been a warm friend of my mother, and who had much experience of the sea, took an interest in me and gave me this advice: "Always go straight forward, and if you meet the devil, cut him in two, and go between the pieces; if anyone imposes on you, tell him to whistle against a northwester and to bottle up moonshine." The moral of the first part of these injunctions I have endeavored to keep constantly before me.

The day for our departure came, October 19, 1817. I took leave of home amidst the tears of the children, and, with my mother's blessing, embarked in the *Canton Packet*, Captain John King; chief mate, George W. Stetson; second mate, William Rowson; and got under way in company with the ship *Levant*, Captain Charles S. Cary. I had the satisfaction of seeing the captain and mate casting up their accounts while I remained well; but this was not of long duration. We had a good run off the coast, which, however, is a mere matter of tradition, as I was soon taken deadly seasick; and, could I have gone back then, my nautical career would have terminated. I had no kind mother to hold my dizzy head, and no sister's kind words to cheer me; and when I went to the weather side to transfer to Neptune what I could not retain, I was roughly told that nothing must be thrown to windward save ashes and hot water! I cared little if they cast me overboard. When I was carried down to the dark steerage, and put upon my own resources, I found my trunk or chest knocking about, my bed unpacked, my tin pot flattened into a small compass. I threw myself down on the bare deck, and slept from mere exhaustion. When I awoke, the ship was tumbling about awfully. I lay smothered in onions, owing to the strings chafing off as they hung over my head. I then called upon my ill stars for sending me to sea, and sighed to be back among the oats and shorts. After a day or two of tears and lamentations, during which the captain was too much engaged to think of me, I crawled on deck, and sat me down to leeward of the mainmast in the coil of the forebrace. Soon an order was given to square the foreyard; and the party who let fly the

lee brace no doubt anticipated the result, for I was pitched into the lee scuppers. I now remembered the injunctions of my mother; namely, whenever I felt seasick or faint to take a few drops of peppermint or red lavender on a piece of sugar: the natural result was that I plied the bottles to such an extent that I was nearly killed thereby. I went to the captain for relief, and he gave me some powerful pills. During the night a gale had come on, and I was obliged, by imperative calls, to go on deck; I crawled along the lee side of the longboat bound to the forechannels. I returned stealthily to the steerage hatch as naked as I was born, cold, and thoroughly exhausted. In stealing down the ladder, I met the carpenter, Johnny Heatman, coming up; he put his hand against my cold body, and fell back with an emphatic ejaculation of fear: as I found out later, he supposed I was the ghost of the steward who blew up the *Canton Packet* on election day.

During my illness I was green enough to inform the older boys, one of whom, named Brush, had been in a man-of-war and knew a thing or two, that I had a barrel of apples in the hold, to which they were welcome; the inevitable result was that when I came to my stomach the barrel was empty. My mother had also provided for me a small bag of hard-baked ginger nuts, which, for safekeeping, I had put into a bag containing my boots and shoes; I hung this at the foot of my bunk, an upper one, the lower being occupied by Brush. He very soon realized that my bag contained something besides leather, and he shifted his head forward, made a small hole in my bag, and gradually appropriated the ginger nuts. These early lessons caused me to be less trustful of human nature, and especially of big boys who had seen service in vessels of war!

When I went into my dark quarters, unincumbered by clothes, I opened my chest, and arrayed myself in a new check shirt, a pair of long duck trousers, and went to my bunk. For several days I lay there ill and uncared for, and when at last I came to my stomach, and went on deck, I found myself completely tattooed like an Indian by the check shirt. I soon made friends with a French sailor, who spoke little English, and with a kind American, Jeremiah Tinkham. I taught the Frenchman English, and in return he altered my pants, did some washing and mending for me; and Jeremiah gave me instructions as to the many ropes and the general duties of the ship. Tinkham still lives in the enjoyment of good health at the Old Man's Home, Boston, and comes to see me occasionally. My knowledge of French came in very well, and was generally appreciated.

With a return of health, after two or three weeks of intense mental and bodily suffering, came an exorbitant appetite; salt beef, pork and beans, hard duff, and harder bread disappeared with wonderful fleetness. My rusty knife, my iron spoon, and battered tin pot came into constant use.

We had by this time got into the northeast trade winds, and were bowl-ing along at the rate of seven or eight knots; a bright moon shone over

us, and I remembered that I was born to *higher* purposes than merely keeping the bread from molding. I asked leave to go *aloft* and furl a royal, and did not have to solicit the favor a second time. I had often gone above the tops, at the wharf, through the "lubbers' hole"; but now that I had become a sailor, my dignity forbade any such course. I made a desperate effort, and went up the futtock shrouds, and was glad, when fairly over the top rim, to pause and take breath. I furled the sail, as I thought, very well; but I noticed that a man went up after me to mend the job. Night came. I had not been ordered as yet to stand my watch, but, remembering the injunctions of my uncle, I asked leave to do so, and was put into the second mate's watch, and ordered to keep a good lookout for land in the lee gangway, from eight to ten. Having some knowledge of geography, I knew there was no land near. By and by I followed the example of my comrades by settling myself for a nap under the lee of the longboat. At twelve o'clock I went to my sweet sleep, feeling proudly conscious that I had actually begun my career as a sailor. Four a.m. came very quickly. I heard the watch called; the moon had gone down, and a rain squall had come on. The appalling sound of three thumps on the booby hatch, and the cry of "starboard watch, ahoy!" caused very unpleasant sensations; it appeared to me that I had not been asleep more than ten minutes. I did not like the pattering of the rain on deck, and, thinking I should not be missed, I kept still, and prepared to finish my short nap, so rudely broken. I soon heard Mr. Rowson crying down the hatchway, "You boy, Bob! Where are you? If not on deck in five minutes, I shall be after you with a rope's end." At first I made no answer, thinking that my insignificant services would not pay for a second call. I argued thus: I am very comfortable where I am, and very sleepy; the scene on deck has changed much, the moon has gone down, and the rain is pouring merrily. And I did not relish the thought of going from one extreme to the other.

But the mate reiterated something about the royal clewline and my back. Not relishing this aspect of royalty, I grunted an unwilling "Ay, ay, sir!" and went on deck, when the following dialogue occurred:

"Well, sir, why not on deck when the watch was called?"

Answer.—"I tried keeping watch at my own request, but, not liking it, I concluded not to go up."

"You began to keep watch to please yourself, my boy, and now you must continue in order to please me."

Although I was not quite convinced of the justice of this style of reasoning, I soon became accustomed to turn out quickly, and *stand* my watch by sleeping on deck much of the time, or in spinning yarns with my shipmates.

A short description of the captain and officers will not be amiss at this stage of my narrative.

Captain John King, of Medford, generally known as "the old man," was

about forty-five years of age, with a nose of the shape and about the size of our storm staysail. He was a very kind man, though not wanting in grit when fairly aroused. The chief mate, George W. Stetson, was a thorough sailor, very illiterate, and much given to swearing and working up the boys and all whom he happened to dislike; he had lost many teeth, and was called by the sailors "old gummy." He was not a hardhearted man, but he delighted in getting as much work out of men as possible, and he hated what he called "ship's cousins." I congratulated myself, therefore, on being in Rowson's watch. He was an easygoing man, of fair education, son of a gentleman with a Bardolph face, who was in the Boston customhouse; his mother was an authoress and kept a school for girls. Rowson was not famed for keeping awake himself, or for keeping his watch on the alert. He was a man of small stature, and, like most small men, valued his dignity at a high rate. We had for cook, assisted by a boy named Harry Farnham as cabin boy, a colored man named Harris, who had sailed with Captain King previously and was an excellent cook and a capable navigator. I soon found it for my interest to cultivate his good will, and we became firm friends. Our carpenter was a short, bull-headed Dutchman, named John Heatman, with whom the boys messed in the steerage. He was possessed of a large chest which seemed never to be exhausted; he sold knives, spoons, tobacco, and sundry articles to the crew, slept in it at night, and was never idle during the day. Whenever he was not employed upon some job, he ground his tools, and I was called upon to turn the grindstone; during which John hummed a tune, but said little. John was a great economist, and boasted of the many years during which he had worn this or that article of apparel. He never offered goods for sale, but often opened his "kist," as he called it, and, displaying his riches, tempted the men to trade. I lost my cap overboard, he supplied a new one; I lost several knives, and he found others; and when I fell short of bread, when on allowance, Johnny sold tobacco to me, which I exchanged for bread with the men who did not need the whole of their allowance. John never required a second call; he always turned in "all standing," and had nothing to do but to put on his cap, shoes, and jacket, and follow the upturned points of his shoes on deck. He was a great eater when not on allowance, and when thus limited he always had something to spare for a consideration. I had much to do for my Frenchman, who reduced my clothes when, at the commencement of the voyage, they were too large, and let them out afterwards as I became stouter. He also did some washing for me.

Having a desire to sew for myself, I once attempted to make a pair or two of woollen drawers of a spare blanket. I laid the blanket on deck, double; I then took a pair of thin drawers, and laid them on the same, cut all round, and sewed the pieces together. I thought I had done wonders; but, on putting on a pair, and getting very wet in a squall, I found myself in irons, so shrunk up as to require forcible skinning. After this

I confided my tailoring to Johnny Petit, as he was called. The carpenter made lots of money, and, when we went to Canton, I earned his good will by going round shopping with him.

Of the boys, my companions in the mess, we had John Brush, who had swept up most of my apples and ginger nuts. He had been taken in the *President* frigate, had been in Dartmoor prison, and was strongly infected by contact with hard characters. Harry Farnham was the son of a respectable silverware merchant of Boston. He was very smart, and disliked his position as aid to the cook, Harris; and, as I was a great favorite with the sable king of the pantry, and got many tidbits from him, there grew up a rivalry between us, of which more by and by. John Heatman must have been lost at sea; he was too careful and too tough ever to die a natural death. John King has been long dead; Stetson, now dead, has been a mate within thirty years. Rowson, also, died long ago.

On our way to China, off the Cape, we lost overboard, one dark night, a sailor named Harry Neal; he was knocked over in furling the spanker. The night was dark, and, when the alarm was given, the ship was rounded to, a boat lowered, and search made for poor Harry. Stetson and four men went to look for him at great risk, but failed to find him, and had great difficulty in regaining the ship. This accident made a great impression on me. The Sunday following, his effects were sold by auction to his shipmates, and the memory of poor Harry soon became a blank.

How soon are the dead forgotten who sleep
In the depths of the ocean buried!
No death knell toll'd, no friend there to weep
The brave tar to eternity hurried.

We arrived at Canton, March 13, 1818, by the eastern passage, and I soon became domesticated with my cousin, John P. Cushing, then at the head of the house of Perkins & Co., Canton. Here began an epoch in my life which was of great importance: a connection which led directly to fortune, and which never ended but with the life of my cousin, in April, 1861. Mr. Cushing had always been much beloved by my mother, his aunt, and he had already intimated to her that one of her boys must come to him. I had no doubt that my brother Thomas, when duly fitted, would be sent to China, as he had the advantage of me in years and mercantile knowledge. During the stay of the ship in China, some three months, I resided with Mr. C., and made myself useful as a clerk, often going with him to weigh teas, pack silks, etc. When the crew came up on liberty, especially the cook and carpenter, I did my best for their entertainment, and gained great popularity with them. I heard no insinuations as to "ship's cousins." Mr. Cushing sounded me about remaining with him; but, as I had chosen the life of a sailor, and had promised my uncles to stick by the ship until

I commanded her, and, moreover, feeling that Tom's claims were stronger than mine, I concluded to remain by the ship.

Some time in June, she being ready for sea, we left for New York, going again by the eastern passage. I felt very sorry at leaving my comfortable quarters and my good living, to go again to the duties of my calling. The ship being full, the quarters assigned to the cook and two boys were on the after hatch and some cases of camphor, comprising a platform about six by twelve feet, from which the weather was excluded by a heavy bamboo mat secured to the deck, and making a cover like the top of a baggage wagon; this extended from near the pumps abaft the mainmast to the companionway, and partially covered the same, leaving, between our dormitory and the companionway, a sort of vestibule, wherein the captain and mates hung their overcoats. The forward end was closed by a tarpaulin, and the after end was boarded up, leaving two apertures for doors. This place was much more comfortable than the forecastle or the steerage, in fine weather, but not so safe from the buffeting of the sea, in stormy weather.

Not long after leaving China, we buried a poor fellow who had been for some time lingering with dysentery. This was my first experience of a burial at sea. The body, being sewed up in a tarpaulin, with a weight attached to it, was laid on a plank at the lee gangway, covered by the American flag. The maintopsail was backed, the captain read a few words from a book, all hands standing around with uncovered heads; the prayer over, the body was gently slid over the side, the ship filled away, and the duty went on as before. It was a subject for congratulation that this poor fellow was released from his unwholesome den in the forecastle of a little ship crowded with chests, and having some barrels of provision stowed in it. The only ventilation to this crowded hole was through the scuttle, not over three feet square. In those days, ventilating ports were unknown, and nothing could be more unwholesome than the forecastle of a small ship.

While at Whampoa, our crew, on one occasion, through the influence of the vile "sam-shoo," a liquor made from rice, became very noisy and abusive. They insisted on keeping the lights burning after hours, and singing songs of questionable morality. Stetson ordered the lights out and the noise stopped; the men requested him to go to the place of departed spirits. In short, the authority of the officers was set at naught; Captain King was sent for. I have said that he was a humane, kindhearted man; but, when his "dander" was raised, he was not lacking in spirit. Here was an occasion for the exercise of his authority—the crew drunk, openly defying the mates. He ordered the men to come on deck; they refused to obey, unless he would agree to discharge Stetson. Finding the men obstinate, he called assistance from the neighboring ships; Stetson was ordered to take some of the mates who came, and storm the forecastle bulkhead between decks, and drive the men out. Having no arms, and being convinced that re-

sistance was useless, they came up; and the ringleaders were punished by the cat at the main rigging. I was at Canton at the time, and was very glad not to be a witness to the punishment of my shipmates, although fully convinced that they deserved it. On arrival in New York, a suit was brought against the captain and mate; but the judge fully exonerated them; in fact, commended the captain for his fatherly care of his men, and let Stetson off with a gentle reprimand.

During our slow progress down the eastern passage a little incident occurred which I mention as illustrative of the character of boys. Harry Farnham chafed much at being compelled to serve under Harris as cabin boy, and became, on one occasion, very saucy. Harris boxed his ears, or threatened to flog him; this brought about a compact between Harry, Brush, and myself, wherein we agreed, if Harris, the cook, ever struck Harry, to go to the rescue. An opportunity soon occurred: Harry gave tongue to the sable king of the kitchen, and he caught him by the collar and boxed his ears; whereupon I jumped at Harris' throat, expecting the big boy Brush would lay him by the heels. But he failed to come to the "scratch," and Harris, a powerful man, seized my slender arm and said, "Let go, or I will break your arm like a pipstem." Being wholly unsupported, I complied with this reasonable request, at short notice. Harry, in the meantime, had escaped. Some of the officers and crew looked on and enjoyed the scene.

Falling short of water, and having a long run before us, we put into Cajeli Bay in the Island of Bouro, and began to procure water by floating the casks into the mouth of a small river, over the coral bottom, filling them and then rolling them off until they could be floated and towed off to the ship. All hands were employed in this disagreeable work under a broiling sun until the afternoon, when they were permitted to buy fruit, monkeys, parrots, etc., *ad libitum*. The fort was in charge of an old French officer, acting under the Dutch; I think he was a political exile. The captain, taking me along as interpreter, called on this functionary, who was very polite and very poor; he wanted a number of things that I thought Captain King could very well spare, and among these was a pair of pistols, which I had cleaned many times, and was glad to get rid of. This was the first opportunity I had had of taking coffee with a real governor. By the time night came, we were all quite exhausted, not only by our labors in the sun, but also by excessive indulgence in the various fruits which abounded. All hands turned in expecting to have a long and quiet night; but, alas! at some dark unknown hour the land breeze came off, and the appalling cry of "All hands; up anchor!" roused me. I felt stiff and sore; my feet especially were cut and swelled by exposure on the coral reef. The windlass was manned, and the hempen cable came in very unwillingly; the boys at the jigfall were almost asleep. Finally Stetson announced, "Short apeak!" and orders were given to loose topsails, jib, and spanker. My post

was in the maintop. I shall never forget my painful sensations in going aloft; my feet were so swelled that I could not wear shoes, and I had to get up the ratlines on my knees. Arriving at the futtock shrouds, I did not hesitate to get up through the lubber hole—a deed considered unworthy under ordinary circumstances. The topsails were set, the yards braced for getting under way, and the windlass was again manned. I was ordered to remain in the top, ready to loose the topgallantsail, and overhaul the rigging. The holding ground was stiff, the men weak, and after much “yo-heave-o,” and shouting, I concluded to take a nap. How long I slept I cannot say, but I was roused by loud cries of “Maintop there! loose topgallantsail, etc.” I obeyed, and we were off; the anchor catted and fished. We soon found ourselves in the open straits, and, hauling on a wind, had to furl our topgallantsails and come down to reefs.

In the hurry of embarkation, and not anticipating getting off in the night, the innumerable bunches of bananas, baskets of fruit, cages of parrots, and perches of monkeys were distributed all over the ship, many hanging in the rigging, some over the bows. Now, when a little ship of three hundred and twelve tons gets out of a snug harbor into a chopping sea, and has to come down to double reefs, with a short crew, lame and sore, no one who has not experienced the result can form any idea of the confusion: the cries of cockatoos, parrots, and monkeys, to say nothing of the pointed and emphatic language of Stetson, whose temper was not of the mildest on ordinary occasions. Monkeys’ tails caught in blocks; parrots hung up by the leg; wild pigs ran about the decks: all these made that night one of the most memorably hideous within my experience. Could I have got out of that scrape, even into the service of the governor of Bouro, I should have abandoned all hope of becoming a good skipper. We were about seventy days from China clear of the Straits, and one hundred and seventy-two, more or less, in getting to New York, where we arrived on “evacuation day,” the 25th November, 1818.

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Looking back to 1824, when I was content in the command of a little ship of two hundred and sixty-four tons, on a salary of \$600 per annum, it will be conceded that I had arrived at the acme of my ambition. I had been blessed with success far beyond my most ardent hopes. Beginning in 1817, with a capital consisting of a Testament, a Bowditch, a quadrant, a chest of sea clothes, and a mother’s blessing, I left the paternal mansion full of hope and good resolutions, and the promise of support from my uncles. At the age of sixteen I filled a man’s place as third mate; at the age of twenty I was promoted to a command; at the age of twenty-six I commanded my own ship; at twenty-eight I abandoned the sea as a profession; at thirty-six I was at the head of the largest American house in China. Reviewing these facts, and considering that my education had been limited

to a year in France, and two and a half at Milton Academy, it must be acknowledged that I had been blessed, by a kind Providence, with a fair amount of success. Looking back to the period from 1817 to 1832, I can conscientiously assert that during that time my first thought was to form for myself a character for my future capital, to help support my mother, and to contribute to the happiness of my brothers and sisters. Until my married life began, I had not thought of accumulating money for myself. When, however, I had fully established my mother in her new house (1833), had seen John fairly embarked in business with good prospects, I began to dream of an establishment for myself; and this I found in January, 1834, as already stated.

EMANUEL HERTZ

*Lincoln on His Last Birthday **

ABRAHAM LINCOLN's last birthday on earth fell on a Sunday. No record survives to show that any notice of it was taken in the White House, or anywhere else. We know from the diary of Attorney General Edward Bates that "beautiful, moderate weather" prevailed, but Bates made no further entry, and his fellow-Cabinet members, Welles and Chase, found nothing to set down in their journals.

Lincoln himself left no written comment. We do find among his papers an order issued on that day which shows how little nearly four years of war had done to turn the Illinois lawyer into a military dictator. It went to Major General John Pope in St. Louis, and it directed him to stop the practice of permitting military provost marshals in Missouri to seize the property of rebel sympathizers who had given bond for good behavior. "The courts and not provost marshals," Lincoln wrote, "are to decide such questions unless when military necessity makes an exception."

Probably Lincoln did not feel the lack of a birthday party, for despite continuing worries and some disappointments he had reason to believe that the war was coming to a victorious close. What hurt him most was the thought that lives must continue to be sacrificed after the military outcome was all but certain. In the past his generals had often made it hard for him to show mercy. Now in a few months, if all went well, there would no longer be a cruel "military necessity" to destroy.

Mercy was in Lincoln's mind on this last birthday. On that day he, who was to die on April 15 by the hand of a demented fanatic, pardoned a physician who had been held for some breach of wartime regulations. The man, he thought, was "partially insane." On that account "he should be discharged."

His deepest thoughts, the broodings of these final days and nights, we cannot fully know. We do know that they were not darkened by dread of approaching assassination. He sorrowed with North and South alike over the lives that had been spent and were to be spent, but he had no fear for himself. If risk had to be taken, he, above all men, was ready to take it. The Commander-in-Chief, he must have reasoned, could not send other

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men to their deaths and take too much thought for his own safety.

To Ward H. Lamon he once said, "I long ago made up my mind that, if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it; if I wore a shirt of mail and kept myself surrounded by a bodyguard, it would be all the same." To Colonel Charles G. Halpine he spoke in the same vein: "It would never do for a President to have guards with drawn sabers at his door, as if he fancied he were, or were assuming to be, an emperor." He figured shrewdly, too, that the South would prefer a man known to be kindly in his feelings toward his enemies rather than the more belligerent Johnson, who would succeed him if he were killed.

So he faced this birthday saddened and wearied by the frightful ordeal he had been through, yet beginning to see light ahead. The dawn was coming, just as he had seen it years ago breaking over the Illinois prairies—coming with the splendor of victory, but also, for him, with something far more important—peace, forgiveness, the beginning of a new friendship between the sections.

Lincoln wanted reconciliation with all his heart. It is true that he would not accept a compromise which left any vestige of slavery intact, or which weakened the Union. He had made that plain and may have been reflecting on the sad necessity as he sat in the White House on this last February 12 he was to know.

First, he had urged his generals to an early victory. When Sheridan wrote him, "If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender," he had replied, "Let the thing be pressed." But he did not want to press into the mud the people of the South, whom he never ceased to look on as fellow-Americans.

He had left no stone unturned. Nine days earlier he had gone to Hampton Roads, with Secretary Seward, to confer with three Confederate representatives on a possible truce. The three men were Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens of the Confederate States, Senator R. M. T. Hunter, and Assistant Secretary of War John A. Campbell.

He must have chuckled a little, and sighed, as he thought of that conference. There was little Aleck Stephens, who had come wrapped up in two big overcoats. Lincoln remarked aside to Seward that Stephens was "the smallest nubbin that ever came out of so much husk." Good old Aleck, anyhow! He and Lincoln had been together in Congress years before. Lincoln had been moved, even to tears, by the Georgian's eloquence in those days. Aleck was the kind of man Lincoln might appeal to to help rebuild the South when the war ended.

There had been informal and friendly talk, for in the midst of a frightful civil war these old friends could not hate each other. Lincoln would have been thinking of what he had said to Stephens as they parted. "Well, Aleck, there has been nothing we could do for our country; is there anything I could do for you personally?"

Stephens had thought a while. "Nothing," he had said finally, "unless you can send me my nephew, who has been for twenty months your prisoner on Johnson's Island."

Lincoln wrote the name down—Lieutenant John A. Stephens. A moment later the two friends parted forever—though this could not be known to either of them. The big overcoats went on again, and the little Georgian went back to Richmond and his lost cause. But Lincoln did not forget the imprisoned lieutenant. He had taken steps to get him out of prison, bring him to Washington, and send him home. He would see him, speak kindly to him, use him to prove to Stephens and the others that the Northern government had something besides gall in its heart.

The conference had failed. Lincoln had to admit that. Lincoln had gone farther to make it a success than the public was to know for many years afterward. He had taken a sheet of paper and said to Stephens: "Aleck, you let me write the word Union on top of this sheet, and you may write whatever you wish below." Stephens verified this incident seventeen years later at a dinner given when he was inaugurated Governor of Georgia—his last political honor. Both Colonel Henry Watterson and the younger Clark Howell, present at the dinner, later confirmed what Stephens had to say.

But Stephens had his own word to write at the top of the sheet. That word was Independence. The slaughter of brother by brother had to go on until one or the other of these words was erased in blood.

Still Lincoln thought there might be a way out. He came back to Washington, and on February 5, just a week before this last birthday, he had made a proposal to his Cabinet. The Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery forever, had gone to the States on January 31 and had been ratified by Illinois on the following day. The Northern commonwealths were hurrying to get it into the Constitution.

Lincoln would not compromise with the principle of abolition. Yet he would soften the blow, for North and South alike. He had told Stephens his hog story, and must have smiled at the recollection. It was about the man who had a large herd of hogs and, to save the trouble of feeding them, had planted a field of potatoes in which they could root. A neighbor pointed out that butchering time for hogs came in December or January, whereas the ground in Illinois froze a foot deep after the early frosts. "He scratched his head," said Lincoln, "and at length stammered, 'Well, it may come pretty hard on their snouts, but I don't see but that it will be root, hog, or die.'"

The South would have to root or die if its labor system were suddenly abolished, and the old system of property rights turned topsy-turvy. But the Lincoln who could tell this robust story longed to ease the transition. So, a week before his birthday, he had pointed out that the war was costing \$2,000,000 a day and would therefore cost \$400,000,000 if it dragged out

for two hundred days longer. Why not pay this sum to the South to compensate it for the loss of its slaves?

The Cabinet unanimously said no. Lincoln sadly entered an endorsement on the back of his proposal: "Today these papers, which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them. A. Lincoln." Perhaps on this last birthday he took the packet out and looked at it. He longed so terribly for this shedding of blood to cease, this agony to pass.

But he would shake off the mood of despondency. He had work to do. He was looking ahead. Sooner or later—probably this year, 1865—the war must end. He had plans for reconstruction, and was quietly building an organization which would help him to carry them out. He had been growing steadily toward the magnitude of that task. If he had sometimes been a hesitating, cautious executive in 1862 and 1863, he was such no longer. He was sure of his powers and of his resources. He was using the gifts of a supreme politician to carry out statesmanlike projects. He knew that mountains had to be climbed by slow and laborious steps.

He had built up a political "machine" for the safety of the Union and the reconciliation of its people. Patiently, through endless days and nights, he had conciliated the political leaders of the North, giving them patronage where it would do the least harm, in return for their support. He knew the best angle of approach to almost every man in public life, knew his whims, his special interests, his soft spots.

He was looking toward the men of the South, too: Stephens, of course, who might have been President of the Confederacy had he not originally opposed the attack on Sumter; Robert Toombs, the eloquent Confederate Secretary of State, who had also left the Union with regret; Governor Brown of Georgia; Governor Vance of North Carolina, another early opponent of secession. These men were not rebels and traitors. They were Americans caught in a fix. They wanted peace and justice as much as he did. He could use them when the fighting was over.

The times were in flux. The swift current of destiny was sweeping the nation along. Lincoln, perhaps sitting with his feet cocked on his desk, a slouching, ungainly figure of a man who was none the less majestic, could imagine the ship of state coming into calmer seas and more favorable winds. He could not know that a little later Walt Whitman would be writing "O Captain! My Captain!"

A year earlier Lincoln had been doubtful of his re-election. Now there was even talk of a third term. The people of the North were less and less willing to let him go, even after another four years. Four years of peace, perhaps—four years to "bind up the nation's wounds."

A committee of Congress had been to call on the President three days earlier. They had news for him, though he had heard it before. They an-

nounced to him with profound solemnity that the electoral votes had been duly canvassed and that he had been the chosen candidate. He was moved, saying to them: "With deep gratitude to my countrymen for this mark of their confidence; with a distrust of my own ability to perform the duty required under the most favorable circumstances, and now rendered doubly difficult by existing national perils; yet with a firm reliance on the strength of our free government, and with eventual loyalty of the people to the just principles upon which it is founded, and above all with an unshakable faith in the Supreme Ruler of Nations, I accept this trust."

The "trust" had two months to run, but this fact was mercifully unknown to Lincoln—except as it may have been foreshadowed in troubled dreams.

He meditated his plans. He could straighten out a number of things, big and little. He would send Secretary of State Seward to London as ambassador and make that fiery enemy of slavery, Senator Charles Sumner, his successor. He could tame Sumner and teach him mercy and forgiveness. He had overcome Secretary of War Stanton's earlier hostility and changed it into idolatry. He could use Stanton; "it is not for you to decide when your duty to your country ceases," he had told the Secretary. Salmon P. Chase had been more of a problem as head of the Treasury, but Chase was safely removed from politics into the Chief Justiceship.

Lincoln had taken pains to conciliate the radical leaders in Congress who might ruin his plans for reconstruction—Colfax of Indiana, the hotheaded and bungling Ben Butler of Massachusetts, and especially Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, the most powerful member of the House. He had made allies of them. If Stevens wanted a constituent appointed consul to St. Helena, Stevens could have his way—provided there wasn't another deserving Republican already sitting on the lonely rock.

Lincoln looked far ahead. He was already restoring order in the conquered parts of the South. He would go ahead. He foresaw little opposition. He thought patience, kindness, magnanimity armed with political sagacity would do wonders. Was he not a Kentuckian by birth? Hadn't he had Southern friends? Didn't he know the South and couldn't he teach it to trust him?

He could not have heard the inaudible sigh, could not have seen the flutter of invisible wings, that went up and down those corridors of the White House and into that room where he was soon to lie in state—dead, the great brain unconscious forever, mercy and love for the time being silenced by an assassin's bullet.

The nation would recover—of that he was certain. He thought of the discharged and disabled soldiers, of the enormous debts that had been piled up. Then he looked westward, toward the rich prairies and the fabulous resources of the mines. "I am going to attract them," he wrote, "to

the hidden wealth of our mountain ranges, where there is room for them all. Tell the miners for me that I shall protect their interests to the utmost of my ability, because their prosperity is the prosperity of the nation."

He prophesied well, for it was the West that did in fact absorb the discharged soldiers in great numbers, and out of the West came the wealth that would repair the shattered physical resources of the nation. But neither from the West nor from the North nor from the East came the mercy that was in Lincoln and that glowed so tenderly during these last days.

The President must have been forming in his mind, even then, on his birthday, the majestic phrases of the Second Inaugural. He was taking pains with his message, just as he had done with the brief address at Gettysburg. He wanted to speak to the whole nation—to cross the firing lines and bring reassurance to the suffering people of the South.

A victor he had to be. In that role fate had cast him. A conqueror he was not—no Napoleon, no emperor drunk on the heady wine of blood-won success. The plain man of the people, the teller of homely anecdotes, the lanky Kentuckian who liked to lounge with his feet higher than his head—this man still existed; but the other Lincoln, the great humanitarian, the statesman, the commander, the mystic, was more and more in evidence during these final days and weeks. It was this man who sat at his desk in the White House on February 12, 1865, or wandered through the halls—thinking, thinking, planning, planning, hoping, hoping.

The noble words were rising out of the depths of his being. He would confess the common guilt of North and South, he would renew his fervent avowal of faith in a living and just God, he would profess, with the utter sincerity of a man who has suffered each wound, died each death during a long civil war, "malice toward none, charity for all."

Lincoln was striding toward martyrdom and immortality, but what he certainly saw on his last birthday was the dawn of peace on earth, goodwill among men. He could not know that the bullet of a Southern fanatic was to shatter his beneficent hopes for the South, postpone for a generation the moral reunion of the two sections, and cause suffering only second to the agony of war itself.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Abraham Lincoln *

WE MEET under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civil society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused, or will cause, on its announcement; and this, not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and institutions of America.

In this country, on Saturday, everyone was struck dumb, and saw at first only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through mourning states, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent and suffer the awful voices of the time to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief: the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men; and his work had not perished: but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down.

The President stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quite native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Black Hawk War, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place. All of us remember—it is only a history of five or six years—the surprise and the disappointment of the country at his first nomination by the convention at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favorite of the eastern states. And, when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced (notwith-

* A funeral oration delivered at memorial services held in Concord, Massachusetts, April 19, 1865.

standing the report of the acclamations of that convention), we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and of the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues that they also might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the riches of his worth.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which it was very easy for him to obey. Then, he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then, it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each fails on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit, or by love of pleasure, or lethargy, or an ugly temper—each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

Then, he had a vast good nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner; affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him when President would have brought to anyone else. And how this good nature became a noble humanity, in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him, everyone will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt when a whole race was thrown on his compassion. The poor Negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum am eberywhere."

Then his broad good humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of

millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure, if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Aesop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasion, what lofty, and more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the court that tried him, and a part of Kosuth's speech at Birmingham, can only be compared with each other, and with no fourth.

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manner and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no state secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

Adam Smith remarks that the ax, which in Houbraken's portraits of British kings and worthies is engraved under those who have suffered at the block, adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how fast the terror and ruin of the massacre are already burning into glory around the victim? Far happier this fate than to have lived to be wished away; to have watched the decay of his

own faculties; to have seen—perhaps even he—the proverbial ingratitude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred. Had he not lived long enough to keep the greatest promise that ever man made to his fellow-men—the practical abolition of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Missouri, and Maryland emancipate their slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond surrendered; had seen the main army of the rebellion lay down its arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England, and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune.

And what if it should turn out, in the unfolding of the web, that he had reached the term; that this heroic deliverer could no longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and what remained to be done required new and uncommitted hands, a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; and that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than by his life? Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and complaisance. "The kindness of kings consists in justice and strength." Easy good nature has been the dangerous foible of the Republic, and it was necessary that its enemies should outrage it, and drive us to unwonted firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

The ancients believed in a serene and beautiful Genius which ruled in the affairs of nations; which, with a slow but stern justice, carried forward the fortunes of certain chosen houses, weeding out single offenders or offending families, and securing at last the firm prosperity of the favorites of Heaven. It was too narrow a view of the Eternal Nemesis. There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius, and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent, and ordains that only that race which combines perfectly with the virtues of all shall endure.

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

*Robert E. Lee: The Pattern of a Life **

AT LAST, on October 12, daylight came. The watchers stirred and stretched themselves and made ready to give place to those who had obtained a little sleep. Out of the windows, across the campus, the students began to move about, and after a while they straggled down to the chapel to pray for him. Now it was nine o'clock, and a quarter past. His old opponent, Grant, was sitting down comfortably to breakfast in the White House. With ax or saw or plow or pen, the veterans of Lee's army were in the swing of another day's work. For him it was ended, the life of discipline, of sorrow, and of service. The clock was striking his last half-hour. In some corner of his mind, not wrecked by his malady, he must have heard his marching order. Was the enemy ahead? Had that bayoneted host of his been called up once again to march through Thoroughfare Gap or around Hooker's flank or over the Potomac into Maryland . . . moving . . . moving forward? Or was it that the war was over and that peace had come?

"Strike the tent," he said, and spoke no more. . . .

There he lies, now that they have shrouded him, with his massive features so white against the lining of the casket that he seems already a marble statue for the veneration of the South. His cause died at Appomattox; now, in him, it is to have its apotheosis. Others survive who shared his battles and his vigils, but none who so completely embodies the glamour, the genius, and the graces with which the South has idealized a hideous war. His passing sets a period to the bloodiest chapter in the history of his country.

Yet even in the hour of his death there are omens that the future of the South is to be built not less on hope than on memory. The windows of the chamber do not look to the west but to the sunrise. He is not clad in the uniform of his army but in the wedding garment he bought when he went, all unwillingly, to the marriage feast in Petersburg and found the city of his last defense breathing with new life. Presently, the bells that are tolling his death will bring down from the highlands, like the clans at the sound of the pibroch, a host of those who had followed his standard. For the moment, the first mourners are the students of the col-

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lege, younger brothers of his veterans, and the children of the schools of the town, abruptly dismissed from their classes when the first note from the church belfry announced his last battle ended.

Tomorrow a slow-footed procession will form to carry his body to the chapel of the college, and the press of the country will be praising his feats as a soldier, and his high intellect as a leader, or else, once more, will be branding him a traitor. We who have followed his career through many pages have already discussed these things. Let us speak of them no more, but, ere the silent undertaker screws down the lid of the coffin, let us look at him for the last time and read from his countenance the pattern of his life.

Because he was calm when others were frenzied, loving when they hated, and silent when they spoke with bitter tongue, they shook their heads and said he was a superman or a mysterious man. Beneath that untroubled exterior, they said, deep storms must rage; his dignity, his reserve, and his few words concealed somber thoughts, repressed ambitions, livid resentments. They were mistaken. Robert Lee was one of the small company of great men in whom there is no inconsistency to be explained, no enigma to be solved. What he seemed, he was—a wholly human gentleman, the essential elements of whose positive character were two and only two, simplicity and spirituality.

When the nascent science of genetics is developed, Lee will be cited in the casebooks along with those who appear in Galton's *Hereditary Genius*. For his most conspicuous qualities, it may be repeated, were derived in almost equal determinable proportions from his parents and from his grandparents. From his grandfather Lee, came a sense of system, the power of critical analysis that kept him free of illusion, and, along with these, perhaps, his love of animals. His good looks were an endowment from his maternal grandmother, the "Lowland Beauty" at the sight of whom the grave eyes of George Washington are said to have lighted up. To his grandfather Carter, Robert E. Lee owed much of the religion in his nature, something of his kindness, his love of family life and his devotion to his kin. "Light-Horse Harry" Lee passed on to his youngest son his fine physique, his aptitude for military affairs, his great intelligence, his daring, his sense of public duty, and the charm of manner that made him so readily a captain. The characteristics of his mother that reappear were her religion, her thrift, her self-control, her social sense, and her patience in adversity. If it seem unscientific, at first glance, to speak with so much assurance of Lee's inherited characteristics, it may be said that the celebrity of his forebears and the diligence of the family genealogists make the facts more apparent than in most cases. Were as much known of other great American families as of the Lees, as much might be said of their descendants.

Fortunate in his ancestors, Lee was fortunate most of all in that he inherited nearly all their nobler qualities and none of their worse. Geneticists

will say, perhaps, that this is the explanation of genius—a chance combination of genes. Beyond the frontier that these pioneers have yet crossed lies the fact that at least four generations of the ancestors of Lee, prior to that of his immediate grandparents, had all married well. Back to Richard the immigrant, whose wife's family name is unknown, there was not one instance in which a direct progenitor of Lee mated with a woman of blood and of station below his own. His line was not crossed in a century and a half with one that was degenerating. If blood means anything, he was entitled to be what he fundamentally was, a gentleman.

The first reference to Robert E. Lee in an extant letter is the significant statement of his father that "Robert was always good and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother. Does he strengthen his native tendency?" Penned when the boy was ten, this language registered the impression the absent father had formed when Robert was not more than seven years of age. The stamp of character must, then, have been upon him from childhood. When he emerges dimly as a personality, in the later days of his cadetship at West Point, many of his essential qualities are apparent. Thereafter, from the time he appears clearly at Cockspur Island and at Fort Monroe, he exhibits every characteristic that later distinguished him. Subsequent change in his character was negligible and is simply the development of the man by challenging circumstance. Of this there can be no question. So consistent is the description of the young lieutenant of engineers, in the early 1830's, alike by those who became his foes and by those who remained his friends, that one need not fear the picture is touched up with the later remembrance of qualities the grizzled general displayed when he had endured the hard ordeal of the War between the States.

This early development of character, like everything else that relates to Lee as an individual, is easily understood. Despite the ill health of the mother and her unhappiness during her pregnancy, he had a strong and normal nervous system that was invigorated by a simple outdoor life. Although there is no evidence that Mrs. Ann Lee had any secret dread that her son would develop the recklessness of his father, there is abundant proof that, with tactful wisdom, she inculcated in him from childhood the principles of self-control. From earliest adolescence he had upon him the care of his mother. George Washington, the embodiment of character, was his hero, made real and personal in the environment of Alexandria. At West Point his ambition to excel in his class led Lee to subject himself willingly and with a whole heart to a discipline that confirmed every excellence he had acquired at home. Physically more developed than most of the cadets, he had from the outset a better appreciation of what the training of the academy was intended to accomplish. All his early assignments to engineering duty were of a sort to impose responsibility. These circumstances did not destroy his sunny exuberance of spirit, but they set his

character so early and so definitely that it did not change with years or woes.

Whether it was at the Des Moines Rapids, or during his superintendency of West Point, or in the president's house at Washington College—wherever he was in full four decades when the burden of battle was not on him—an old acquaintance would have observed little difference in his daily outlook, his nature, or his manners. Only in four particulars was the man who went to that last vestry meeting at the Episcopal church in Lexington unlike the lieutenant who bantered the "Beautiful Talcott" at Old Point in the moments he was not watching the contractors who might circumvent the government. His buoyant bearing had given place to a calmer cheerfulness, which might have been the case with any man who has bridged the chasm that divides the twenties of life from the sixties, even though no river of blood has flowed through the chasm. Again, the natural dignity of his person had settled into a more formal reserve, not because he had become less simple in heart or less approachable in manner, but because his conception of his duty to promote peace and national unity compelled him to put a wall between him and those who might have stirred unhappy memories and would certainly have kept open the old wounds of fratricidal war had he permitted them to talk of war. Even then it is quite likely that some of those who knew him after the war mistook their reverence for his reserve. He was changed, also, in that, after 1865, he put out of his heart the military career that long had fascinated him. All the misgivings he had felt before the war regarding the pursuit of arms were confirmed by five years at Lexington. He spoke his conviction, as always, when he told young Professor Humphreys that the great mistake of his life had been in pursuing the education of a soldier, and he was not jesting in his encomium to General Ewell on the delights of a civil life. It was not by chance that he failed to keep step with the superintendent of V.M.I. when the two walked together at the head of the column of cadets.

These things apart, anyone who had worked with him on the wharf at Saint Louis would have felt at home in his office in Lexington and would have found him the same man in the habits of life, in the steady routine, and in the simplicity of spirit that were his very ego. He rose early and cheerfully and had his private devotions. If he was away from home, he would write his domestic letters before breakfast. At the meal hour he would appear promptly, with greetings to all and with gentle, bantering reproaches for his always tardy wife. Were his food the sumptuous fare of bountiful Arlington, he would enjoy and praise each dish, eating with heartiness; but, when he sat down to the plain diet of the first hard days at Lexington, he showed the same relish and made no complaint.

Family worship over, he would go to work immediately, neatly dressed and with the whitest of linens, but never ostentatiously appareled. In his labor he was swift and diligent, prompt and accurate, always systematic

and instinctively thrifty. His ambition was in his labor, whatever its nature. He did not covet praise. Blushing to receive it, he assumed that others would blush when he bestowed it, and he spared what he thought were their feelings, though no man was quicker to appreciate and, at the proper time, to acknowledge the achievement of others. Place and advancement never lured him, except as promotion held out the hope of larger opportunity and better provision for his family. Even then he was meticulous regarding the methods he would employ to further himself financially, and he would never capitalize his name or draw drafts on the good opinion of friends or public. Yet he had all his life the desire to excel at the task assigned him. That was the urge alike of conscience, of obligation, of his regard for detail, and of his devotion to thoroughness as the prime constituent of all labor. He never said so in plain words, but he desired everything that he did, whether it was to plan a battle or to greet a visitor, to be as nearly perfect as he could make it. No man was more critical of his own performance because none demanded more of himself. The engineer's impulse in him was most gratified if something was to be created or organized, but, if it concerned another's happiness or had a place in the large design of worth-while things, he considered the smallest task proper to perform. Only the useless was irksome.

He endured interruption of his work without vexation. Rarely was he embarrassed in his dealings with men. He met every visitor, every fellow-worker, with a smile and a bow, no matter what the other's station in life. Always he seemed to keep others at a judicious distance and did not invite their confidences, but he sought as a gentleman to make every right-minded person comfortable in his presence. With a tact so delicate that others scarcely noticed it, when he was busy he kept conversation to the question at issue, and he sought to make his interviews brief; but, even so, his consideration for the sensibilities of others cost him many a precious hour. Wrangles he avoided, and disagreeable persons he usually treated with a cold and freezing courtesy. Should his self-control be overborne by stupidity or ill-temper, his eyes would flash and his neck would redden. His rebuke would be swift and terse, and it might be two hours or more before he was completely master of himself. Whoever visited him meantime would perhaps find him irascible, though sure to make amends. Exacting of his subordinates, he still reconciled himself often to working with clumsy human tools. Resentments he never cherished. When he found men unworthy of his confidence, he made it his practice to see them as little as possible and to talk to them not at all. Silence was one of his strongest weapons. During the war he summarized his code when he wrote these words on a scrap of paper that nobody saw until after his death:

"The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test of a true gentleman.

"The power which the strong have over the weak, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He cannot only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be but the past. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others."

Lee sought to conclude his work by early afternoon, even if that compelled him to set a late hour for the meal. When dinner was done, he was glad of a brief period of relaxation and sometimes of a little sleep, usually upright in his chair. Then he sought his daily exercise in a ride on his horse. He delighted to have a companion, and, if he had one, he talked of pleasant topics. Riding alone, which he often did, he would close his mind to the difficulties of the day and to the problems of the morrow and would soothe himself with the discovered beauties of the country-side. Nothing of a physical nature gave him the same thrill as a glowing sunset. Usually, on these rides, he paid his calls on the sick and on strangers, as diligently as if he had been the parson of the town. This he regarded as one of his social duties, and he discharged it not only with willingness but also with satisfaction. Whether his ride included social calls or simply carried him to a given objective, he was always on the alert for the children, and he never passed them without a greeting and, usually, a chat.

His return home, like all his other movements, was according to a precise schedule. Unless a sudden storm detained him, he would be at his door promptly at dusk, and would soon be ready for his light evening meal—"tea," as the family called it. The hours then belonged to Mrs. Lee, to his children, and to his guests. He would read to them or converse cheerfully until bedtime, which was usually after ten o'clock. When he retired to his own room, he had his evening prayers and was soon asleep. His quarters at Lexington were always as neat as if he were still a cadet at West Point, but the only suggestion of the soldier was the army pistol that hung in its holster by the head of his bed. After Mrs. Lee's invalidism afflicted her, he rarely went out to social affairs. Before that time he sometimes attended her to parties or to dinners, where he preferred the company of women to that of men, and that of the daughters to the mothers'. Always his address was dignified, but to the young girls it was often bantering. Nothing delighted him more than gently to tease some blushing young beauty. He had neither high wit nor quick repartee, though occasionally he essayed a pun; but his smile, his manners, and his quick understanding made him socially irresistible. His conversation, however, never turned to forbidden topics, nor was there in it anything suggestive or of *double entendre*. In all

his letters, and there are several thousand of them, as in all his reported conversation, and there are countless anecdotes of him, no oath or vulgarism appears. He was clean-minded, though definitely and unfeignedly attracted to intelligent, handsome women.

Leaves and furloughs during his army service and vacations after the war found him ready to travel, not to distant lands but to the spas of Virginia or, better still, to the houses of congenial friends. Most of all did he relish a round of visits to his own kin, with whom he delighted to talk of the doings of their relatives. Chatter of this sort never bored him. Naturally sociable and devoted to his countless cousins, he sympathized with all their distresses and rejoiced in their little triumphs. Rarely was he too busy, when time allowed of his writing at all, to chronicle every wedding, every birth, every journey, every sickness, for the information of his family correspondents. At home, in his earlier periods of leisure, he shared in the sports of his sons, and to the end of his life he gave to each of his daughters a measure of courtly attention fitted to the temperament and age of each of them.

At intervals his habitual cheerfulness was marred by a sense of failure. This was most apt to overtake him when he was absent from home on long tours of military duty, for his simple nature made him dependent on his wife and children. Separated from them he often suffered loneliness and sometimes acute nostalgia. On occasion, and particularly during the difficult period when he was struggling to settle Mr. Custis's estate and to repair Arlington in 1857-1859, this sense of frustration came upon him even at home. Then he would wonder why he did not advance more rapidly in the army and would puzzle himself to know how he could make adequate provision for his daughters, none of whom, in his heart of hearts, he wished to be married. These were the most unhappy times of his life, except perhaps those of his occasional illnesses. When sick, he would have few words even for his family, and was more than apt to lose his grip upon himself in dealing with others.

This was the pattern of his daily life. There is every reason to believe it was the mirror of his own soul. Those who look at him through the glamour of his victories or seek deep meaning in his silence will labor in vain to make him appear complicated. His language, his acts, and his personal life were simple for the unescapable reason that he was a simple gentleman.

Simple and spiritual—the two qualities which constitute the man cannot be separated. The strongest religious impulse in his life was that given him by his mother. After that, in youth, he probably came most under the indirect influence of Reverend William Meade, later bishop, the clergyman who did more than anyone else to restore the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia from the ruin that had overtaken it during and after the American Revolution. Mr. Meade was rector in Alexandria for only eighteen

months and then at a time when Robert was too young to heed his sermons; but he preached there often during Robert's youth, and his spirit dominated the Episcopal Church in Virginia. He was a picturesque personality, one of the prophets of his generation. Holding to the beautiful forms of his faith, Mr. Meade breathed into its worship an evangelism as ardent as that of the younger American denominations. In his eyes, religion concerned itself equally with acts and with beliefs. No reformer was ever more uncompromising in his denunciation of cards or more unyielding in opposition to the old habit the barons of the Northern Neck had of staging races and of backing their horses with their dollars. None excoriated the stage with warnings more sulphurous than did Mr. Meade. Had he been sent to idolatrous Israel, he could not more solemnly have proclaimed the day of the vengeance of the Lord or have portrayed more darkly the fearsome punishment visited on the sinner for his hardness of heart. Yet he spoke "comfortably to Jerusalem." He gave the promise of forgiveness to the repentant, pictured glowingly to the faithful the bliss of a hard-won heaven, and somehow planted in the hearts of the dominant class in that section of the Old Dominion a religion of simplicity, vigor, and sincerity.

It is a singular fact that young Robert Lee was not prompted by the exhortations of Mr. Meade or of like-minded clergymen to submit himself to confirmation. The reason cannot be surmised, unless it was that the theology of his youth had a vehemence and an emotionalism alien to his nature. He was content until he was past forty-five to hold to the code of a gentleman rather than to the formal creed of a church. The experiences of the Mexican War, the gentle piety of the Fitzhughs at Ravensworth, the example and death of Mrs. Custis, the simple faith of Mrs. Lee, and, more immediately, the purpose of his daughters to enter into the full fellowship of the church induced Lee in 1853 to renew his vows. After that time, first his sense of dependence on God for the upbringing of his boys during his long absences from home, and then the developing tragedy of the war, deepened every religious impulse of his soul.

And what did religion imply for him as he sent Pickett's men up Cemetery Ridge, as he rode to the McLean house, as he read of Military District No. 1, and as he looked down from the chapel platform at the scarred faces and patched garments of his students?

To answer that question is to employ the terms of a theology that now seems to some outworn and perhaps archaic. It was, however, the credo of a man who met the supreme tests of life in that he accepted fame without vanity and defeat without repining. To understand the faith of Robert E. Lee is to fill out the picture of him as a gentleman of simple soul. For him as for his grandfather, Charles Carter, religion blended with the code of *noblesse oblige* to which he had been reared. Together, these two forces resolved every problem of his life into right and wrong. The clear light

of conscience and of social obligation left no zone of gray in his heart: everything was black or white. There cannot be said to have been a "secret" of his life, but this assuredly was the great, transparent truth, and this it was, primarily, that gave to his career its consistency and decision. Over his movements as a soldier he hesitated often, but over his acts as a man, never. There was but one question ever: What was his duty as a Christian and a gentleman? That he answered by the sure criterion of right and wrong, and, having answered, acted. Everywhere the two obligations went together; he never sought to expiate as a Christian for what he had failed to do as a gentleman, or to atone as a gentleman for what he had neglected as a Christian. He could not have conceived of a Christian who was not a gentleman.

Kindness was the first implication of religion in his mind—not the deliberate kindness of "good works" to pacify exacting Deity, but the instinctive kindness of a heart that had been schooled to regard others. His was not a nature to waste time in the perplexities of self-analysis; but, if those about him at headquarters had understood him better, they might often have asked themselves whether, when he brought a refreshing drink to a dusty lieutenant who called with dispatches, he was discharging the social duty of a host or was giving a "cup of cold water" in his Master's name. His manner in either case would have been precisely the same.

Equally was his religion expressed in his unquestioning response to duty. In his clear creed, right was duty and must be discharged. "There is," he wrote down privately for his own guidance, "a true glory and a true honor: the glory of duty done—the honor of the integrity of principle." He probably never summed up this aspect of his religion more completely than in that self-revealing hour before he started to meet General Grant, when he answered all the appeals of his lieutenants with the simple statement: "The question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility." It was a high creed—right at all times and at all costs—but daily self-discipline and a clear sense of justice made him able to adhere to it.

Humility was another major implication of his religion. So lofty was his conception of man's duty to his Maker and to his neighbors, so completely did his ambition extend, all unconsciously, into the realm of the spirit, that he was never satisfied with what he was. Those who stood with him on the red field of Appomattox thought that his composure was due to his belief that he had discharged his full duty, and in this they were partially correct; but he always felt, with a sincerity no man can challenge, that he had fallen immeasurably short of his ideal of a servant of God. "So humble was he as a Christian," wrote Mrs. Lee on the day of his death, "that he said not long ago to me he wished he felt sure of his acceptance. I said all who love and trust in the Savior need not fear. He did not reply, but a more upright and conscientious Christian never lived."

Born of this humility, this sense of unworthiness in the sight of God, was the submission to the Divine will that has so often been cited in these pages to explain his calmness in hours that would have wrecked the self-control of lesser men. There was nothing of blind fatalism in his faith. Resignation is scarcely the name for it. Believing that God was Infinite Wisdom and Eternal Love, he subjected himself to seeming ill fortune in the confidence that God's will would work out for man's good. If it was a battle that had been won, to "Almighty God" he gave the glory; if it was a death that had brought grief to the family, he reminded his wife that their "Heavenly Father" knew better than they, and that there was eternal peace and sure reunion after life. Nothing of his serenity during the war or of his silent labor in defeat can be understood unless one realizes that he submitted himself in all things faithfully to the will of a Divinity which, in his simple faith, was directing wisely the fate of nations and the daily life of His children. This, and not the mere physical courage that defies danger, sustained him in battle; and this, at least equally with his sense of duty done, made him accept the results of the war without even a single gesture of complaint.

Of humility and submission was born a spirit of self-denial that prepared him for the hardships of the war and, still more, for the dark destitution that followed it. This self-denial was, in some sense, the spiritual counterpart of the social self-control his mother had inculcated in his boyhood days, and it grew in power throughout his life. He loved the luxury that wealth commanded. Had he been as rich as his grandfather Carter, he would have lived in a style as hospitable. Fine horses and handsome clothes and lavish entertainments would have been his; Arlington would have been adorned; and his daughters would have enjoyed travel and the richest comfort. But Arlington was confiscated; its treasures were scattered; each stage of his sacrifice for the South brought him lower and lower in fortune until he was living in a borrowed tenant house and his wife was husbanding the scraps from a pair of trousers a farmer's wife had made for him. His own misfortunes typified the fate of the Confederacy and of its adherents. Through it all, his spirit of self-denial met every demand upon it, and, even after he went to Washington College and had an income on which he could live easily, he continued to deny himself as an example to his people. Had his life been epitomized in one sentence of the book he read so often, it would have been in the words, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." And if one, only one, of all the myriad incidents of his stirring life had to be selected to typify his message, as a man, to the young Americans who stood in hushed awe that rainy October morning as their parents wept at the passing of the Southern Arthur, who would hesitate in selecting that incident? It occurred in northern Virginia, probably on his last visit there. A young mother brought her baby to him to be blessed. He

took the infant in his arms and looked at it and then at her and slowly said, "Teach him he must deny himself."

That is all. There is no mystery in the coffin there in front of the windows that look to the sunrise.

JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

*Ephraim McDowell, a Backwoods Galahad **

AT THE sound of hoofs the door flew open, disgorging a flood of people. A huddled crowd in a forest clearing, they stared over the hill. Behind them a cabin smoked, its black walls varied by white stripes where the logs were chinked with lime. The crowd waited silently while the hoofbeats grew louder on the frozen earth, and then a rider appeared over the crest of the slope. He was so tall that his legs almost touched the ground. As he approached, the knot of people moved forward to meet him, and a dozen hands reached out to hold his mount.

"You're Dr. McDowell?"

The newcomer nodded. In the gap between his coonskin cap and his fur collar nothing was visible but tiny, brilliant eyes and a huge nose blue with cold. After he had dismounted with the slow movements of fatigue, he painstakingly distinguished the people before him. Then he stepped aside with the two local doctors.

They treated him deferentially, for this man of thirty-eight had during the ten years since 1799 been the leading surgeon of the Kentucky frontier. Ephraim McDowell's name was known in every forest settlement where the language spoken was English, not the guttural accents of Algonquian tribes. Whenever a pioneer required an operation that was beyond the skill of the rural doctors, word was sent to Danville by pony express, by courier, or by some traveler going that way, and McDowell hastily crammed his instruments and drugs into worn saddlebags. The sixty-mile trip he had taken through the wilderness to treat Mrs. Thomas Crawford was a routine matter; often he rode a hundred.

Reconstructing what occurred after McDowell reached her cabin is like the task of an archaeologist who must piece together scattered fragments into the statue they once formed. McDowell left three separate brief accounts of the events that were to make him immortal. By combining them with facts we know about the frontier and statements by McDowell's contemporaries, we can rebuild an image which, even if occasionally inexact, will resemble the truth more closely than the uncombined fragments could ever do.

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The two local doctors told McDowell that Mrs. Crawford was pregnant; she knew the symptoms well, for she was already the mother of five children. Although the ninth and tenth months brought the most terrible labor pains, there were no signs of a birth. By the time the doctors were consulted, she was so big they were convinced she would have twins. When all their skill failed to bring on a delivery, they had called McDowell.

He preceded his colleagues into the cabin. A short, tremendous woman who lay in a box bed filled with willow boughs attempted a smile of greeting, but a spasm of pain pulled her mouth tight. McDowell sat down beside her, asked a few questions, and then launched forth, as was his custom, into a discussion of politics, repeating the news so precious in isolated settlements. While he talked, he began his examination, his hands moving with extreme gentleness over her tortured frame. Suddenly the words died on his lips. He walked to one side with his colleagues and, after a hurried exposition, asked to be left alone with Mrs. Crawford. When all had filed out, he told her that he brought her bad news. She was not with child; she had a tumor of the ovaries. But perhaps there was some hope.

As dusk faded into night beyond the window of oiled paper, the surgeon and his pain-racked patient held a dialogue that will be famous as long as medical history is written. The little room that housed a whole family was lighted by one candle and an open fire over which heavy iron kettles simmered. The flames became brighter in the growing dimness, the flickering more distinct, while the tall doctor, overflowing a homemade chair, told Mrs. Crawford the truth and gave her a heroic choice.

McDowell has left a short account of their conversation. He explained that he had studied in Edinburgh with some of the world's greatest surgeons, who had taught him that women with ovarian tumors must invariably die; they could promise a patient nothing but two years of gradually increasing misery unless God worked a miracle. However, beneath the pessimism of the professors, there was an undertone of self-communion; they wondered whether ovarian tumors might not be cured by cutting out the diseased part. The operation would be similar to spaying, and animals recovered from being spayed. But no sooner was this suggestion made in the halls of the medical great than it was taken back again, McDowell told Mrs. Crawford. Surgery, as he supposed she knew, was practically limited to dressing wounds and amputating limbs; operators did not dare invade the great cavities of the body. He explained that "John Bell, Hunter, Hey, A. Wood, four of the first and most eminent surgeons in England and Scotland, had uniformly declared in their lectures that such was the danger of peritoneal inflammation that opening the abdomen to extract the tumor was inevitable death." They believed that, once the inner wall of the abdomen was exposed to the atmosphere, nothing could protect it from infection.

During the hundred years in which excising tumors had been discussed, no surgeon had ever dared hazard an operation. And so the patients had

always died in long-drawn-out agony. McDowell could not understand, he said, why no one had ever made the test. He believed that a patient would be likely to recover even as animals did, but, supposing it was a fifty-to-one chance, was not even that desperate gamble better than no chance at all? Perhaps the doctors were thinking more of themselves than of their patients, of how their reputations would be destroyed by a failure.

McDowell knew that, if he operated, and if Mrs. Crawford died, as all medical authority said she must, no doctor would disagree with a coroner's jury that found him guilty of murder. And, even should he escape criminal prosecution, the practice he had built up over many years would be wiped out at one blow; who would dare trust again to a surgeon so reckless and mad?

"If you think you are prepared to die," he none the less told his patient, "I will take the lump from you if you will come to Danville."

A woman like Mrs. Crawford could never look heroic. Short, her naturally heavy body distorted by a tremendous tumor, her face marred by features too large and a long mouth too firmly set, she was a figure for pity, not romance. Yet there must have been a strange look in her gray eyes as she spoke quietly.

"I will go with you."

It seemed a mad scheme to make Mrs. Crawford ride sixty miles through the wilderness in midwinter, but McDowell's examination had shown that she was strong enough, and there was nothing else to do. Only in his own home, where his drugs, instruments, and trained assistants were at hand, could he give her the care that would be essential to the success of an operation so hazardous that no one had ever tried it before.

The next day Mrs. Crawford was helped from bed and onto the quietest horse that could be borrowed; her huge tumor pressed against the pommel of the saddle, but that was unavoidable. Mrs. Baker, a neighboring housewife, accompanied her, since her husband had to care for the farm. He stood in the doorway of his log cabin surrounded by his sniveling children and watched the little cavalcade move slowly away. It took them minutes to arrive at the crest of the rise, and then they were gone. He gathered the children together and returned to the cabin, certain he would never see his wife again.

When the three riders passed through the near-by village, the faces of the settlers who crowded to the doors showed pity for Mrs. Crawford, but only hostility for the tall doctor who was sacrificing her to his foolishness and pride. The instant the houses were left behind, the forest locked over their heads, a braided canopy of glass, for every branch was sheathed with ice. They rode through gleaming vistas of silence, and, although they moved continually, they did not seem to advance, so unchanging was the wilderness. Only the increasing agony of the tumor, which, as McDowell tells us, chafed against the pommel, testified to miles traversed. At night they sought

lodgings in some cluster of log cabins that appeared beside the trail. Always the settlers received Mrs. Crawford with sympathy and her doctor with suppressed indignation. Long before he reached Danville, McDowell must have begun to expect trouble from the mob.

At last the sixty miles were behind them. They rode down the main street of a hamlet boasting less than a hundred houses and stopped before one of the finest. Standing at the doorway under the fanlight was the doctor's wife, a tall, graceful woman who received Mrs. Crawford with the expert kindness of long usage, and put her to bed.

When the surgeon's nephew and partner, Dr. James McDowell, heard what his uncle intended to do, he was horrified. Well educated in Philadelphia, he knew that Mrs. Crawford would certainly die, dragging their reputations and their practice to oblivion with her. He argued with his uncle. He washed his hands of such madness several times a day, only to return to the attack a few hours later.

The proposed operation soon became the only topic of conversation in the tiny community of Danville, which had for a long time known no such excitement. Naturally, McDowell's less successful medical rivals did not fail to point out that the butchery he planned was contrary to all medical canons and certain to end fatally. At first the popular murmur ran on the note of gossip, but soon the pitch heightened, the voices became emotional, and men began to say that McDowell must be stopped, either by the law or by the people if need be.

He had decided to operate on Christmas Day, when the prayers of all the world, rising up to God, would create a propitious atmosphere. In the meantime, he engaged in intensive preparation. Anxious to have Mrs. Crawford as strong as possible, he saw to her every comfort and fed her on a planned diet. He studied the plates of the abdomen in his medical books and tried to re-enact in his mind every dissection he had ever made. Since James McDowell had refused to take part in the experiment, he was forced to rely for assistance entirely on his apprentice, Charles McKinny. Each day he rehearsed the youngster, going over and over the operation in pantomime to be sure there would be no slip.

Christmas Day dawned with a ringing of bells. No sooner had Dr. McDowell arisen than his nephew came to him, his face tight with determination. He had struggled with himself all night, he said, and decided at last that, since a life was at stake, it was his duty to help if he could. McDowell must have gone about his preparations with a lighter heart; such trained assistance might make a vast difference.

As Mrs. Crawford walked into the operating room, the streets were quiet, for everyone was at church. One of the ministers, an exhorter famous for snatching brands from the mouth of hell, chose the operation as the subject of his sermon. He told his congregation of pioneers, who were used to being a law unto themselves, that, although only God had

a right to deal out life and death, Dr. McDowell was preparing to destroy one of God's creatures.

The chamber where Mrs. Crawford found herself had no resemblance to the operating theater of a modern hospital. It was a room like any other in the house, bare except for a plain wooden table onto which Mrs. Crawford was strapped. Since ether had not yet been discovered, she could be given no stronger anesthetic than a few opium pills; naturally she had to be fastened down. Devoid of white uniforms and gauze masks, the surgeons waited in their ordinary clothes, their coats off and their sleeves rolled up to avoid the blood. The instruments did not repose in steam sterilizers, for antiseptic methods lay far in the future. The knives and forceps had been washed like table silver and laid on an ordinary linen cover.

McDowell tells us that he bared the patient's swollen abdomen, marked with a pen the course of the incision, and handed the knife to his nephew; if James were to share the possible danger, he must share the possible credit too. Seeing the gleaming blade poised over her body, Mrs. Crawford closed her eyes and started to sing a hymn. When the knife bit deep, her voice quavered, but the tune continued to fill the little room.

After his nephew had completed the incision, McDowell started on the serious part of the operation. His hand never shook, but his face burned red and he sweated at every pore in the icy chamber. Whenever Mrs. Crawford's voice, attempting hymn after hymn, shook with unusual agony, he whispered tender and soothing words, as he might to a frightened child.

Suddenly the silence of the street gave way to a confused murmur; church was out. More than a hundred people gathered in front of the house, some curious, some sympathetic, but the most vocal screaming with righteous indignation. In the room where Mrs. Crawford lay, her anguished hymns were drowned out by loud shouts of male voices calling for the operation to stop. James McDowell's inwards must have rocked queasily to think what might happen if Mrs. Crawford died. He searched her prostrate body for some symptoms of approaching death, but the suffering woman, her knuckles white where they clenched the table, sang bravely on.

According to McDowell's daughter, the mob swung a rope over a tree so that they might not lose any time in hanging the surgeon when Mrs. Crawford died. As the long minutes passed with no news from the silent house at which all eyes stared, the ringleaders could control their excitement no longer; they dashed for the door and tried to smash it in. But the sheriff, assisted by the more sober citizens, intervened; for a moment there was a struggle outside the surgeon's house. If McDowell heard the uproar, he gave no sign as he proceeded with the operation he later described as follows:

"I made an incision about three inches from the musculus rectus abdominis, on the left side, continuing the same nine inches in length, parallel with the fibers of the above-named muscle, extending into the cavity of the abdomen, the parietes [walls] of which were a good deal contused, which we ascribed to the resting of the tumor on the horn of the saddle during her journey. The tumor then appeared in full view, but was so large that we could not take it away entire. We put a strong ligature around the Fallopian tube near the uterus, and then cut open the tumor, which was the ovarium and fimbrious part of the Fallopian tube very much enlarged. We took out fifteen pounds of dirty, gelatinous-looking substance, after which we cut through the Fallopian tube and extracted the sac, which weighed seven pounds and one-half. As soon as the external opening was made, the intestines rushed out upon the table, and so completely was the abdomen filled by the tumor that they could not be replaced during the operation, which was terminated in about twenty-five minutes. We then turned her upon her left side, so as to permit the blood to escape, after which we closed the external opening with the interrupted suture [a series of stitches placed a short distance apart], leaving out, at the lower end of the incision, the ligature which surrounded the Fallopian tube. Between every two stitches we put a strip of adhesive plaster, which, by keeping the parts in contact, hastened the healing of the incision. We then applied the usual dressings. . . ."

The sound of hymns, which had been getting weaker and weaker, stopped at last. Ephraim and his assistants carried the half-unconscious patient to her bed. When the mob learned that the operation was over and that Mrs. Crawford lived, there was silence for a moment, and then the air was riven by a cheer.

Actually the real danger was yet to come; would Mrs. Crawford develop peritonitis, that deadly infection of the abdominal wall? Dr. McDowell put her on the depleting diet then thought essential for combating fevers, and waited. When he came into her room five days later, he was horrified to see her standing up and making her bed. At his grave reproof, she laughingly replied that she had never been able to lie still. By means of persuasions, dire warnings, and threats he induced her to remain an invalid for twenty-five days, but at the end of that time she insisted on riding back to the neglected household tasks that had been worrying her more and more. With renewed energy she threw herself into the active life of a pioneer, moving on a short time later to a frontier outpost in Indiana, where there was new land to conquer from the forest. She remained in excellent health until her death at the age of seventy-nine.

McDowell's operation was one of the most important in the history of surgery. Although ovarian tumors are so common a malady that some specialists now treat more than a hundred a year, his cure for this otherwise fatal condition was only the lesser part of his discovery. More significant

still was his demonstration that the abdominal cavity could be cut into with impunity. Indeed, his operation was a forerunner of a major part of modern surgery; its success combined with the revival of Caesarian sections to destroy a false taboo and blaze the way for other surgeons who invaded the uterus, the spleen, the kidneys, the gall bladder, and the liver. Every operation for appendicitis or gallstones is a lineal descendant of one daring experiment made in the wilderness of Kentucky.

McDowell was not the first physician who, when confronted with a woman dying of an ovarian tumor, considered the possibility of cutting it out. As early as 1685, Théodore Schorkopoff wrote that the extirpation of the infected ovary might bring a permanent cure were it not so dangerous. Twenty-seven years later Eherenfried Schlenker made a similar observation, and from then on the suggestion was made again and again. In 1787 the great English surgeon John Hunter asked: "Why should not a woman suffer spaying without danger as other animals do?" but he saved his reputation for sanity by adding in another lecture that an ovarian tumor was incurable "and that a patient will have the best chance of living longest who does the least to get rid of it." It is hard to understand why, since women were almost certain to die anyhow, someone did not take the risk of operating during the one hundred and twenty-four years that separated Schorkopoff from McDowell; but such was the case. When a surgeon was confronted with a fatally stricken patient, he would call in a committee of distinguished colleagues and, after a long and learned discussion, decide not to commit murder by using the only possible means to save the sufferer.

It was no accident that the all-important step which broke this deadlock was taken in the wilderness. Since McDowell did not add any new theoretical conception to surgery, he did not need the inspiration of distinguished colleagues; indeed, they would have got in his way by insisting, with all the prestige of fame behind them, that he was mad. McDowell's greatness lay in his skill as an operator, and in the courage and self-reliance that prompted him to dare what no physician had ever dared before. Courage and self-reliance were the necessary virtues of the frontier. That he came by them naturally the story of his early life will show.

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When McDowell sent Mrs. Crawford home cured, he was aware that the fight against ovarian tumors had only begun. A doctor with no reputation in the centers of civilization had operated successfully on one patient, but perhaps his success was the result of chance, and, even if it were not, who would believe a single voice crying from the wilderness against the accepted teaching of centuries? In doubt himself and conscious of the opposition he would have to face, McDowell waited seven years before announcing his discovery. "Although the termination of the case was most

flattering," he wrote, "I was more ready to attribute it to accident than to any skill or judgment of my own, but it emboldened me to undertake similar cases; and not until I had operated three times, all of which were successful, did I publish anything on the subject."

In 1813 he cured one Negro woman, in 1816 another. Then he undertook a more difficult task. For days a blank sheet of paper lay before him while a goosequill wilted in his hand. Undoubtedly his literary-minded wife was called in to help, but her talent ran to flowers, not tumors. Although they struggled interminably to get the unadorned facts down, the result was neither elegant nor detailed. The completed paper gave no history of the origin of Mrs. Crawford's condition, on the all-important questions of diagnosis and aftertreatment it was hazy to say the least, and the description of the actual operation, which we have already quoted, was not voluminous. He was even more sketchy concerning the other two cases.

McDowell sent one copy of his paper to his old master, John Bell, in Edinburgh, and another to Dr. Philip Syng Physick. The "father of American surgery" was too knowing to be taken in by a nonentity's crude description of the impossible; after glancing through it scornfully, Physick refused to have the paper published. McDowell then sent it to Dr. Thomas C. James, the professor of midwifery at the University of Pennsylvania, who took the trouble to read it carefully and published it in 1817 in his journal, *The Eclectic Repertory*.

Most surgeons paid no attention whatsoever to McDowell's "nonsense," and the two who did wrote articles for the same journal blaming the inadequacy of McDowell's account for the deaths of patients on whom they had not dared operate. It was unfortunate, Dr. Ezra Michener of the Philadelphia Dispensary commented, that cases as interesting as McDowell's "should come before the public in such a manner as to frustrate their intention of being useful. . . . Few persons will be likely to venture their reputations on such uncertain data."

We can imagine the scorn of Dr. McDowell, who had ventured his reputation on no data at all, for these city practitioners who demanded to be spoon-fed. During September, 1819, he answered his critics in a letter to Dr. James: "I thought my statement sufficiently explicit to warrant any surgeon's performing the operation when necessary, without hazarding the odium of making an experiment; and I think my description of the mode of operating, and of the anatomy of the parts concerned, clear enough to enable any good anatomist, possessing the judgment requisite for a surgeon, to operate with safety. I hope no operator of any other description may ever attempt it. It is my most ardent wish that this operation may remain, to the mechanical surgeon, forever incomprehensible. Such have been the *bane* of the science; intruding themselves into the ranks of the profession, with no other qualification but boldness in undertaking, ignorance of their responsibility, and indifference to the lives of their patients;

proceeding according to the special dictates of some author, as mechanical as themselves, they cut and tear with fearless indifference, utterly incapable of exercising any judgment of their own in cases of emergency; and sometimes without even possessing the slightest knowledge of the parts concerned. The preposterous and impious attempts of such pretenders can seldom fail to prove destructive to the patient and disgraceful to the science. It is by such this noble science has been degraded in the minds of many to the rank of an art."

McDowell then went on to report two more ovariectomies he had performed since his previous article. One patient had recovered, and the other had died of peritonitis, his only fatality in five operations. Although his letter was published in *The Eclectic Repertory* for October, 1819, it did not embolden any other surgeon to follow him. Women who might have been cured continued to die in agony.

The second surgeon in the world to perform ovariectomy was also an American, but communication was so faulty that he had never heard of McDowell; Nathan Smith's operation was entirely independent. Born in Massachusetts in 1762, Smith was carried while yet an infant into the northern wilderness of Vermont, a region as wild as was Kentucky in McDowell's childhood. There he labored in the fields, received a meager education in the district schools, and served in the militia at the end of the Revolution. Having studied medicine at Harvard, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, he founded the Dartmouth Medical School; for years he was the entire faculty. His impressiveness may be judged from the evening prayer the president of the university offered up after attending one of his lectures: "O Lord, we thank Thee for the oxygen gas; we thank Thee for the hydrogen gas and for all the gases. We thank Thee for the cerebrum; we thank Thee for the cerebellum and the medulla oblongata."

Smith helped start the medical department at Yale, where he held three professorships simultaneously. In his spare time he founded several other schools, often lecturing at two or three a year, and carried on a vast consulting practice. One of the towering figures of American medicine, he was equally distinguished as a physician and a surgeon; his paper on typhoid fever was the best in the world up to that time. During July, 1821, twelve years after McDowell had operated on Mrs. Crawford, Smith successfully excised the ovarian tumor of a Mrs. Strobbridge at Norwich, Vermont. Ignorant of McDowell's work, he was encouraged to operate by an autopsy he had previously made which showed that such tumors "adhered to no part except the proper ligament, which was no larger than the finger of a man." An account of his operation, published in the *American Medical Recorder* a year later, went unnoticed and never came to McDowell's attention.

The Kentucky surgeon would certainly have rejoiced over this confirmation of his work. He had heard nothing about the paper he had sent to

John Bell in Edinburgh, and his practice was falling off at home. Whenever he rode down the street, the Negroes dived into their houses and threw the bolts behind them. One evening, his granddaughter tells us, he met a huge colored man on a solitary part of the road. The man fled, but at McDowell's command to halt fell on his knees and, rolling white eyeballs to heaven, burst into shrill prayer. As the surgeon reined up beside him, he crossed himself without stopping, his hand flying like the shuttle of a loom. McDowell dismounted and shook him until he stopped screaming. "Why are you afraid of me?" he asked. "My master," the Negro answered, "he say Dr. McDowell am next to the devil; Dr. McDowell goes around cutting people open and killing them."

McDowell's daring operations had injured his reputation. His enemies denounced him as a cruel man who enjoyed slicing into the bellies of women, and they had little difficulty persuading the simple pioneers who had long wondered how so ordinary-seeming a man could be great. The surgeon scorned the pompous tricks by which his contemporaries impressed their patients. On entering a house he did not issue commands to set everyone running; when he felt a pulse, he did not frown portentously or finger a gold watch the size of a cartwheel; he failed to wear fine clothes and condescend to the humble. Dressed always in black broadcloth, he walked into even the meanest dwelling as a friend of the family might; he spoke pleasantly to the children and, while he examined the patient, gossiped about local matters. "He is exactly like one of us," the people thought. "Obviously he can't be a great doctor."

The word went about that McDowell "was not much in fevers." A patient who was deprived of a quart of blood according to the prevalent method of Rush, and then dosed with calomel and jalap until he was about to explode, knew that heroic efforts were being made to cure him. But McDowell, far ahead of his time, did not believe in Rush's violent therapy. First swearing them to secrecy lest the damaging heresy be spread abroad, he told his private pupils that a sick man left to nature's healing care would do better than one so dosed and harried. When McDowell, having quietly examined his patient, prescribed nothing but rest, the sufferer naturally felt he was being neglected and called in another doctor. Why, McDowell even went so far as to let fever patients drink cold water and breathe fresh air, two things known to be terribly dangerous!

The great surgeon, not particularly proud of his method of treating fevers, left them whenever he could to his partners. Internal medicine, based as it was on guesses and theories and almost no real knowledge, did not appeal to his practical mind. Surgery, however, was another matter. Surgery was a science, not an art; how he despised arts! If you knew your anatomy well enough, you could be sure of exactly what you were doing, and McDowell always knew his anatomy. In those days, when most doctors had never made an autopsy, he fitted up a dissecting room in an abandoned

jail. He continued all his life to examine cadavers and forced his students to do the same. Naturally this impious practice, revealing a curiosity inspired by the devil, did not help his popularity.

It would, however, be wrong to think of McDowell sinking into insignificance and poverty; many frontiersmen stuck by him to the end. In 1822 he was called several hundred miles to Hermitage, Tennessee, where he removed an ovarian tumor from the wife of John Overton, Andrew Jackson's wealthy backer. His aide in this operation was Old Hickory himself, who handed him the instruments and put him up in his house; the two men of action got on famously. McDowell asked five hundred dollars, but Overton sent him a check for fifteen hundred. When the doctor returned it, pointing out the error, Overton replied the operation was worth at least that. According to Samuel David Gross, the great surgeon and medical biographer of the next generation, this fee was the largest paid in America until that time.

About then, McDowell accepted as a private pupil a second nephew, Joseph Nashe McDowell. This preternaturally cadaverous young man looked as if he had pared his own flesh down so that he might study his bones; he was an enthusiastic anatomist. In fact, enthusiasm was his principal attribute; he was never happy unless his tiny, sunken eyes gleamed with baleful fire and his high-pitched voice was screaming in bombast. He loved to boast of his manly prowess, tell how he had beaten up a bully or nailed a squirrel at five hundred yards. People could not help laughing to see this scarecrow carry on, swaggering as if he were a complete man, and, when the inevitable laughter came, Joseph would throw his bony head back and yell in a shrill, feminine tantrum. His fellow-pupils called him "sawbones," a satisfactory nickname which never failed to drive him into a fury; but McDowell backed his nephew, for Joseph loved every bone and muscle in the body with a personal passion. While he pored over a cadaver, all the bombast vanished from his thin face, which became both sensitive and intellectual.

McDowell's daughter, Mary, had grown into a plump and rosy young lady. Whenever the emaciated Joseph saw her eyes resting on him, he leaped into a paroxysm of boasting; not only would he be the greatest doctor in the United States, he would be the greatest general as well and drive the dirty Spaniards from the continent. Although Mary laughed, he was not discouraged. Following her everywhere, he wooed her so violently that she appealed to her father. McDowell's gentle remonstrances, however, merely drove Joseph into a heroic fury. Mary loved him, he insisted; McDowell was trying to come between them. The surgeon lost his temper too, and the scene ended with Joseph stamping out of the house, shouting that he would show McDowell who was the better man.

Joseph went to Lexington, Kentucky, to study medicine at Transylvania University, then the medical center of the West. Soon it became common

gossip there that McDowell had stolen the credit for discovering ovariectomy from his dead nephew and partner, Dr. James McDowell, who had done the operation against his advice. Joseph even went so far as to consult Mrs. Crawford and magnify her story that James had made the first incision into a statement that he had carried out the entire operation while his uncle assisted. The scandal mounted until McDowell was forced to issue a defensive statement accompanied by affidavits from Mrs. Crawford and others who had been present. However, the rumor continued to circulate. Joseph, as we shall see, became an important medical figure, and all his life he never ceased his efforts to take the credit from his uncle. When he became bored repeating the same story over and over, he embellished it with one John King, a retired Indian hunter who, he said, had made his living spaying animals and had anticipated even James by using his veterinary technique on a lady whom McDowell had cruelly refused to treat. There is no telling how much these lies hurt the surgeon's reputation.

Not until McDowell's fortunes had reached a low ebb did the copy of his first paper which he had sent to John Bell make its appearance in England. On its arrival at Edinburgh seven years before, Bell had been dying in Italy; the paper fell into the hands of his successor, John Lizars, who kept it hidden away until he was able to publish it as an incidental part of the history leading up to an operation of his own. He did not even bother to spell McDowell's name correctly, and he entitled the article in which the American's epoch-making discovery was included "Observations on the Extirpation of Ovaria, with Cases, by John Lizars."

Lizars recounted his one case at three times the length McDowell had used for three, and he summoned all his literary skill to make the narrative as moving as possible. He introduces us to a young binder of shoes whose husband beat her so cruelly that she was forced to leave him. When, a year later, a swelling developed in her abdomen, she ascribed it to the beatings, but the hospital to which she went accused her of bearing an illegitimate child. From time to time other doctors "cruelly taunted her with being pregnant." Then Lizars describes how he came to the rescue: he told her she had an ovarian tumor and that he would save her by cutting it out. Although he dwells at great length on his courage in overriding the advice of distinguished colleagues, he gives McDowell's successful cases only passing credit for influencing him to operate.

The amphitheater was filled with students, three venerable surgeons were in attendance, when Lizars prepared to introduce ovariectomy to the civilized world. Conscious that history recorded his every gesture, he made the incision under a hundred admiring eyes, but, when he had laid the abdomen open, bewilderment took the place of self-confidence on his features. With growing dismay he examined the patient, and then he called over the other three surgeons. After each in turn had peered gravely into the wound, the four looked at each other blankly, for, alas, there was no

tumor whatsoever to be seen; the swelling was caused by a pathological fatness of the intestines. Sadly Lizars sewed his patient up again. However, as she regained strength after the operation, his self-esteem returned; was he not the first reputable doctor to demonstrate that the abdomen could be cut into with impunity? Proudly he wrote the case up and published it in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for October, 1824.

McDowell's paper, thus backhandedly brought before the cultured British medical profession, excited nothing but guffaws of incredulous mirth. Dr. James Johnson, editor of the *London Medical and Chirurgical Review*, laid down a veritable barrage of scorn, impugning McDowell's veracity and his grammar. Although forced to admit at last that the backwoods surgeon had done what he said he did, Johnson still had arguments. "When we come to reflect," he wrote, "that all the women operated on in Kentucky, except one, were Negresses, and that these people will bear cutting with nearly, if not quite, as much impunity as dogs and rabbits, our wonder is lessened." Auguste Nélaton, the famous French surgeon, followed this lead by insisting that McDowell did the operation only on Negresses, and not from humanitarian motives, but in order to save the property of slaveholders.

The Europeans, and the English in particular, were outraged by the idea of crediting so important a discovery to an American. As late as 1883 Sir Thomas Spencer Wells, whose success at ovariectomy earned him a baronetcy, wrote that, although McDowell did the first operation, still greater merit was due to the series of British surgeons who pointed out the physiological possibility of excision. In fact, the British were to be praised for not having made the experiment. "In this country, such is the sacredness of human life, even when threatened by fatal diseases . . . , that men, even of the stamp of the Hunters and the Bells, naturally shrank from the responsibility."

Lawson Tait, another famous English surgeon, adopted a different line of attack. McDowell, he said, was not an American but a Scotchman. Probably he was born in Scotland, and, even if he was not, his parents certainly were, and anyway in 1771, the year of his birth, there was no United States.

Obviously, Lizars's object in phrasing his report the way he did was to have McDowell's work regarded merely as a forerunner to his noble experiment. Who can doubt that he would have succeeded as far as the British medical profession was concerned had his subsequent attempts at ovariectomy been successful? He operated on three women really suffering from tumors; one recovered, one died, and in the third case he did not dare finish the excision. He never tried again, and ovariectomy was outlawed in Scotland for another twenty years.

Lizars, the professor of surgery at Edinburgh, was considered one of the most skillful operators of his time, and yet, with all the expert assistance

a great medical school could offer, he was unable to approach the record of a country doctor who often had no trained assistants at all. In a letter written during the last year of his life, McDowell reported that he had done eleven ovariectomies with but a single death. Although one patient was so debilitated when she came to him that there seemed little possibility of her surviving the ordeal, McDowell, knowing there was no other hope, went ahead, unafraid of marring his record with another fatality. The lady recovered and engaged herself to be married the next year. "This case proves that appearances in surgery are often deceitful," McDowell commented, "and that, while the taper of life continues to burn, although it be faint, there is yet hope. . . . How it is that I have been so peculiarly fortunate with patients of this description, I know not; for from all the information I can obtain there has not one individual survived who had been operated on elsewhere for diseased ovaria. I can only say that the blessing of God has rested on my efforts."

There was more to it than that. Although McDowell was helped by the sturdy constitutions which all pioneers were forced to develop, he must have been a brilliant surgeon. The abdominal cavity is particularly sensitive to the type of handling it receives. If the normal flow of fluid is not disturbed, it is almost immune to infection, but, once this delicate balance is upset by an inexperienced hand, nothing but antisepsis, which had not then been discovered, can save the patient from peritonitis.

Ovariectomy remained so dangerous in hands other than McDowell's that it was frowned upon by medical faculties all over the world until long after his death. Of course, even under the worst circumstances it was no more dangerous than not operating, but the mechanical surgeons McDowell so despised had their reputations to look after. If they operated and killed a patient, it would hurt their practices, and, if they permitted others to operate successfully, their lack of skill would be made plain. So they argued that a doctor who takes terrible risks for his patient, even if the patient is otherwise certain to die, is blasphemously encroaching on God's right to mete out life and death.

Forty years after McDowell had cured Mrs. Crawford, Dr. Washington Atlee was denounced by the entire profession for proposing to do an ovariectomy in Philadelphia, still the medical capital of America. One professor called from the rostrum for the police to intervene, and an eminent surgeon visited the patient to tell her she would be dead in twenty-four hours. She recovered. Professor Meigs thereupon wrote that the operation was not justified by any amount of success. "Dr. Atlee's coolness in cutting open a woman's belly does not, I should think, entitle him to judge more clearly than I as to the morals of such surgery." Meigs wanted the operation forbidden by statute.

During the winter of 1856-1857, the Academy of Medicine in Paris engaged in a five months' battle to determine whether ovariectomy should be

permitted in France. Only one distinguished surgeon supported it, and the eventual conclusion was that so frightful an operation should be proscribed even if the cures announced were real. Indeed, although daring surgeons continued to save their patients, ovariectomy did not become a regular part of practice until the discovery of anæsthesia and antisepsis made it safe for mechanical surgeons.

While the controversy that was to outlive him raged, McDowell quietly attended his patients in Danville, excising ovarian tumors whenever they appeared in his practice. Although in 1825 he was given an honorary degree by the University of Maryland, the only degree he ever received, he was accorded less praise than censure for carrying out an operation most doctors felt should not be attempted. He remained successful as a lithotomist—Dr. Gross says he cut thirty-two times for bladder stones without a death—but his popularity continued to decline, and the calumny of which he was the object reached amazing proportions.

Once, when he was away attending a distant case, his wife came down with an acute illness. Of necessity McDowell's rival, Dr. Anthony Hunn, was called in. Hunn took one look at the ailing lady, threw the prescription McDowell had left her out of the window, and announced that she had been poisoned. Immediately it was whispered that her husband had tried to murder her and, but for Dr. Hunn's timely intervention, would have succeeded. As the story passed from mouth to mouth, accompanied by the click of a spindle or the creak of rockers, it grew until gossip authoritatively stated that the bright-eyed young apprentice who accompanied McDowell everywhere was a girl in man's clothing. The surgeon had tried to kill his wife so that he might marry this paramour. From then on, a contemporary account tells us, he was "the object of the utmost contempt in the neighborhood."

But McDowell had saved enough during his prosperous years to buy a plantation and slaves to work it in the true Southern style. During his middle fifties he retired there and, although sometimes called away to attend a particularly difficult case, lived the life of a country gentleman. He named his plantation Cambuskenneth after an abbey he had seen during his rambles in Scotland; this brief season in the Old World, not the adventures of the wilderness, seems to have supplied the romance of his life.

Ephraim was, like his father, a man of action and a convinced democrat, but he too found his ultimate critic in himself; the McDowells never cared for the opinion of the crowd. Since the surgeon knew he had lived usefully, neglect failed to make him bitter. Florid in complexion and a bit too fat, the aging man loved to sit before the fire with a glass of cherry bounce beside him and sing comic Scotch songs, accompanying himself rather unmusically on the violin. Although the vein of iron that had strengthened Samuel McDowell was built as strongly into his son, Ephraim had left the rigors of his Presbyterian childhood far behind. He en-

joyed having his house filled with company and kept the best drinks on his sideboard to lure them in. He was happiest when his two sons, his three surviving daughters, and his squads of grandchildren were gathered around him for some family festival.

One evening during June, 1830, McDowell went into his garden and ate freely of strawberries fresh from the vine. On his return to the house, his stomach was gripped by the most excruciating pain. Telling his wife to summon the family physician, he explained between paralyzing spasms that he must have eaten a deadly insect or some poisonous egg that clung to a berry. A servant, sent flying to the village, soon returned with the doctor. Realizing that McDowell was seriously ill, he asked for a consultation and treated the great surgeon for inflammation of the stomach. But medicine was helpless; after sinking steadily for two weeks, McDowell died.

His famous operation had paved the way for the cure of appendicitis. He probably died of a ruptured appendix.

PETER CARTWRIGHT

*Circuit Rider on the Frontier **

MY APPOINTMENT, during 1805-1806, was on the Scioto Circuit, Ohio State and District. John Sale was presiding elder, and James Quinn was senior preacher in charge. The reader will see how greatly I was favored the first two years of my regular itinerant life, to be placed under two men such as Benjamin Lakin and James Quinn, and more, two such presiding elders as William M'Kendree and John Sale. These four men were able ministers of Jesus Christ, lived long, did much good, witnessed a good confession, died happy, and are all now safely housed in heaven. Peace to their memory forever!

Scioto Circuit extended from the Ohio River to Chillicothe, situated on that river; and crossed it near the mouth, at what is now Portsmouth. It was a four weeks' circuit, and there were 474 members on it. Dr. Tiffin, who was governor of the state, was a local preacher; and both he and his wife were worthy members of our church. He lived at Chillicothe, then the seat of government for the state.

There were two incidents happened while I was on the east end of this circuit, which I will relate.

We had an appointment near Eagle Creek. Here the Shakers broke in Mr. Dunlevy, whom we have mentioned elsewhere as having been a regular Presbyterian minister, who had left that church and joined the New Lights. His New Light increased so fast that he lost what little sense he had, and was now a ranting Shaker. He came up here, and roared and fulminated a while, led many astray, flourished for some time, and then his influence died away, and he left for parts unknown.

On the southeastern part of the circuit we took in a new preaching place, at a Mr. Moor's. We gave them Sunday preaching. Mr. Moor had built a large hewn-log house, two stories high. There was no partition in the second story; but it was seated, and he gave it to us to preach in. Not far from this place lived a regularly educated Presbyterian preacher, who had a fine family, and was in many respects a fine man, but, unhappily, he had

* This selection is taken from Peter Cartwright's *The Backwoods Preacher* (1858). Cartwright, one of the most picturesque of the camp-meeting Methodist preachers, was famous throughout Illinois and Ohio in the period before the Civil War.

contracted a love for strong drink. He had preached in this neighborhood, and was much beloved, for he was withal a very good preacher.

In making my way on one occasion to Mr. Moor's, to my Sunday appointment, I got lost and was belated, and, when I arrived, there was a large assembly collected, and this minister was preaching to them, and he preached well, and I was quite pleased with the sermon so far as I heard it. When he was done, he undertook to make a public apology for a drunken spree he had got into a few days before. "Well," thought I, "this is right; all right, I suppose!" But to excuse himself for his unaccountable love of whisky, he stated that he had been informed by his mother that before he was born she longed for whisky; and he supposed that this was the cause of his appetite for strong drink, for he had loved it from his earliest recollection. This was the substance of his apology.

I felt somewhat indignant at this; and, when I rose to close after him, I stated to the congregation that I thought the preacher's apology for drunkenness was infinitely worse than the act of drunkenness itself; that I looked upon it as a lie, and a downright slander on his mother; and that I believed his love of whisky was the result of the intemperate use of it, in which he had indulged until he formed the habit; and that I, for one, was not willing to accept or believe the truth of his apology; that I feared the preacher would live and die a drunkard, and be damned at last; and that I hoped the people there would not receive him as a preacher until he gave ample evidence that he was entirely cured of drunkenness.

After I made these statements, I felt that God was willing to bless the people there and then; and, raising my voice, gave them as warm an exhortation as I could command. Suddenly an awful power fell on the congregation, and they instantly fell right and left, and cried aloud for mercy. I suppose there were not less than thirty persons smitten down; the young, the old, and middle-aged, indiscriminately, were operated on in this way. My voice at that day was strong and clear; and I could sing, exhort, pray, and preach almost all the time, day and night. I went through the assembly, singing, exhorting, praying, and directing poor sinners to Christ. While I was thus engaged, the Presbyterian minister left.

There were a few scattered members of the church around this place, who got happy and shouted aloud for joy, and joined in and exhorted sinners, and they helped me very much. Indeed, our meeting lasted all night, and the greater part of next day. Between twenty and thirty professed religion, and joined the church; and fully as many more went home under strong conviction and in deep distress. Many of them afterward obtained religion, and joined the church.

There was a very remarkable case that I will mention here. There was one lady about forty-five years old, who was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a very rigid predestinarian. Her husband was a Methodist, and several of their children had obtained religion among the young con-

verts. This lady got powerfully convicted, and concluded that she never had any religion. She had fallen to the floor under the mighty power of God. She prayed and agonized hard for days. At length the devil tempted her to believe that she was a reprobate, and that there was no mercy for her. She went into black despair under this temptation of the devil, and such was the desperate state of her mind that at length she conceived that she was Jesus Christ, and took it upon her, in this assumed character, to bless and curse any and all that came to see her.

The family were, of course, greatly afflicted, and the whole neighborhood were in great trouble at this afflictive dispensation. Her friends and all of us used every argument in our power, but all in vain. She at length utterly refused to eat, or drink, or sleep. In this condition she lingered for thirteen days and nights, and then died without ever returning to her right mind. A few persecutors and opposers of the Methodists tried to make a great fuss about this affair, but they were afraid to go far with it, for fear the Lord would send the same affliction on them.

The Hockhocking River lay immediately north of us, the Scioto River between us. John Meek and James Axley were assigned to that circuit. The circuit reached from Scioto to Zanesville, on the Muskingum River. It was a hard and laborious circuit. Brother Meek's health failed, and Brother Sale, our presiding elder, moved me from Scioto, and placed me on this circuit with Brother Axley. I was sorry to leave the brethren on the Scioto Circuit, and especially Brother Quinn, whom I dearly loved; but Brother Sale was still my presiding elder, and Brother Quinn's family lived in Hockhocking Circuit, and a precious family it was.

I got to see Brother Quinn every round. Brother Axley and myself were like Jonathan and David. There were no parsonages in those days, and Brother Quinn lived in a little cabin on his father-in-law's land. He had several children, and his cabin was small. When the preachers would come to see him, they would eat and converse with Brother Quinn and family, but would sleep at old Father Teel's, Brother Quinn's father-in-law. The first time I came round, I spent the afternoon with Brother Quinn. He made some apologies, and told me I could sleep better at Father Teel's. "But," said he, "I will tell you how you must do. You will sleep, at Father Teel's, in one part of his double cabin; he and his family will sleep in the other. His custom is to rise early. As soon as ever he dresses himself, he commences giving out a hymn, sings, and then goes to prayer; he does not even wait for his family to get up. He serves the preachers the same way. He never was known to wait a minute for any preacher except Bishop Asbury. You must rise early, dress quickly, and go right into the other room, if you want to be at morning prayer. I thought I would tell you beforehand, that you might not be taken by surprise."

I thanked him. "But," said I, "why don't the preachers cure the old man of this disorderly way?"

"Oh, he is old and set in his way," said Brother Quinn.

"You may rest assured I will cure him," said I.

"Oh, no," said he, "you cannot."

So I retired to old Father Teel's to sleep. We had family prayer, and I retired to rest. I had no fear about the matter; for I was a constant early riser, and always thought it very wrong for preachers to sleep late and keep the families waiting on them. Just as day broke I awoke, rose up, and began to dress; but had not nigh accomplished it when I distinctly heard Teel give out his hymn and commence singing, and about the time I had got dressed I heard him commence praying. He gave thanks to God that they had been spared through the night, and were all permitted to see the light of a new day, and at the same time I suppose every one of his family was fast asleep. I deliberately opened the door and walked out to the well, washed myself, and then walked back to my cabin. Just as I got to the door, the old brother opened his door, and, seeing me, said:

"Good morning, sir. Why, I did not know you were up."

"Yes," said I; "I have been up some time."

"Well, brother," said he, "why did you not come in to prayers?"

"Because," said I, "it is wrong to pray of a morning in the family before we wash."

The old brother passed on, and no more was said at that time. That evening, just before we were about to retire to rest, the old brother set out the book and said to me:

"Brother, hold prayers with us."

"No, sir," said I.

Said he: "Come, brother, take the book and pray with us."

"No, sir," said I; "you love to pray so well you may do it yourself."

He insisted, but I persistently refused, saying:

"You are so fond of praying yourself that you even thanked God this morning that He had spared you all to see the light of a new day, when your family had not yet opened their eyes, but were all fast asleep. And you have such an absurd way of holding prayers in your family that I do not wish to have anything to do with it."

He then took up the book, read, and said prayers, but you may rely on it the next morning things were much changed. He waited for me, and had all his family up in order. He acknowledged his error, and told me it was one of the best reproofs he ever got. I then prayed with the family, and after that all went on well.

Our last quarterly meeting was a camp meeting. We had a great many tents, and a large turn-out for a new country, and, perhaps, there never was a greater collection of rabble and rowdies. They came drunk, and armed with dirks, clubs, knives, and horsewhips, and swore they would break up the meeting. After interrupting us very much on Saturday night, they collected early on Sunday morning, determined on a general riot. At eight

o'clock I was appointed to preach. About the time I was half through my discourse, two very fine-dressed young men marched into the congregation with loaded whips, and hats on, and rose up and stood in the midst of the ladies, and began to laugh and talk. They were near the stand, and I requested them to desist and get off the seats; but they cursed me, and told me to mind my own business, and said they would not get down.

I stopped trying to preach, and called for a magistrate. There were two at hand, but I saw they were both afraid. I ordered them to take these men into custody, but they said they could not do it. I told them, as I left the stand, to command me to take them, and I would do it at the risk of my life. I advanced toward them. They ordered me to stand off, but I advanced. One of them made a pass at my head with his whip, but I closed in with him, and jerked him off the seat. A regular scuffle ensued. The congregation by this time were all in commotion. I heard the magistrates give general orders, commanding all friends of order to aid in suppressing the riot. In the scuffle I threw my prisoner down, and held him fast; he tried his best to get loose; I told him to be quiet, or I would pound his chest well. The mob rose, and rushed to the rescue of the two prisoners, for they had taken the other young man also. An old and drunken magistrate came up to me, and ordered me to let my prisoner go. I told him I should not. He swore, if I did not, he would knock me down. I told him to crack away. Then one of my friends, at my request, took hold of my prisoner, and the drunken justice made a pass at me; but I parried the stroke, and seized him by the collar and the hair of the head, and fetching him a sudden jerk forward, brought him to the ground, and jumped on him. I told him to be quiet, or I would pound him well. The mob then rushed to the scene; they knocked down seven magistrates, and several preachers and others.

I gave up my drunken prisoner to another, and threw myself in front of the friends of order. Just at this moment the ringleader of the mob and I met; he made three passes at me, intending to knock me down. The last time he struck at me, by the force of his own effort, he threw the side of his face toward me. It seemed at that moment I had not power to resist temptation, and I struck a sudden blow in the burr of the ear and dropped him to the earth. Just at that moment the friends of order rushed by hundreds on the mob, knocking them down in every direction. In a few minutes, the place became too strait for the mob, and they wheeled and fled in every direction; but we secured about thirty prisoners, marched them off to a vacant tent, and put them under guard till Monday morning, when they were tried, and every man was fined to the utmost limits of the law. The aggregate amount of fines and costs was near three hundred dollars. They fined my old drunken magistrate twenty dollars, and returned him to court, and he was cashiered of his office. On Sunday, when we had vanquished the mob, the whole encampment was filled with mourning; and, although there was no attempt to resume preaching till evening, yet such

was our confused state that there was not then a single preacher on the ground willing to preach, from the presiding elder, John Sale, down. Seeing we had fallen on evil times, my spirit was stirred within me. I said to the elder, "I feel a clear conscience; for under the necessity of the circumstances we have done right; and now I ask to let me preach."

"Do," said the elder; "for there is no other man on the ground can do it."

The encampment was lighted up, the trumpet blown, I rose in the stand, and required every soul to leave the tents and come into the congregation. There was a general rush to the stand. I requested the brethren, if ever they prayed in all their lives, to pray now. My voice was strong and clear, and my preaching was more of an exhortation and encouragement than anything else. My text was, "The gates of hell shall not prevail." In about thirty minutes the power of God fell on the congregation in such a manner as is seldom seen; the people fell in every direction, right and left, front and rear. It was supposed that not less than three hundred fell like dead men in mighty battle; and there was no need of calling mourners, for they were strewed all over the camp ground; loud wailings went up to heaven from sinners for mercy, and a general shout from Christians, so that the noise was heard afar off. Our meeting lasted all night, and Monday and Monday night; and, when we closed on Tuesday, there were two hundred who had professed religion, and about that number joined the church.

WALTER D. MC CAW

*Walter Reed: A Memoir **

It is given to but few scientific men to lay bare a secret of nature materially affecting the prosperity of nations and the lives, fortunes, and happiness of thousands. Fewer still succeed in so quickly convincing brother scientists and men in authority of the truth of their discoveries that their own eyes behold the glorious result of their labor.

Of the fifty-one years of Walter Reed's industrious, blameless life, twelve only were spent in the study of the special branch of science in which he became famous, but his name now stands with those of Jenner, Lister, and Morton as among the benefactors of humanity.

Walter Reed was born in Gloucester County, Virginia, September 13, 1851, the son of the Reverend Lemuel Sutton Reed and Pharaba White, his wife.

The circumstances of his family were modest, and some of the years of his boyhood were spent in a much-troubled section of the South during the great Civil War. He acquired, however, a good preliminary education, and, at an age when most boys are still in the schoolroom, he began the study of medicine at the University of Virginia, graduating as M.D. in 1868, when only seventeen years old.

A second medical degree was received later from Bellevue Medical College, New York, and then came terms of service in the Brooklyn City Hospital and the City Hospital, Blackwells Island.

Before the age of twenty-one Reed was a district physician in New York City, and at twenty-two one of the five inspectors of the board of health of Brooklyn.

He entered the army of the United States as assistant surgeon with the rank of first lieutenant in 1875, and for the next eighteen years, with the usual varying fortunes of a young medical officer of the army, he served in Arizona, Nebraska, Dakota, and in the southern and eastern states.

According to the exigencies of the service he was moved frequently from station to station, everywhere recognized by men of his own age as a charming and sympathetic companion, and by older officers as an earnest and intelligent physician whose industry, fidelity to duty, and singularly good

* Reprinted from the *Annual Report . . . of the Smithsonian Institution for 1905* (Washington, 1906). This memoir was first published by the Walter Reed Memorial Association in 1904.

judgment gave brilliant promise for the future. In the poor cabins and dugouts of the pioneers in the sparsely settled districts where he served his flag Reed was ever a messenger of healing and comfort. At that time army posts on the frontier were usually remote and with small garrisons. The young medical officer, generally the only one at the station, was called upon by the settlers for miles around. Without help, and with only such instruments and medicines as could be hastily stuffed in his saddlebag, he was summoned to attend a fractured thigh, a child choking with diphtheria, or, most trying of all, a complicated childbirth.

Such experience schools well in self-reliance and in the formation of quick and accurate observation.

For a man like Reed, already an earnest student, no better preparation could perhaps have been had. His earlier army service must have singularly tended to develop in him the very qualities most necessary to his final success. To the end of his life it was noticeable that, even when he had long given up the practice of medicine for the work of the laboratory, he was nevertheless unexcelled at the bedside for rapid, unerring diagnosis and sound judgment in treatment. So also were the series of experiments which robbed yellow fever of its terrors especially remarkable for simplicity, accuracy, and completeness, or they never would have so quickly convinced the world of their truth. Too much reverence for accepted teachings and too little experience in grappling with difficulties unassisted, and they might never have been conceived or carried out.

In 1890 he was assigned to duty in Baltimore and remained there over a year. Here he had the great advantage of working in the laboratories of Johns Hopkins University and the happiness of winning the close friendship of his distinguished teacher, Professor William H. Welch.

In 1893 Reed was promoted surgeon with the rank of major, and in the same year was detailed in Washington as curator of the Army Medical Museum and professor of bacteriology at the newly organized Army Medical School. Here he worked industriously at his specialty and wrote many valuable monographs, all characterized by accuracy and originality. His excellent judgment made him especially valuable in investigating the causes of epidemic diseases at military posts and in making sanitary inspections. He was therefore frequently selected for such work, which, with his duties as teacher and member of examining boards, occupied much of the time that he would otherwise have spent in his laboratory. Here again it seems that duties which must often have been irksome were specially fitting him for his culminating work.

During the Spanish-American war the camps of the volunteer troops in the United States were devastated by typhoid fever, and Major Reed was selected as the head of a board to study the causation and spread of the disease. This immense task occupied more than a year's time. With the utmost patience and accuracy the details of hundreds of individual cases

were grouped and studied. The report of the commission, now in course of publication by the government, is a monumental work which must always serve as a basis for future study of the epidemiology of typhoid fever.

The most original and valuable work of the board is the proof that the infection of typhoid fever is spread in camps by the common fly and by contact with patients and infected articles—clothing, tentage, and utensils—as well as by contaminated drinking water.

In June, 1900, Major Reed was sent to Cuba as president of a board to study the infectious diseases of the country, but more especially yellow fever. Associated with him were Acting Assistant Surgeons James Carroll, Jesse W. Lazear, and A. Agramonte.

At this time the American authorities in Cuba had for a year and a half endeavored to diminish the disease and mortality of the Cuban towns by general sanitary work, but, while the health of the population showed distinct improvement and the mortality had greatly diminished, yellow fever apparently had been entirely unaffected by these measures. In fact, owing to the large number of nonimmune foreigners, the disease was more frequent than usual in Havana and in Quemados, near the camp of American troops, and many valuable lives of American officers and soldiers had been lost.

Reed was convinced from the first that general sanitary measures alone would not check the disease, but that its transmission was probably due to an insect.

The fact that malarial fever, caused by an animal parasite in the blood, is transmitted from man to man through the agency of certain mosquitoes had been recently accepted by the scientific world; also, several years before, Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, had advanced the theory that a mosquito conveyed the unknown cause of yellow fever, but did not succeed in demonstrating the truth of his theory.

Dr. H. R. Carter, of the Marine Hospital Service, had written a paper showing that, although the period of incubation of yellow fever was only five days, yet a house to which a patient was carried did not become infected for from fifteen to twenty days.

To Reed's mind this indicated that the unknown infective agent has to undergo a period of incubation of from ten to fifteen days, and probably in the body of a biting insect.

Up to this time the most generally accepted theory as to causation of yellow fever was that of Sanarelli, who claimed that the *Bacillus icteroides*, discovered by him, was the specific agent of the disease. Major Reed, in association with Dr. Carroll, had, however, already demonstrated that this bacillus was one widely disseminated in the United States and bore no special relation to yellow fever.

In June, July, and August, 1900, the commission gave their entire attention to the bacteriological study of the blood of yellow-fever patients and

the postmortem examination of the organs of those dying with the disease. In twenty-four cases where the blood was repeatedly examined, as well as in eleven carefully studied autopsies, *Bacillus icteroides* was not discovered, nor was there any indication of the presence in the blood of a specific cause of the disease.

Application was made to General Leonard Wood, the military governor of Cuba, for permission to conduct experiments on nonimmune persons, and a liberal sum of money requested for the purpose of rewarding volunteers who would submit themselves to experiment.

It was indeed fortunate that the military governor of Cuba was a man who by his breadth of mind and special scientific training could readily appreciate the arguments of Major Reed as to the value of the proposed work.

Money and full authority to proceed were promptly granted, and, to the everlasting glory of the American soldier, volunteers from the army offered themselves for experiment in plenty, and with the utmost fearlessness.

Before the arrangements were entirely completed, Dr. Carroll, a member of the commission, allowed himself to be bitten by a mosquito that twelve days previously had filled itself with the blood of a yellow-fever patient. He suffered from a very severe attack, and his was the first experimental case. Dr. Lazear also experimented on himself at the same time, but was not infected. Some days later, while in the yellow-fever ward, he was bitten by a mosquito and noted the fact carefully. He acquired the disease in its most terrible form and died a martyr to science and a true hero.

No other fatality occurred among the brave men who, in the course of the experiments, willingly exposed themselves to the infection of the dreaded disease.

A camp was especially constructed for the experiments about four miles from Havana, christened Camp Lazear in honor of the dead comrade. The inmates of the camp were put into most rigid quarantine, and ample time was allowed to eliminate any possibility of the disease being brought in from Havana.

The personnel consisted of three nurses and nine nonimmunes, all in the military service, and included two physicians.

From time to time Spanish immigrants, newly arrived, were brought in directly from the immigrant station; a person not known to be immune was not allowed to leave camp, or, if he did, was forbidden to return.

The most complete record was kept of the health of every man to be experimented upon, thus eliminating the possibility of any other disease than yellow fever complicating the case.

The mosquitoes used were specially bred from the eggs and kept in a building screened by wire netting. When an insect was wanted for an experiment, it was taken into a yellow-fever hospital and allowed to fill itself with the blood of a patient; afterwards, at varying intervals from the

time of this meal of blood, it was purposely applied to nonimmunes in camp.

In December five cases of the disease were developed as the result of such applications; in January, three, and in February, two, making in all ten, exclusive of the cases of Drs. Carroll and Lazear. Immediately upon the appearance of the first recognized symptoms of the disease, in any one of these experimental cases, the patient was taken from Camp Lazear to a yellow-fever hospital, one mile distant. Every person in camp was rigidly protected from accidental mosquito bites, and not in a single instance did yellow fever develop in the camp except at the will of the experimenters.

The experiments were conducted at a season when there was the least chance of naturally acquiring the disease, and the mosquitoes used were kept active by maintaining them at a summer temperature.

A completely mosquito-proof building was divided into two compartments by a wire screen partition; infected insects were liberated on one side only. A brave nonimmune entered and remained long enough to allow himself to be bitten several times. He was attacked by yellow fever, while two susceptible men in the other compartment did not acquire the disease, although sleeping there thirteen nights. This demonstrates in the simplest and most certain manner that the infectiousness of the building was due only to the presence of the insects.

Every attempt was made to infect individuals by means of bedding, clothes, and other articles that had been used and soiled by patients suffering with virulent yellow fever.

Volunteers slept in the room with and handled the most filthy articles for twenty nights, but not a symptom of yellow fever was noted among them, nor was their health in the slightest degree affected. Nevertheless they were not immune to the disease, for some of them were afterwards purposely infected by mosquito bites. This experiment indicates at once the uselessness of destroying valuable property for fear of infection. Had the people of the United States known this one fact a hundred years ago, an enormous amount of money would have been saved to householders.

Besides the experimental cases caused by mosquito bite, four nonimmunes were infected by injecting blood drawn directly from the veins of yellow-fever patients in the first two days of the disease, thus demonstrating the presence of an infectious agent in the blood at this early period of the attack.

Even the blood serum of a patient, passed through a bacteria-proof filter, was found to be capable of causing yellow fever in another person.

The details of the experiments are most interesting, but it must here suffice briefly to sum up the principal conclusions of this admirable board of investigators, of which Reed was their master mind:

1. The specific agent in the causation of yellow fever exists in the blood

of a patient for the first three days of his attack, after which time he ceases to be a menace to the health of others.

2. A mosquito of a single species, *Stegomyia fasciata*, ingesting the blood of a patient during this infective period, is powerless to convey the disease to another person by its bite until about twelve days have elapsed, but can do so thereafter for an indefinite period, probably during the remainder of its life.

3. The disease cannot in nature be spread in any other way than by the bite of the previously infected *Stegomyia*. Articles used and soiled by patients do not carry infection.

These conclusions pointed so clearly to the practical method of exterminating the disease that they were at once accepted by the sanitary authorities in Cuba and put to the test in Havana, where for nearly a century and a half by actual record the disease had never failed to appear annually.

In February, 1901, the chief sanitary officer in Havana, Major W. C. Gorgas, Medical Department, U. S. Army, instituted measures to eradicate the disease, based entirely on the conclusions of the commission. Cases of yellow fever were required to be reported as promptly as possible, the patient was at first rigidly isolated, and immediately upon the report a force of men from the sanitary department visited the house. All the rooms of the building and of the neighboring houses were sealed and fumigated to destroy the mosquitoes present. Window and door screens were put up, and after the death or recovery of the patient his room was fumigated and every mosquito destroyed. A war of extermination was also waged against mosquitoes in general, and an energetic effort was made to diminish the number bred by draining standing water, screening tanks and vessels, using petroleum on water that could not be drained, and in the most systematic manner destroying the breeding places of the insects.

When the warm season returned, a few cases occurred, but by September, 1901, the last case of yellow fever originated in Havana, since which time the city has been entirely exempt from the terrible disease that had there kept stronghold for a hundred and fifty years. Cases are now admitted into Havana from Mexican ports, but are treated under screens with perfect impunity in the ordinary city hospitals. The crusade against the insects also caused a very large decrease in malaria fevers.

The destruction of the most fatal epidemic disease of the western hemisphere in its favorite home city is but the beginning of the benefit to mankind that may be expected to follow the work of Reed and his associates. There can be no manner of doubt, should Mexico, Brazil, and the Central American republics, where the disease still exists, follow strictly the example set by Havana, that yellow fever will become extinct and the United States forever freed from the scourge that has in the past slain thousands of our citizens and caused the loss of untold treasure.

More recent investigations into the cause and spread of yellow fever have only succeeded in verifying the work of Reed and his commission in every particular and in adding very little to our knowledge of the disease.

Later researches by Guiteras in Havana, by the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service in Veracruz, and lastly by a delegation from the Pasteur Institute of Paris in Rio de Janeiro all confirm in the most convincing manner both the accuracy and comprehensiveness of the conclusions of the American commission. It has been well said that Reed's experiments "will always remain as models in the annals of scientific research, both for the exactness with which they were adapted to the points to be proved and the precautions taken that no experiment should be vitiated by failure to exclude all possible sources of error."

Appreciation of Reed's work was instant in the scientific world. Honorary degrees from Harvard University and the University of Michigan were conferred upon him, learned societies and distinguished men delighted to honor him, and after his death Congress voted a special pension to his widow.

To the United States the value of his services cannot be estimated. Ninety times has yellow fever invaded the country, carrying death and destruction, leaving poverty and grief.

New Orleans, Memphis, Charleston, Galveston, Portsmouth, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and many smaller towns have been swept by the disease.

The epidemic of 1853 cost New Orleans 8,000 lives; that of 1793 wiped out 10 per cent of Philadelphia's population.

The financial loss to the United States in the one epidemic of 1878 was estimated as amounting to \$15,333,000; but suffering, panic, fear, and the tears of widows and orphans can never be estimated. Now, however, if yellow fever should again cross our southern border, there need be no disturbance of commerce or loss of property in the slightest degree comparable with that which epidemics in the past have caused.

The death of Major Reed took place November 23, 1902, in Washington, from appendicitis. It is gratifying to think that, although his country and the scientific world were deprived of one from whose future services more benefit to humanity might reasonably be expected, nevertheless he was privileged before his life's close to know that his discovery had been tested and that a great city was freed from her ancient foe, to know that his conscientious work had contributed immeasurably toward the future prospects of an infant republic, and even more to the welfare of his own beloved country, whose flag he had served so faithfully.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Fifty Years of It *

THIS must be written in the first person singular, for it is a personal story:

Sheer luck put me into the newspaper business. Fifty years ago, June 1, 1885, I walked into the offices of the *El Dorado Democrat* to take a job as printer's devil. Fifty years ago last week I was a student at the College of Emporia, living with John Morgan at the corner of Fifth and Congress, and I wrote three letters to El Dorado, my home town: one to George Tolle, who ran a grocery store there, one to Cass Friedburg, who ran a dry-goods store, and one to T. P. Fulton, asking each of them for a job. My mother was keeping boarders in El Dorado, sending me to the College of Emporia, and after a year of it I didn't think it fitting and proper for a seventeen-year-old boy to let his mother keep boarders for him to go to college. Hence the letters. Hence the sheer luck that fated me. George Tolle and Cass Friedburg knew my desultory ways and rejected my job suggestion. T. P. Fulton knew my father and took a chance. So fifty years ago this week the *El Dorado Democrat*, a four-page paper, on the third page, fourth column, printed this item:

"Will A. White will take a position on the *Democrat* June 1st."

June 1st I walked into the office of the Butler County *Democrat*, took off my coat and vest, rolled up my sleeves, and began the dirty work of a printer's devil. It was a little office. The boss was a printer. There was a foreman, one printer, and the foreman's son, an apprentice. I did everything around the shop. I swept out, set type, helped to make up the forms, fed the big press and the job press, rustled up locals, clipped reprint for editorials when the boss was fishing, collected and knocked down the money which he owed me, when he was out of town. During the last two or three months I worked there, in the winter of 1886, while the boss was away in Washington, I wrote a little editorial and got up the local copy for the paper. Ewing Herbert and I met in that printing office as boys and began a lifelong friendship. When I came to Emporia again to re-enter the College of Emporia, after nine months' absence, I got a job setting type at piecework on the *Emporia News* in afternoons and Saturdays, a job known as a "sub." I made eighty-five cents the first afternoon and sometimes as

* Reprinted from the *Emporia Gazette* for May 31, 1935, by permission of the editor, Mr. William Allen White.

little as sixty-five cents and once as much as a \$1.25. But work was irregular, and, when J. M. McCown, editing the Emporia *Democrat* in the spring of 1886, offered me three dollars a week for afternoons and Saturdays, I grabbed it. That May, forty-nine years ago, when Ewing Herbert, with whom I roomed in Emporia, left town, I got his job as reporter on the Emporia *News* and never went back to work in a printing office again.

But, when I bought the *Gazette* exactly ten years later, June 1, 1895, I could do everything in that little one-room office on Sixth Avenue that I asked anyone else to do. I could set type, put the paper to press, feed the press, kick the jobber, set the meager advertising that was used in those days, keep the books, solicit the advertising, take charge of the circulation, deliver the papers, solicit subscribers, and run the bank account, such as it was. All these things I had learned in ten years working in El Dorado, Lawrence, Topeka, Kansas City. I was seventeen years old when I first picked up a printer's stick, twenty-seven years old when I bought the *Gazette*.

Today, after fifty years in the business, I go into the back room of the *Gazette* office, and, instead of being familiar with every process and being able to do every mechanical thing necessary to print the *Gazette*, I can do practically nothing, though my hands retain their onetime printer's skill. But nothing in the *Gazette* office is done today as it was done forty years ago. The type is set by machinery, the forms are not locked up as they were. Instead of being printed from type on sheets fed into a press, the *Gazette* is not printed from type, but from tubular, stereotyped plates on a continuous roll of paper. Four processes to which I am almost a stranger now follow the copy from the printer to the reader.

Of the twenty-five men now engaged in the mechanical end of producing the *Gazette*, only three or four are old-fashioned, allround printers who could set the type, make up the forms, put the paper to press, feed it, and fold it in the old-fashioned way. So times have changed in fifty years.

Another thing: in the little paper where I learned what I know in my trade all the machinery that T. P. Fulton owned could have been bought for \$750. When I bought the *Gazette*, the material of the plant was estimated at \$1,500—a high price. In those days any industrious young man who could save or talk a banker into lending \$700 or \$800 could go to Kansas City with that cash and come home with an outfit and start a newspaper. Ten times that amount would be needed today—and more—to pay for the machinery it takes to print the *Gazette*. Opportunity for youth is thus restricted by the machine age, by the rise and dominance of capital in the world. And yet I am satisfied it is a much better world than it was fifty years ago. Justice abounds here in this town and country more abundantly than when I worked twelve hours a day and sometimes fourteen as a cub printer in the office of the El Dorado *Democrat* for \$1.50 a week and

had to steal part of it to get it. When I came to Emporia as a proprietor, I could hire a fairly good printer for one dollar a day, and the day was eleven hours and often more without overtime. I didn't work hard enough to hurt me, and I would do it over if I had to—and gladly even now. It has been a gorgeous adventure—life in these fifty years—happy, gay, and free. Much anxiety, a little pain, many hours of sorrow, but through it all the self-respect that makes for tolerance and understanding, for joy, and for some semblance at least of usefulness, the net of which is happiness.

Fifty years ago Emporia was a little town, somewhere between five and ten thousand—the embryo of all that it is now. We have grown old together, and the town has been good to me, charitable beyond my deserts, and I have tried to be loyal to the town. I have made many mistakes for which I am sincerely sorry. But I couldn't help it. I was that kind of a fool and have tried to profit by my mistakes, and I hope I have profited. Fifty years teach a man something. Anyway, there they are, and here I am. And, if I could have the health I have, the dear ones near me, and if and through all I could cherish in my heart the experience of my follies, I wouldn't mind another fifty years. As it is, I fear life much more keenly than death. But I am ready to take greedily whichever comes.

RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

The Grammarian *

I HEARD only recently that Miss Fox, after a few years of retirement, had died in California, where the laxity of the climate probably disagreed with her. It was a little startling to learn that her death had happened so recently, because I had somehow fallen to thinking of her, as I did rather often, and usually with a feeling of guilt, as a historical character. It was difficult to realize that she came so close to the contemporary. She was a little woman, and made, I suspect, of flint, and when I was in high school she taught me English.

She seemed to be rather old even then, and that was a fairly long time ago. She was a little stooped, and gave the impression of being done almost entirely in gray, in spite of her black dresses, which had high collars held up with stays, and the little flutter of her white W.C.T.U. ribbon. But you never thought of her as frail; after you had been in her class for a while, you got to thinking of yourself as frail, but never of her. She walked two miles to the school every day and two miles back again, carrying a great load of papers to correct, and her own inflexibility. So far as I know, she never had a first name, and, if she had had, I do not think anyone would ever have thought of calling her by it.

It is odd to think that, for many years after I passed through the disinfection of her class, she kept on hitting boys and girls over the head with grammar and working herself and them to a frazzle in a dour, uncompromising search for perfection. It is also a little odd to think that she is no longer doing this, but possibly she is giving the angels a few lessons and fighting grimly against a certain grammatical looseness which she has probably found where she is now. I wouldn't put it past her to go above the angels, either; she would snip away at bad grammar wherever she found it.

She found a lot of it, of course, in second-year English, which was what she taught. We drifted up to her vaguely, I realize now, our English a boneless thing in spite of all the diagrams of sentences we had made on blackboards, and, if we thought of English letters at all, it was with a kind of yeasty sentiment. Miss Fox took all that out of us. She was not sentimental about English letters; she didn't, I suspect, even like them very well, and

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considered that a good bit of laxity had crept into them from time to time. She was beautifully free from that expansive desire, which one found in some of the other instructors, to help us see the beauty of literature, and she had no thought of making us love it.

It is this method, I gather from rumors which trickle from the educative fields, which is in vogue just now, and even then there were a few instructors who took the larger view. I had one or two of them; one particularly I remember. He was an odd, impassioned gentleman, and he used to act out the beauties of literature for us on occasion. One of the grimmest memories of my youth concerns an afternoon when we all came to his classroom and found the shades drawn, so that the room was an unhealthy, yellow murk—the shades were a rather tired yellow. He was sitting at his desk, with his gray hair pulled down, and was staring in a rather awful way at a bottle of ink. We crept in, silenced and a little frightened, and nobody said anything for several minutes. We just sat there, troubled. Then, with no warning, the instructor let out a little shriek. We all jumped and wished we could get out. In another minute, I think, we would have got out, but then the instructor spoke.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me?" he screamed, in tones of anguish. We all settled back then, of course, and quieted down, although he grew noisier and noisier. After a while it began to seem, in a rather unpleasant way, a little funny, and it still does.

Miss Fox never did anything like that, and never gave, I am sure, a rap whether we appreciated the beauties of the English speech or not, so long as we learned its grammar. There was a certain amount of literature to be got through, naturally, and we went through Milton, a little grimly. I don't think Miss Fox really cared much for Milton's, or anybody else's, poetry, and she lightened up the ordeal with curious little side trips to visit the horrors of alcohol and tobacco. In the middle of "Comus" there was one such bitter little excursion to the subject of General Grant, who had, it seemed, died because he insisted on smoking a lot. But, even if her heart was not entirely in it, she took us resolutely through Milton, with only a few mishaps. One of the more arresting of the mishaps was mine.

We had been told to pick a passage—a good, long passage—and memorize it. The only stipulation was about the length. Aside from that, we could pick any passage which, by its beauty, appealed to us. (Miss Fox always uttered the word "beauty" in a flat, disapproving tone.) In alphabetical order, the next day we recited what we had learned, and, as the turn came down toward me, I began to have serious misgivings. Everybody else, or almost everybody, had picked a pleasant, idyllic passage about, as I recall it, birds and clouds, and it came over me that I had made a mistake. But it was the only passage I had learned, so there was nothing to do but give it, and I did. I've forgotten most of it, but it concerned the amorous gambols of a couple of Miltonian immortals, and the lines which loomed up when

I came to them were those which described how the male immortal had, on
beds of something or other,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.

I think it was not until I saw the expression on Miss Fox's face that I realized the full enormity of this couplet. Miss Fox's face turned slightly grayer, and all the sharp bones stood out in it, and the white W.C.T.U. ribbon quivered on what would, under happier circumstances, have been her breast. Quite unintentionally I had put her in a spot; she was torn between the conviction that I had committed this offense by intention, and should have something dire befall me, and the realization that anything she did would only make matters worse. Finally she just said "Well!" in a tone which I hope never to hear again from human lips, and called the name of the next student.

Probably it was the lurking danger that things like that might come up in literature which made Miss Fox suspect it; and there was always, too, the likelihood that the classics had been written by loose persons who smoked and drank and, hence, were likely to abuse grammar. And English grammar was the god before which Miss Fox burned the sharp, acrid, but infinitely penetrating incense of her devotion. The prohibition of alcohol, tobacco, and the hanging participle—this was the goal toward which she strove with a valiance and disregard of self which, even now, a little frighten me. She made us work hard, but she herself worked many times as hard; she must, indeed, have put in almost as much labor on each member of her rather large class as each student she was trying to save did on himself.

Miss Fox kept us writing almost constantly about literature and allied subjects, such as the evils of alcohol. We found it a good idea to put in a few licks against liquor and cigarettes when the occasion arose, and to make it arise if possible, but even this did not soften Miss Fox's harsh integrity if your grammar slipped. She was ruthlessly fair; I got in rather bad by writing, in conscious perversity this time, an essay mildly questioning the toxic qualities of nicotine, but this merely made her dislike me and didn't affect my grades one way or the other.

Miss Fox took home all the papers from all the boys and girls and went over them with a blue pencil, marking in the margins the existence of grammatical errors. She did not correct the errors; she did not even specify them. She merely, with the cold distaste of a housewife in the presence of an untoward insect, noted the presence of sin. It was up to the student to find the sin out and correct it. It was up to him then to write the paper over, correcting all the errors and not making any new ones, and have the result "checked." A paper was checked when not even Miss Fox could find an infraction of the least of grammar's formalities. Usually a paper went

back three or four times before it was checked, and you went back with it, during "seventh hour." There were six regular periods in a day, and overtime, almost all the overtime being devoted to Miss Fox.

Out of those sessions boys and girls used to go white with weariness and vexation, their hands shaking from copying essays and their minds reeling with grammar. As dusk crept on, and after the slowest of them had gone, little Miss Fox would trot out smartly, her round black hat bobbing, and walk rapidly the two miles home, clutching the bundle of that day's papers. She must have sat up most of the night with them, her blue pencil and her black eyes flashing coldly, and her mouth set hard against error. Now and then, perhaps, her expression would soften a little as some wily pupil took a slash at the cigarette evil, but it would harden again at the next paragraph as an infinitive split wide open.

You came out of all this with, surprisingly enough, a good deal of precisely what Miss Fox was determined to give you—respect for the hard, bare bones on which the language hangs. If you went on to one of the near-by state universities, you were astonished and gratified to learn that, if you had survived Miss Fox, you did not need to take Freshman Rhetoric. Perhaps they thought that exemption was as little as they could give you in recompense. If, years afterward—ten years, at any rate—you began to write letters to your closer friends in a style slightly more colloquial than Miss Fox would have approved, it was always with some sense of guilt and a fleeting, absurd thought that Miss Fox might find you out and make you come back to seventh hour and be checked.

She was a hard, uncompromising little woman, our Miss Fox of Kansas City, and I shudder to think what her blue pencil would do to what I have written about her. I would not please her, I know; I never did. But she was the best teacher I ever had.

Part VII

TELLERS OF TALES

STORYTELLING has always been an American form of entertainment. Yarns and tales make up an appreciable portion of our national literature, and the short story, if not an American invention, has been perfected and popularized by American writers. From Washington Irving and Hawthorne to the newest author, writers have found the short story a popular type of literary expression.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Maypole of Merry Mount *

BRIGHT were the days at Merry Mount, when the Maypole was the banner staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills and scatter flower seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire. Midsummer eve had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap, of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the summer months, and reveling with autumn, and basking in the glow of winter's fireside. Through a world of toil and care she flitted with a dreamlike smile, and came hither to find a home among the light-some hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the Maypole been so gaily decked as at sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equaled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, colored like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground the pole was dressed with birchen boughs and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colors, but no sad ones. Garden flowers, and blossoms of the wilderness, laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so fresh and dewy that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine tree. Where this green and flowery splendor terminated, the shaft of the Maypole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. O people of the Golden Age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand in hand about the Maypole? It could not be that the fauns and nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the West. These were Gothic mon-

* This story, first published in 1837, is based on an episode in New England history recounted by William Bradford. Howard Hanson's opera, *Merry Mount*, is founded on Hawthorne's tale. The episode occurred about 1625.

sters, though perhaps of Grecian ancestry. On the shoulders of a comely youth uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable he-goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his forepaws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose halfway, to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the Salvage Man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a noble figure, but still a counterfeit, appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore foolscaps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the inaudible music of their gleesome spirits. Some youths and maidens were of soberer garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount, as they stood in the broad smile of sunset round their venerated Maypole.

Had a wanderer, bewildered in the melancholy forest, heard their mirth and stolen a half-affrighted glance, he might have fancied them the crew of Comus, some already transformed to brutes, some midway between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that foreran the change. But a band of Puritans, who watched the scene, invisible themselves, compared the masques to those devils and ruined souls with whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.

Within the ring of monsters appeared the two airiest forms that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple and golden cloud. One was a youth in glistening apparel, with a scarf of the rainbow pattern cross-wise on his breast. His right hand held a gilded staff, the ensign of high dignity among the revelers, and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden, not less gaily decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were scattered round their feet, or had sprung up spontaneously there. Behind this lightsome couple, so close to the Maypole that its boughs shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically dressed, yet decked with flowers, in heathen fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine leaves. By the riot of his rolling eye, and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

"Votaries of the Maypole," cried the flower-decked priest, "merrily, all day long, have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest

hour, my hearts! Lo, here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oxford, and high priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morris dancers, green men, and glee maidens, bears and wolves, and horned gentlemen! Come; a chorus now, rich with the old mirth of Merry England, and the wilder glee of this fresh forest; and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of, and how airily they should go through it! All ye that love the Maypole, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of the May!"

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses that hung from the lowest green bough of the Maypole had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads in symbol of their flowering union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

"Begin you the stave, reverend sir," cried they all; "and never did the woods ring to such a merry peal as we of the Maypole shall send up!"

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cithern, and viol, touched with practiced minstrelsy, began to play from a neighboring thicket, in such a mirthful cadence that the boughs of the Maypole quivered to the sound. But the May Lord, he of the gilded staff, chancing to look into his Lady's eyes, was wonder-struck at the almost pensive glance that met his own.

"Edith, sweet Lady of the May," whispered he reproachfully, "is yon wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves, that you look so sad? Oh, Edith, this is our golden time! Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind; for it may be that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the mere remembrance of what is now passing."

"That was the very thought that saddened me! How came it in your mind too?" said Edith, in a still lower tone than he, for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. "Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary, and their mirth unreal, and that we are not true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery in my heart?"

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose leaves from the Maypole. Alas for the young lovers! No sooner had their hearts glowed with real passion than they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment of inevitable change. From the moment that they truly loved, they had subjected themselves to earth's doom of care and sorrow, and troubled joy, and had no more a home at Merry Mount. That

was Edith's mystery. Now leave we the priest to marry them, and the masquers to sport round the Maypole, till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit, and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Meanwhile, we may discover who these gay people were.

Two hundred years ago, and more, the old world and its inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the West: some to barter glass beads, and suchlike jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires; and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so long with life that, when Thought and Wisdom came, even these unwelcome guests were led astray by the crowd of vanities which they should have put to flight. Erring Thought and perverted Wisdom were made to put on masques, and play the fool. The men of whom we speak, after losing the heart's fresh gaiety, imagined a wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act out their latest daydream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe whose whole life is like the festal days of soberer men. In their train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets: wandering players, whose theaters had been the halls of noblemen; mummers, rope dancers, and mountebanks, who would long be missed at wakes, church ales, and fairs; in a word, mirthmakers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be discountenanced by the rapid growth of Puritanism. Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May Lord and his Lady; but, whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow willfully, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn triflers of a lifetime, they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not even to be truly blest.

All the hereditary pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the Eve of St. John they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn, and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount was their veneration for the Maypole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs; summer brought roses of the deepest blush and the perfected foliage of the forest; autumn enriched it with that red and yellow gorgeousness which converts each wildwood leaf into a painted

flower; and winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles, till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the Maypole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendor. Its votaries danced round it, once, at least, in every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always it was the banner staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately, there were men in the new world of a sterner faith than these Maypole worshipers. Not far from Merry Mount was a settlement of Puritans, most dismal wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, and then wrought in the forest or the cornfield till evening made it prayer time again. Their weapons were always at hand to shoot down the straggling savage. When they met in conclave, it was never to keep up the old English mirth, but to hear sermons three hours long, or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of Indians. Their festivals were fast days, and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden who did but dream of a dance! The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; or, if he danced, it was round the whipping post, which might be termed the Puritan Maypole.

A party of these grim Puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horseload of iron armor to burden his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists, sporting round their Maypole: perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian; or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves, which they had hunted for that especial purpose. Often the whole colony were playing at blind-man's bluff, magistrates and all, with their eyes bandaged, except a single scapegoat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower-decked corpse, with merriment and festive music, to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times they sang ballads and told tales for the edification of their pious visitors; or perplexed them with juggling tricks; or grinned at them through horse collars; and, when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity, and began a yawning match. At the very least of these enormities the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly that the revelers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine, which was to be perpetual there. On the other hand, the Puritans affirmed that, when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship, the echo which the forest sent them back seemed often like the chorus of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend, and his bondslaves, the crew of Merry Mount, had thus disturbed them? In due time a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as anything could be among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance to the Maypole.

The future complexion of New England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grizzly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of sermon and psalm forever. But should the banner staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills, and flowers would beautify the forest, and late posterity do homage to the Maypole.

After these authentic passages from history, we return to the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too long, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance again at the Maypole, a solitary sunbeam is fading from the summit and leaves only a faint, golden tinge blended with the hues of the rainbow banner. Even that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom, which has rushed so instantaneously from the black surrounding woods. But some of these black shadows have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes, with the setting sun, the last day of mirth had passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay masquers was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb; the bells of the morris dancers tinkled with tremulous affright. The Puritans had played a characteristic part in the Maypole mummeries. Their darksome figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes, and made the scene a picture of the moment when waking thoughts start up amid the scattered fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party stood in the center of the circle, while the rout of monsters cowered around him, like evil spirits in the presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery could look him in the face. So stern was the energy of his aspect that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of iron, gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with his headpiece and breastplate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was Endicott himself!

"Stand off, priest of Baal!" said he, with a grim frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. "I know thee, Blackstone! ¹ Thou art the man who couldst not abide the rule even of thine own corrupted church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity, and to give example of it in thy life. But now shall it be seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile it! And first, for this flower-decked abomination, the altar of thy worship!"

And with his keen sword Endicott assaulted the hallowed Maypole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves and rosebuds upon the remorseless enthusiast; and finally, with all its green boughs and ribbons and flowers, symbolic of departed pleas-

¹ Did Governor Endicott speak less positively, we should suspect a mistake here. The Rev. Mr. Blackstone, though an eccentric, is not known to have been an immoral man. We rather doubt his identity with the priest of Merry Mount.

ures, down fell the banner staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew darker, and the woods threw forth a more somber shadow.

"There," cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work, "there lies the only Maypole in New England! The thought is strong within me that by its fall is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle mirthmakers amongst us and our posterity. Amen, saith John Endicott."

"Amen!" echoed his followers.

But the votaries of the Maypole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound, the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient of the band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a Maypole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again, and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would have served rarely for a whipping post!"

"But there are pine trees enough," suggested the lieutenant.

"True, good Ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore, bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well-ordered settlements, where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired Ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself! For such as violate our civil order, it may be permitted us to show mercy. But woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear," resumed the officer. "Must he share the stripes of his fellows?"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan. "I suspect witchcraft in the beast."

"Here be a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword, and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, downcast, and apprehensive. Yet there was an air of mutual support, and of pure affection, seeking aid and giving it, that showed them to be man and wife, with the sanction

of a priest upon their love. The youth, in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast, too lightly to burden him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together, for good or evil. They looked first at each other and then into the grim captain's face. There they stood, in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle pleasures, of which their companions were the emblems, had given place to the sternest cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans. But never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case, thou and thy maiden wife. Make ready presently, for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding day!"

"Stern man," cried the May Lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat. Do with me as thou wilt, but let Edith go untouched!"

"Not so," replied the immitigable zealot. "We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me!"

Truly, as Endicott had said, the poor lovers stood in a woeful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilderness around them, and a rigorous destiny, in the shape of the Puritan leader, their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal that the iron man was softened; he smiled at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed for the inevitable blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport themselves under their present trials ere we burden them with greater. If, among the spoil, there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May Lord and his Lady, instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the lovelock and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith, and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, they may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that they are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a Maypole!"

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock-founda-

tion of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the ruin of the Maypole, and threw it, with his own gauntleted hand, over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gaiety, even so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But, as their flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there, so, in the tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went heavenward, supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The Man Without a Country *

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the New York *Herald* of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

NOLAN. Died on board U. S. Corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN.

I happened to observe it because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come; and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, the Man without a Country." For it was as the "Man without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on re-

* First printed in 1863.

turning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*Non mi ricordo*," determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be a Man without a Country.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses*; and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and, by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as a man without a country.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while

away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any whither with anyone who would follow him, had the order only been signed, “By command of His Exc. A. Burr.” The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

“D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!”

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution; and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of “Spanish plot,” “Orleans plot,” and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation, where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Veracruz; and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him “United States” was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by “United States” for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to “United States.” It was “United States” which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because “United States” had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that “A. Burr” cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, “God save King George,” Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and, as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was entrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

Washington (with a date, which
must have been late in 1807)

Sir: You will receive from Lt. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might "never hear of the United States again."

The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is entrusted by the President to this Department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Resp'y yours,

W. SOUTHARD, for the
Sec'y of the Navy

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his; and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met the "man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats; and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called

him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English admiral and the fleet; and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now;

but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,

This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on,

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion

again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homewardbound men letters and papers, and told them she was outwardbound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then

danced contradances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true Negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contradances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" And she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four

ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirtsleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders—and, when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

“I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir.”

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree: that the commodore said:

“I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir.”

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck, he said:

“Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here.”

And when Nolan came, the captain said:

“Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches.”

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of

the Nukuhiva Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, *Essex* Porter—that is, the old *Essex* Porter, not this *Essex*. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the housefly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptoptera*; but, as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them—why, Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise;

and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then, if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave-trade treaty, while the reigning house, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a “Plain-Buttons” on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But, if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have a little reason. I first came to understand anything about the “man without a country” one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and, just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the Negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and anklecuffs knocked off, and, for convenience’ sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner’s crew. The Negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu “click” up to the Parisian of Beledjereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

“For God’s love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I

knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understand that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the Negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio de Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the Negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and, getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write, and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr, asking him how he liked to be

"without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

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For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly; and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington*, corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata; and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Aires. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit, so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously, "Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's *Welcome*?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed; but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first word of the letter, the nonprofessional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnaping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "if you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now; though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

Levant, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.

"Dear Fred: I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the

old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was

delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked me who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation,' said he: 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs—of inventions, and books, and literature—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and, when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the exploring expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington. Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion!

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

" 'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

" 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

'In Memory of

'PHILIP NOLAN,

'Lieutenant in the Army of the United States

'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.' "

BRET HARTE

The Luck of Roaring Camp *

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen also that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectually, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal

* Reprinted from *The Luck of Roaring Camp* (1870).

informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it"; even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder; but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame, forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass.

There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency, "gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so unconsciously set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible, criticisms addressed perhaps rather to Stumpy in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "Mighty small specimen"; "Hasn't more'n got the color"; "Ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: a silver tobacco box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with a remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slingshot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weatherbeaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d—d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burned in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the

newcomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river and whistled reflectively. Then he walked up the gulch past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Halfway down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle box. "All serene!" replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the d—d little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprang up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp, as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety, the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But, when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills—d—n the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra

foothills, that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted ass's milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as the "Kid," "Stumpy's Boy," the "Coyote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentucky's endearing diminutive of the "d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But, after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly eying the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't goin' to understand. And ef there's goin' to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been otherwise uttered than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but, strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "the Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and white-washed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle, packed eighty miles by mule, had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how the Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and in self-defense the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding the Luck. It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling, which had gained the camp its infelicitous title, were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality; and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor from her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the *Arethusa*, seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-oo-o-ard of the *Arethusa*." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding the Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'ev'ingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days the Luck was usually carried to the gulch from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally someone would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of *Las Mariposas*. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for the Luck. It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be serenely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessellated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a-talking to a jaybird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-jawin' at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gum; to him the tall red-woods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumblebees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times," and the luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surround-

ing world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of the Luck, who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the riverbank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck, of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying!" he repeated; "he's a-taking me with him. Tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now"; and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

PHIL STONG

*Drought **

THE RIVER seemed hardly to move. It had been thinned, exhausted, until its ribs showed in every gravel bank and sand bar. In the spring it swept down to the Mississippi, spanning a good half mile from bank to bank; now it was a fetid pond, a moist trickle of scum which drifted almost imperceptibly between the scorched hills. Catfish and carp, trapped in its dead capillaries, smothered and stank, and the stench was feeble.

Close to the river, in one of the few patches of lawn left between the green, deep-rooted willows, Devon Craig lay on Cass Leddering's arm and looked at the sky. It was the hour before supper, and there was still a little mesh of sunlight through the willow leaves, but, though they were only a dozen yards from the dusty road, they were quite concealed by the sharp bench of the river bank.

The willows were strangely lopped of their small branches. An hour before Cass had finished cutting the day's ration of twigs for the cattle; had bathed himself and his dust-crusts and sweaty clothes in the river and stuck his ax vertically into the first tree of the next day's trimming. Pleasantly soapy, and more or less accurately combed, he had stretched himself out on this little fresh plot to wait for her. In these merciless days of more than a hundred degrees of midday heat, no one expected and no one could endure the ordinary twelve hours of labor.

The Leddering ice, from the winter cutting, had been gone for days, and the Craig ice would soon be gone, but while it lasted Devon lavished it on Cass. There was nothing skimpy about the Craigs. They had grace, a kind of Scotch delicacy, but they were sturdy and generous, and no one knew better than Cass—nor one-millionth so well—how far that promise was borne out in their hearts.

So he had not been surprised when a cool, moist handkerchief ran over his closed eyes and damp brow, and her voice, rich in the low register, quiet and strong, asked, "Tired, Cass, child?"

He opened his eyes slowly to sip at her downbent face. One did not gulp wine like that. The eyes which would, by God, always be a happy young girl's eyes—somehow dark and warm now, with affection, with an utterly

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unreasonable solicitude for him which gave him a deep, uninterpretable urge to valiance and loyalty; her dark, full color, the soft wave of her brown hair—all a soft, twilight, devoted loveliness. Next to her concern for his tired hulk of stiffening muscle, the invariable good humor of her face touched him most. Had she been a Christian martyr, she would have scratched the lions behind the ears.

That feeling, and his conviction that she must be led to confine her caresses to less dangerous animals, accounted for many things between Cass Leddering and Devon Craig.

"You've got a smudge of dust on your chin—at the left—just below the dimple—oh! so you know where the dimple is!"

"Who hasn't got a smudge of dust this summer?" she asked with dignity. She touched her face with her handkerchief and then ran her fingers down his cheeks.

He had had to speak of the smudge because he had to say something gruff and male. He was tired to death. He had been cutting enough light willow branches to keep the cattle, all day—chopping from the ground with his ax, climbing the trees to cut upper branches with his hatchet. Then the hired man came and raked them up behind him, and they pitched them in a wagon and fed them to the cattle. When men starve, they can eat grass, and, when cattle starve, they can nibble the leaves and soft twigs of willow. The cattle and the brave men of this Iowa country broke his heart every day. The cattle grew thin without seeming anxious, and the men fed them weeds and twigs with an overelaborate carelessness—a "here, old fellow, here's something new I'm sure you'll like much better than the old hay and corn"—and the cattle showed their thoroughbred quality by pretending that it was quite all right.

The farm was denuded. The six hundred acres had produced a trifle of green corn forage, twenty-one bushels of wheat, a ton or so of alfalfa. There was no pasture—the hills were dead and brown and would have to be plowed to corn in the spring because the grass roots had died. Four hundred acres of dead grass. Trees a hundred years old dying. No pleasant, comic cry of important bullfrogs from the caked mud of the ponds or long-dried springs.

The pigs were plebeian—they rooted in the dust until their noses were dry, with obvious discontent, and whoofed with contempt at the mudhole which was painfully created by hauling barrels of water from the river every morning. They had to be kept cool if they were to flourish—though they weren't worth anything. Even the chickens, with their pin-sized brains, scratched at the loose earth dutifully but cynically. They knew this was not worm country.

"I brought lemonade."

That was a fiction that they understood. She poured out a purple drink into the cup of the vacuum bottle—grapejuice and blackberry juice with

water, since no farmer in that Iowa county was going to be silly enough to pay $3\frac{1}{4}$ cents for a lemon. The battered, ridiculous, tin cylinder was covered with cold sweat. The bottle was not very efficient, but that was quite as well because it enabled her to gather the cool dew for his forehead on her handkerchief. However, any cold beverage made from fruits was "lemonade."

Cass considered the drink with a little indecision. If he took a long drink of warmish water from the jug first, the lemonade wouldn't taste as good; if he drank the lemonade first, he'd drink it right down without appreciating the flavor.

"Go ahead," she urged, mysteriously aware, as always, of his conflicts. "There's a whole bottleful. Go ahead, Cass."

He drank the cup off, and she poured another. He waved it aside.

"It's your turn."

"No, sweet, I had a lot up at the house. You've worked hard and you're not used to it."

He drank the second cup, and, as she would have poured a third into the shabby little container, he reached up, lazily and lightly, and grasped her wrists. "Not now, not just before supper—in a minute. Don't want to cool off my stomach too fast with supper coming."

His fingers tightened. He was a tan blond—the sun could not permanently affect the cool gray of his eyes and the lightness of his skin, like old pine. Admiring and adoring the lean, thoughtful face, she tried to loosen her hands to lie down near him. He clung to her arms and stopped her for a moment.

He looked up again at her face, loved it and enjoyed it. It was warm as always, but steady, not flushed. His fingers, the trained fingers of a surgeon, relaxed slowly and loosed her.

"Your pulse is—funny," he said. "You been much out in the sun today?"

"No," she said, and she smiled with pride at his wisdom, which she recognized in two swift gestures of his hands and his glance. He must be a very good doctor.

They lay very quietly with her head on his arm and her arm holding his head to her shoulder. The evening breeze came up the river so tempered by the water that it seemed cool. They heard the softly reproachful remarks of the hired man as he opened the Creek gap and was disappointed again by the undignified eagerness of the cattle to get to the river water. The heifers snuffled the water and drank deep and audibly. They trod in the mud and munched the coarse weeds and reedy snake grass.

"Hee-yoh, there," the hired man directed. "Come out of there, you sotten ol' fool. You mire down this next time, I'm lettin' you stay. Ain't you ever goin' to know that there mud bed? Hee-yoh! Up'n outta here. Yoh! Yoh up!"

They slogged up the muddy creek mouth at a funeral pace, and their

hoofs struck dully on the dried black earth beyond. Heath, the hired man, continued to shout at them as if they were rambunctious, fat-fed creatures. Occasionally, to please him, they tossed their heads and pretended to trot out of hand. Then the skin rubbed up and down their ribs.

"Only a high-bred man and a high-bred cow could do that," Cass said gravely. "He won't let on in front of them, and they won't let on in front of him. Damn it."

"Cass!"

"Sorry, Devil." Since her name was Devon, he called her Devil—she even referred to herself as Devil—in their nearest moments. He picked up a willow leaf that had blown down from his day's cutting. There was some juice in it but the flavor was high and moldy—the flavor which even the freshest willow leaves take from alluvium.

"They've got to eat that."

She lifted his fingers to her heart for a moment. "They'll eat it." She smiled with quiet confidence in these other stoics. "I've got to go now, Cass. Your dad'll be up from the mail in a minute. I suppose you won't go back to Des Moines right away?"

"I'm sorry I swore." She smiled and he smiled. "When I leave you another time, you'll know about it."

"Don't worry about it. I'd like to know, that's all." She had a good one-sided smile. "I've done on—willow leaves."

"Not again—not again!"

She hardly touched his hand as she went up the steep bank. The fiber of the Craigs was hard; they could do with their circumstances without interrupting the continuing grace of their postures, or leaning on anyone.

Aside from his one mildly reprehensible peculiarity—Sid Leddering was a Democrat—there wasn't a steadier farmer in Van Buren County than Cass Leddering's father. One could easily see this by his mustache, which hung far down in a depressed handlebar style on each side of his thin, eloquent mouth. Any Democrat in Van Buren County, Iowa, is certain to be eloquent by the time he is fifty-five.

More significant than these two impressive stabilizers of whisker were his blue-gray eyes and the cheerfully curious arch of the thin, sandy brows above them. Sid Leddering had never been rich, and he had hardly been poor; he waited in this median stage, hopefully, for some development. Brunswick was proud of him, in a somewhat patronizing fashion, for he had put his son through medical schools, which proved that farmers could put their sons through medical schools, though none of the rest of them chose to behave in this eccentrically extravagant fashion.

"Good news from Des Moines?" the postmaster in the little country grocery inquired. He had seen the hospital letterhead on Cass's letter, of

course. The farmers who had come in for their mail were straggling out, but those who remained paused for a moment.

"Don't know—have to wait till Cass opens it. Probably be tellin' him to come on back." Sid sighed.

"Mighty good worker, that boy," Colin Craig said, reluctantly acknowledging that a college graduate could be a good farm worker.

"I don't know what I'd've done without him, this summer," Sid said slowly, and did not add that he did not know what he would do without him now.

Condensing his interruption to the customary brevity of country compliments, Devon's father went on with his argument. "You think God don't notice when you kill bearin' sows and cut down your corn plantin', you're crazy. Why's it the dryest year since weather bureau? I can tell you in one word—Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

"That's three words," someone, quite in agreement with the speaker, objected automatically.

"It's one name. What God gaveth God'll take away mighty quick if you don't use it the way He intended. Leavin' good corn ground for cockleburrs!"

"I seeded my corn contract down to clover," Sid remonstrated. "It needed a rest, anyway, and the morning glories cleaned out."

Colin snorted. "A lot o' clover you got, even if you could've cut it under the contract."

"Well, the field got the rest and the morning glories are cleaned out—just as dead as the clover. I tell you, Colin Craig," he added, mildly, "if you're goin' to bring Divinity into this argument, I'll add my own little slocum—"Thank God this drought didn't happen to the farmer while the Republicans was in.'"

He gathered up his bundles before he looked at his antagonist again. "I can run you up to your house."

"Thanks, Sid." The grizzled, sturdy old man went out to the car.

The storekeeper coughed at Sid. He said in a low voice, "Say, Sid, I ain't dunnin' you after thirty years of dealin' between you and me, but the jobbers are kind of on me—everybody's runnin' up bills—and if you just happened to have a little spot of money on hand you didn't need—your credit's just as good as ever, understand, and I hope you won't think it's a dun—"

For a bare instant the dim, ragged brows drooped and the hopefulness wavered. Sid fished into his pocket and produced a silver dollar and less than a dollar in small change. "You're welcome to the dollar, for the time bein', Oss."

His creditor suggested that the jobbers would never be the subjects of God's grace, and the following phrase stated that he approved of their consequent destiny.

"Where's your oysters?" Oss asked fiercely.

In the fairly good days when Sid and Lyd' were first married they had formed the genteel and elegantly luxurious habit of eating a can of Cove Oysters, with pepper sauce, with crackers, for Sunday night supper, sitting together in the decorous early nuptial intimacy and awe which is more sacred than virginal privacy. Lyd' had been dead ten years, but Sid had preserved the custom, even when oysters went to fourteen cents.

For a moment the beaten face, deep-tanned with forty summers under the hard sun, quivered and worked. Then the brows returned to their ordinary ingenuous cheerfulness.

"I just got to thinkin', Oss—I don't really need them oysters."

In a flash Oss remembered old days—the time when the farm hands dropped in, Saturday nights, and ate cheese and crackers and then made the hard choice between a can of tomatoes, or a can of oysters, or a can of pears or peaches, for the indulgence of the evening—all the canned stuff was ten cents then. He virtually threw the oysters at Sid—everything couldn't go to hell, even if the country did.

"You'll take them blankety-blank oysters and you'll like them, Sid Leddering, and don't say a blankety word, and get out. No Leddering's went back on a bill in ninety years, and it's about time even if anything happened."

"Thanks, Oss—and—thanks, Oss."

"You got plenty of crackers?" Oss inquired violently.

"The question ain't that," Sid told Colin soberly as the 1925 model yanked and yodeled across the creek bridge. "I wouldn't give the place up. But, if Cass can get me this watching man job in the hospital, I could get somebody to winter the cattle and come back for spring plantin' with two dimes to jingle."

"That's a lie, Sid," Colin said quietly. "I know what's in your mind. Once you get in Des Moines, the Land Bank'll have your farm in no time, and you'll never come back. And at our age, Sid, you'll never get used to workin' on a job where somebody always tells you what to do."

"Well, it can cost a man too much to be independent—"

"No, it can't," Colin said firmly.

"Well, maybe it can't—I didn't say I was goin'—but I just can't bear to sit and see the heifers suffer." He was silent for a moment and then confessed his shame. "You know what happened to me this evening? Oss told me the jobbers was pressin' him for money, and I didn't have any money to pay my bill."

There was a moment's silence. Colin said softly, "Oss mentioned something like that to me about two weeks ago. I didn't have nothing, either."

They drove on between the rustling rows of dead roadside weeds. The dust seemed to anticipate the coming of the car and coated anew their

sweat-soaked hickory shirts and built up the dirty furrows in their faces. Dust and sweat and the hot sky and the racked groaning of the car, shouting of past poverty and famine to come, seemed to fill full the measure of God's pitilessness.

"I ain't going to stand it any longer," Sid said, with sudden and evidently irrevocable determination. "I don't have to. The Land Bank can have the farm. I'll sell the heifers to them that can feed them or'll put 'em out of their misery. It's just plain sentimental foolish to hang on to land that won't keep you—"

"It's kept you."

"—just because your folks and your folks' folk had it—and it's cruel. What right have we got," he asked bitterly, "to ask them to go through all this just on the chance we can pull them through?"

"It's your complainin'—not them."

"I know—but it's sentimental foolish." He liked the phrase. "I'm goin'."

"I'll hate to see you go," Colin said quietly as he got off at his lane.

"Besides," Sid said lamely, "Cass's all I got and he's a doctor. He won't need no farm."

This struck Colin. "That's so. Seems a pity. But you never know when you might want a farm."

Cass and Sid had washed and wiped the supper dishes, and Sid, sitting on the front steps, was about equally engaged in trying to work a catfish bone from between his teeth with his tongue, and packing his pipe with a variety of guncotton known as "Miners' and Farmers'," which defiantly advertised that it was "a fine smoking mixture—made of the choicest tobaccos." It sold for about twenty-five cents a pound and lasted a long, long time.

It was definitely cooler. It was so cool, in the low nineties, that Cass looked hopefully at the sky. "If the weather ever changed," he said, "I'd say it was about to change."

"If it did, me too," his father said, economically.

"Oh, thunderations," he added. "It's *bound* to change—I say it's *bound* to change. It always does."

He was more comfortable than he cared to admit. "Cass," he said suddenly, "can you get catfish in Des Moines—good catfish?"

"I guess so, Dad. Why'd you ask?"

Sid stared thoughtfully down the long slope to the river, from which a warm but not unpleasant evening breeze had sprung up. He had stared down that slope and across to the hills almost every evening for fifty-five years. He knew he had because his ma must have nursed him either here on the porch in the evening, or else in the parlor, with its big bay window. The Church Tree, near the river edge, fed its green leaves with roots that had prepared for this drought for two centuries.

His family had been here for one of them.

He shrugged his shoulders. Once he made up his mind, he made up his mind. He rose and went to his rocking chair. He liked to rock even though a tradition had lately grown up in Brunswick that it was not considered exactly polite by the best people. Heck with the best people. He couldn't worry about what they did in Newport and the Biltmore and those places. They could rock or set, just as they darn pleased. Why'd the ayleet *have* rockers if they didn't use them?

Cass had forgotten his question. "I got a letter this evening."

Sid looked up slowly. He had delivered the letter so that that was no surprise, but the faint bitterness of his son's tone was a surprise. "You going back?"

The young man spoke slowly and carefully, a clinical habit which gave good presage for his future as a doctor. "I might as well tell you, Dad, there was a reason why I got this summer's leave of absence."

Sid puzzled at this. "But you were doin' good—they couldn't have let you out." He bristled. "If they did, it's plenty good enough for them." He shook his head and smiled shrewdly and comfortingly, his own intentions forgotten. "Couldn't spare you from here, anyhow. Doc Sherrell over in Pitts-ville's gettin' mighty old—I bet you could help me out a while and then buy in to help him mighty cheap—mighty cheap. I got an oak piece—" he waved aside his son's attempted interruption—"the Rock Island's been tryin' to buy the timber off of forever since the war started—"

"They didn't let me out, Dad. They let a lot of the boys out, but they're keeping me—on half-pay."

Sid calculated swiftly. "Twelve dollars and a half a week and your meals! I wish I could earn twelve dollars and a half a week and my keep—" He threw back his shoulders vigorously. "I tell you, Cass, I just decided today—"

"That isn't all of it, Dad."

The older man paused again at his tone.

"Part of the rest of it is that Devon and I are married, Dad."

Sid's mouth opened and shut once or twice, and then he seized his son's hand. "Well—well—that's fine! Me and that damned old standpatter Colin used to talk about you two bein' married—that was before you went away to school." He turned his head away for a moment. "I'd of kind of liked to of been there, Cass, if you don't mind me sayin' so, 'cause your ma would of liked to of been and so I would of."

"We were married before I went away to school, Dad—"

"Huh!"

The young man bowed his head. "We were in love and we were kids. We thought everybody'd say we were too young. So the day before I went to Iowa U. we sneaked off in the car."

"But you ain't said anything till now."

Cass nodded. "We wrote and pretty soon we didn't write. It looked like

it would be all right to let it drift until one of us wanted to get divorced on some account—”

“Divorced? Huh!” The young man’s father pulled his mustache. “You—you didn’t want to stay married, you mean? You didn’t even see each other—oh, you mean you just kind of forgot—”

Cass’s voice, when he was apologetic, always reminded Sid of the time he had caught his son throwing rotten eggs at the pigs from the barn window. “*We* didn’t forget, Dad. I did and she pretended to. I had to see her again to remember—when I first got home this summer.” He said, with a certain contempt and bitterness for himself, “You see, a wife is just a stumbling block in a young doctor’s way.”

“Umm.” Sid sat for a moment remembering things which had happened before this boy was born. The hard times when once he had happened to think that one mouth is easier to feed than two—just for a second but it was one of those cursed thoughts that never grow dimmer in the soul and return, sharp as a knife, at the worst moments—for instance, when your son’s mother is dying of some strange eating at the breast that fed the boy. This must be swept over, erased from Cass’s mind.

“Huh-uh,” he murmured, with interested, rather than amused, laughter. “The way things turn out! Now there you go and think you ain’t in love with Devon any more, and then you get your first vacation since you started workin’ through school and you see her again, and then you find out you was right all the time, and this time you find out for sure—”

“Yes, Dad,” Cass said in a low voice, “this time for sure.”

“Of course, for sure,” Sid said heartily. “A man don’t make a mistake about that more’n once—I mean, a man like us.” His mind worked at desperate speed. Watching men got fifteen dollars; fifteen and twelve and a half—gosh, a fortune, and Cass with his keep—

“I tell you, son,” old Sid said, and let his fingers wander behind him, as they had wandered ten thousand times, over the soft, uneven, homemade brick of the house wall. The luxurious four-room block of the Leddering mansion had been added to the frame rooms in 1852. “I tell you,” he continued slowly, and stopped. That was the hand-wrought nail Pa had stuck in the mortar to see how long it would last. It had lasted.

“There’s one other thing, Dad.”

Sid didn’t pay much attention. Everything certainly worked out fine. Devon could keep house for them. They’d come back every summer and see that the farm was running right—. Sid forced from his mind the certain knowledge that, if the farm’s meager profits were divided with a renter, next March would see it in the hands of the Joint Land Bank. What if it did? They’d be making out.

“The other thing,” Cass said gently, “is that Devon’s going to have a baby.”

It was an instant before the thunder of crashing projects quieted in Sid's brain. Then he seized his son by the shoulders and shook him soundly. "No, now! You an' Devon! Why, you son-of-a-gun, you! Like as not a boy, too—they're mighty often boys—w'y, I'll be shot for a horse-thief—"

Then he chuckled at a sudden thought. "Wait till that danged old G.O.P.'er hears about this. Jus' promise me one thing, Cass—that baby's got to be brung up in the bosom of the Democratic Party."

"Dad," Cass said, considering very carefully, "I think we could get you that job up at the hospital. I think if we managed mighty hard, the three of us—and four—could make out somehow—"

Sid regarded his son with startled incredulity. "An' let the place go to the Land Bank?" He tried to glower at his son. "That baby comes from good farm stock on both sides. That baby might need a farm."

They met in the darkness under the willows, the darkness that was good and hid the ugliness of decay and despair all about them. Occasionally a fish stirred the water; the weeds and reedy grass were filled with the indomitable creepings of life.

"What did your dad say?"

She put her soft, strong arms about him, and he could feel her smile against his cheek. "The same thing yours did."

On the porch, Sid Leddering rocked and puffed, rocked and puffed. His heart was overfilled with that serene joy that almost brings tears to men's eyes. An awful odor came from the cob pipe under his nose, and he enjoyed it very much.

The night was so clear that the Milky Way swept over his head like a sparkling vapor. Nowhere, he knew, was night so beautiful as here in his Iowa. He looked proudly out at the considerable piece of Iowa that he owned and that his grandchild would own.

By and by he rose, still moved by his deep happiness, and tapped out his pipe on the porch column. He looked up at the stars more scientifically.

"No rain tomorrow," he determined to himself. "Gosh, it's a turrible drought."

He considered for a moment and nodded his head. "Bad as 1901, when Cass was born."

JOHN STEINBECK

The Leader of the People *

ON Saturday afternoon Billy Buck, the ranch hand, raked together the last of the old year's haystack and pitched small forkfuls over the wire fence to a few mildly interested cattle. High in the air small clouds like puffs of cannon smoke were driven eastward by the March wind. The wind could be heard whishing in the brush on the ridge crests, but no breath of it penetrated down into the ranch cup.

The little boy, Jody, emerged from the house eating a thick piece of buttered bread. He saw Billy working on the last of the haystack. Jody tramped down, scuffing his shoes in a way he had been told was destructive to good shoe leather. A flock of white pigeons flew out of the black cypress tree as Jody passed, and circled the tree and landed again. A half-grown tortoise-shell cat leaped from the bunkhouse porch, galloped on stiff legs across the road, whirled and galloped back again. Jody picked up a stone to help the game along, but he was too late, for the cat was under the porch before the stone could be discharged. He threw the stone into the cypress tree and started the white pigeons on another whirling flight.

Arriving at the used-up haystack, the boy leaned against the barbed-wire fence. "Will that be all of it, do you think?" he asked.

The middle-aged ranch hand stopped his careful raking and stuck his fork into the ground. He took off his black hat and smoothed down his hair. "Nothing left of it that isn't soggy from ground moisture," he said. He replaced his hat and rubbed his dry leathery hands together.

"Ought to be plenty mice," Jody suggested.

"Lousy with them," said Billy. "Just crawling with mice."

"Well, maybe, when you get all through, I could call the dogs and hunt the mice."

"Sure, I guess you could," said Billy Buck. He lifted a forkful of the damp ground hay and threw it into the air. Instantly three mice leaped out and burrowed frantically under the hay again.

Jody sighed with satisfaction. ~~Those plump, sleek, arrogant mice were~~ doomed. For eight months they had lived and multiplied in the haystack. They had been immune from cats, from traps, from poison, and from

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Jody. They had grown smug in their security, overbearing and fat. Now the time of disaster had come; they would not survive another day.

Billy looked up at the top of the hills that surrounded the ranch. "Maybe you better ask your father before you do it," he suggested.

"Well, where is he? I'll ask him now."

"He rode up to the ridge ranch after dinner. He'll be back pretty soon."

Jody slumped against the fence post. "I don't think he'd care."

As Billy went back to his work he said ominously, "You'd better ask him anyway. You know how he is."

Jody did know. His father, Carl Tiflin, insisted upon giving permission for anything that was done on the ranch, whether it was important or not. Jody sagged farther against the post until he was sitting on the ground. He looked up at the little puffs of wind-driven cloud. "Is it like to rain, Billy?"

"It might. The wind's good for it, but not strong enough."

"Well, I hope it don't rain until after I kill those damn mice." He looked over his shoulder to see whether Billy had noticed the mature profanity. Billy worked on without comment.

Jody turned back and looked at the side hill where the road from the outside world came down. The hill was washed with lean March sunshine. Silver thistles, blue lupins, and a few poppies bloomed among the sage bushes. Halfway up the hill Jody could see Doubletree Mutt, the black dog, digging in a squirrel hole. He paddled for a while and then paused to kick bursts of dirt out between his hind legs, and he dug with an earnestness which belied the knowledge he must have had that no dog had ever caught a squirrel by digging in a hole.

Suddenly, while Jody watched, the black dog stiffened, and backed out of the hole and looked up the hill toward the cleft in the ridge where the road came through. Jody looked up too. For a moment Carl Tiflin on horseback stood out against the pale sky, and then he moved down the road toward the house. He carried something white in his hand.

The boy started to his feet. "He's got a letter," Jody cried. He trotted away toward the ranch house, for the letter would probably be read aloud, and he wanted to be there. He reached the house before his father did, and ran in. He heard Carl dismount from his creaking saddle and slap the horse on the side to send it to the barn, where Billy would unsaddle it and turn it out.

Jody ran into the kitchen. "We got a letter!" he cried.

His mother looked up from a pan of beans. "Who has?"

"Father has. I saw it in his hand."

Carl strode into the kitchen then, and Jody's mother asked, "Who's the letter from, Carl?"

He frowned quickly. "How did you know there was a letter?"

She nodded her head in the boy's direction. "Big-Britches Jody told me."

Jody was embarrassed.

His father looked down at him contemptuously. "He *is* getting to be a Big-Britches," Carl said. "He's minding everybody's business but his own. Got his big nose into everything."

Mrs. Tiflin relented a little. "Well, he hasn't enough to keep him busy. Who's the letter from?"

Carl still frowned on Jody. "I'll keep him busy if he isn't careful." He held out a sealed letter. "I guess it's from your father."

Mrs. Tiflin took a hairpin from her head and slit open the flap. Her lips pursed judiciously. Jody saw her eyes snap back and forth over the lines. "He says," she translated, "he says he's going to drive out Saturday to stay for a little while. Why, this is Saturday. The letter must have been delayed." She looked at the postmark. "This was mailed day before yesterday. It should have been here yesterday." She looked up questioningly at her husband, and then her face darkened angrily. "Now what have you got that look on you for? He doesn't come often."

Carl turned his eyes away from her anger. He could be stern with her most of the time, but when occasionally her temper arose, he could not combat it.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded again.

In his explanation there was a tone of apology Jody himself might have used. "It's just that he talks," Carl said lamely. "Just talks."

"Well, what of it? You talk yourself."

"Sure I do. But your father only talks about one thing."

"Indians!" Jody broke in excitedly. "Indians and crossing the plains!"

Carl turned fiercely on him. "You get out, Mr. Big-Britches! Go on, now! Get out!"

Jody went miserably out the back door and closed the screen with elaborate quietness. Under the kitchen window his shamed, downcast eyes fell upon a curiously shaped stone, a stone of such fascination that he squatted down and picked it up and turned it over in his hands.

The voices came clearly to him through the open kitchen window. "Jody's damn well right," he heard his father say. "Just Indians and crossing the plains. I've heard that story about how the horses got driven off about a thousand times. He just goes on and on, and he never changes a word in the things he tells."

When Mrs. Tiflin answered, her tone was so changed that Jody, outside the window, looked up from his study of the stone. Her voice had become soft and explanatory. Jody knew how her face would have changed to match the tone. She said quietly, "Look at it this way, Carl. That was the big thing in my father's life. He led a wagon train clear across the plains to the coast, and when it was finished, his life was done. It was a big thing to do, but it didn't last long enough. Look!" she continued, "it's as though he was born to do that, and after he finished it, there wasn't anything

more for him to do but think about it and talk about it. If there'd been any farther west to go, he'd have gone. He's told me so himself. But at last there was the ocean. He lives right by the ocean where he had to stop."

She had caught Carl, caught him and entangled him in her soft tone.

"I've seen him," he agreed quietly. "He goes down and stares off west over the ocean." His voice sharpened a little. "And then he goes up to the Horseshoe Club in Pacific Grove, and he tells people how the Indians drove off the horses."

She tried to catch him again. "Well, it's everything to him. You might be patient with him and pretend to listen."

Carl turned impatiently away. "Well, if it gets too bad, I can always go down to the bunkhouse and sit with Billy," he said irritably. He walked through the house and slammed the front door after him.

Jody ran to his chores. He dumped the grain to the chickens without chasing any of them. He gathered the eggs from the nests. He trotted into the house with the wood and interlaced it so carefully in the wood box that two armloads seemed to fill it to overflowing.

His mother had finished the beans by now. She stirred up the fire and brushed off the stove top with a turkey wing. Jody peered cautiously at her to see whether any rancor toward him remained. "Is he coming today?" Jody asked.

"That's what his letter said."

"Maybe I better walk up the road to meet him."

Mrs. Tiffin clanged the stove lid shut. "That would be nice," she said. "He'd probably like to be met."

"I guess I'll just do it then."

Outside, Jody whistled shrilly to the dogs. "Come on up the hill," he commanded. The two dogs waved their tails and ran ahead. Along the roadside the sage had tender new tips. Jody tore off some pieces and rubbed them on his hands until the air was filled with the sharp wild smell. With a rush the dogs leaped from the road and yapped into the brush after a rabbit. That was the last Jody saw of them, for, when they failed to catch the rabbit, they went back home.

Jody plodded on up the hill toward the ridge top. When he reached the little cleft where the road came through, the afternoon wind struck him and blew up his hair and ruffled his shirt. He looked down on the little hills and ridges below and then out at the huge green Salinas Valley. He could see the white town of Salinas far out in the flat and the flash of its windows under the waning sun. Directly below him, in an oak tree, a crow congress had convened. The tree was black with crows all cawing at once.

Then Jody's eyes followed the wagon road down from the ridge where he stood, and lost it behind a hill, and picked it up again on the other side.

On that distant stretch he saw a cart slowly pulled by a bay horse. It disappeared behind the hill. Jody sat down on the ground and watched the place where the cart would reappear again. The wind sang on the hilltops, and the puff-ball clouds hurried eastward.

Then the cart came into sight and stopped. A man dressed in black dismounted from the seat and walked to the horse's head. Although it was so far away, Jody knew he had unhooked the check rein, for the horse's head dropped forward. The horse moved on, and the man walked slowly up the hill beside it. Jody gave a glad cry and ran down the road toward them. The squirrels bumped along off the road, and a road-runner flirited its tail and raced over the edge of the hill and sailed out like a glider.

Jody tried to leap into the middle of his shadow at every step. A stone rolled under his foot, and he went down. Around a little bend he raced, and there, a short distance ahead, were his grandfather and the cart. The boy dropped from his unseemly running and approached at a dignified walk.

The horse plodded stumble-footedly up the hill, and the old man walked beside it. In the lowering sun their giant shadows flickered darkly behind them. The grandfather was dressed in a black broadcloth suit, and he wore kid congress gaiters and a black tie on a short, hard collar. He carried his black slouch hat in his hand. His white beard was cropped close, and his white eyebrows overhung his eyes like mustaches. The blue eyes were sternly merry. About the whole face and figure there was a granite dignity, so that every motion seemed an impossible thing. Once at rest, it seemed the old man would be stone, would never move again. His steps were slow and certain. Once made, no step could ever be retraced; once headed in a direction, the path would never bend nor the pace increase nor slow.

When Jody appeared around the bend, Grandfather waved his hat slowly in welcome, and he called, "Why, Jody! Come down to meet me, have you?"

Jody sidled near and turned and matched his step to the old man's step and stiffened his body and dragged his heels a little. "Yes, sir," he said. "We got your letter only today."

"Should have been here yesterday," said Grandfather. "It certainly should. How are all the folks?"

"They're fine, sir." He hesitated and then suggested shyly, "Would you like to come on a mouse hunt tomorrow, sir?"

"Mouse hunt, Jody?" Grandfather chuckled. "Have the people of this generation come down to hunting mice? They aren't very strong, the new people, but I hardly thought mice would be game for them."

"No, sir. It's just play. The haystack's gone. I'm going to drive out the mice to the dogs. And you can watch, or even beat the hay a little."

The stern, merry eyes turned down on him. "I see. You don't eat them, then. You haven't come to that yet."

Jody explained, "The dogs eat them, sir. It wouldn't be much like hunting Indians, I guess."

"No, not much—but then later, when the troops were hunting Indians and shooting children and burning tepees, it wasn't much different from your mouse hunt."

They topped the rise and started down into the ranch cup, and they lost the sun from their shoulders. "You've grown," Grandfather said. "Nearly an inch, I should say."

"More," Jody boasted. "Where they mark me on the door, I'm up more than an inch since Thanksgiving even."

Grandfather's rich throaty voice said, "Maybe you're getting too much water and turning to pith and stalk. Wait until you head out, and then we'll see."

Jody looked quickly into the old man's face to see whether his feelings should be hurt, but there was no will to injure, no punishing nor putting-in-your-place light in the keen blue eyes. "We might kill a pig," Jody suggested.

"Oh, no! I couldn't let you do that. You're just humoring me. It isn't the time, and you know it."

"You know Riley, the big boar, sir?"

"Yes. I remember Riley well."

"Well, Riley ate a hole into that same haystack, and it fell down on him and smothered him."

"Pigs do that when they can," said Grandfather.

"Riley was a nice pig, for a boar, sir. I rode him sometimes, and he didn't mind."

A door slammed at the house below them, and they saw Jody's mother standing on the porch waving her apron in welcome. And they saw Carl Tiffin walking up from the barn to be at the house for the arrival.

The sun had disappeared from the hills by now. The blue smoke from the house chimney hung in flat layers in the purpling ranch cup. The puff-ball clouds, dropped by the falling wind, hung listlessly in the sky.

Billy Buck came out of the bunkhouse and flung a wash basin of soapy water on the ground. He had been shaving in midweek, for Billy held Grandfather in reverence, and Grandfather said that Billy was one of the few men of the new generation who had not gone soft. Although Billy was in middle age, Grandfather considered him a boy. Now Billy was hurrying toward the house too.

When Jody and Grandfather arrived, the three were waiting for them in front of the yard gate.

Carl said, "Hello, sir. We've been looking for you."

Mrs. Tiffin kissed Grandfather on the side of his beard, and stood still while his big hand patted her shoulder. Billy shook hands solemnly, grin-

ning under his straw mustache. "I'll put up your horse," said Billy, and he led the rig away.

Grandfather watched him go, and then, turning back to the group, he said as he had said a hundred times before, "There's a good boy. I knew his father, old Mule-tail Buck. I never knew why they called him Mule-tail except he packed mules."

Mrs. Tiflin turned and led the way into the house. "How long are you going to stay, Father? Your letter didn't say."

"Well, I don't know. I thought I'd stay about two weeks. But I never stay as long as I think I'm going to."

In a short while they were sitting at the white oilcloth table eating their supper. The lamp with the tin reflector hung over the table. Outside the dining-room windows the big moths battered softly against the glass.

Grandfather cut his steak into tiny pieces and chewed slowly. "I'm hungry," he said. "Driving out here got my appetite up. It's like when we were crossing. We all got so hungry every night we could hardly wait to let the meat get done. I could eat about five pounds of buffalo meat every night."

"It's moving around does it," said Billy. "My father was a government packer. I helped him when I was a kid. Just the two of us could about clean up a deer's ham."

"I knew your father, Billy," said Grandfather. "A fine man he was. They called him Mule-tail Buck. I don't know why except he packed mules."

"That was it," Billy agreed. "He packed mules."

Grandfather put down his knife and fork and looked around the table. "I remember one time we ran out of meat—" His voice dropped to a curious low singsong, dropped into a tonal groove the story had worn for itself. "There was no buffalo, no antelope, not even rabbits. The hunters couldn't even shoot a coyote. That was the time for the leader to be on the watch. I was the leader, and I kept my eyes open. Know why? Well, just the minute the people began to get hungry they'd start slaughtering the team oxen. Do you believe that? I've heard of parties that just ate up their draft cattle. Started from the middle and worked toward the ends. Finally they'd eat the lead pair, and then the wheelers. The leader of a party had to keep them from doing that."

In some manner a big moth got into the room and circled the hanging kerosene lamp. Billy got up and tried to clap it between his hands. Carl struck with a cupped palm and caught the moth and broke it. He walked to the window and dropped it out.

"As I was saying," Grandfather began again, but Carl interrupted him. "You'd better eat some more meat. All the rest of us are ready for our pudding."

Jody saw a flash of anger in his mother's eyes. Grandfather picked up

his knife and fork. "I'm pretty hungry, all right," he said. "I'll tell you about that later."

When supper was over, when the family and Billy Buck sat in front of the fireplace in the other room, Jody anxiously watched Grandfather. He saw the signs he knew. The bearded head leaned forward; the eyes lost their sternness and looked wonderingly into the fire; the big lean fingers laced themselves on the black knees. "I wonder," he began, "I just wonder whether I ever told you how those thieving Piutes drove off thirty-five of our horses."

"I think you did," Carl interrupted. "Wasn't it just before you went up into the Tahoe country?"

Grandfather turned quickly toward his son-in-law. "That's right. I guess I must have told you that story."

"Lots of times," Carl said cruelly, and he avoided his wife's eyes. But he felt the angry eyes on him, and he said, "'Course I'd like to hear it again."

Grandfather looked back at the fire. His fingers unlaced and laced again. Jody knew how he felt, how his insides were collapsed and empty. Hadn't Jody been called a Big-Britches that very afternoon? He arose to heroism and opened himself to the term Big-Britches again. "Tell about Indians," he said softly.

Grandfather's eyes grew stern again. "Boys always want to hear about Indians. It was a job for men, but boys want to hear about it. Well, let's see. Did I ever tell you how I wanted each wagon to carry a long iron plate?"

Everyone but Jody remained silent. Jody said, "No. You didn't."

"Well, when the Indians attacked, we always put the wagons in a circle and fought from between the wheels. I thought that, if every wagon carried a long plate with rifle holes, the men could stand the plates on the outside of the wheels when the wagons were in the circle and they would be protected. It would save lives, and that would make up for the extra weight of the iron. But of course the party wouldn't do it. No party had done it before, and they couldn't see why they should go to the expense. They lived to regret it, too."

Jody looked at his mother, and knew from her expression that she was not listening at all. Carl picked at a callus on his thumb, and Billy Buck watched a spider crawling up the wall.

Grandfather's tone dropped into its narrative groove again. Jody knew in advance exactly what words would fall. The story droned on, speeded up for the attack, grew sad over the wounds, struck a dirge at the burials on the great plains. Jody sat quietly watching Grandfather. The stern blue eyes were detached. He looked as though he were not very interested in the story himself.

When it was finished, when the pause had been politely respected as the frontier of the story, Billy Buck stood up and hitched his trousers. "I guess I'll turn in," he said. Then he faced Grandfather. "I've got an old powder

horn and a cap and ball pistol down to the bunkhouse. Did I ever show them to you?"

Grandfather nodded slowly. "Yes, I think you did, Billy. Reminds me of a pistol I had when I was leading the people across." Billy stood politely until the little story was done, and then he said, "Good night," and went out of the house.

Carl Tiffin tried to turn the conversation then. "How's the country between here and Monterey? I've heard it's pretty dry."

"It is dry," said Grandfather. "There's not a drop of water in the Laguna Seca. But it's a long pull from '87. The whole country was powder then, and in '61 I believe all the coyotes starved to death. We had fifteen inches of rain this year."

"Yes, but it all came too early. We could do with some now." Carl's eye fell on Jody. "Hadn't you better be getting to bed?"

Jody stood up obediently. "Can I kill the mice in the old haystack, sir?"

"Mice? Oh! Sure, kill them all off. Billy said there isn't any good hay left."

Jody exchanged a secret and satisfying look with Grandfather. "I'll kill every one tomorrow," he promised.

Jody lay in his bed and thought of the impossible world of Indians and buffaloes, a world that had ceased to be forever. He wished he could have been living in the heroic time, but he knew he was not of heroic timber. No one living now, save possibly Billy Buck, was worthy to do the things that had been done. A race of giants had lived then, fearless men, men of a stanchness unknown in this day. Jody thought of the wide plains and of the wagons moving across like centipedes. He thought of Grandfather on a huge white horse, marshaling the people. Across his mind marched the great phantoms, and they marched off the earth and they were gone.

He came back to the ranch for a moment, then. He heard the dull rushing sound that space and silence make. He heard one of the dogs, out in the doghouse, scratching a flea and bumping his elbow against the floor with every stroke. Then the wind arose again, and the black cypress groaned, and Jody went to sleep.

He was up half an hour before the triangle sounded for breakfast. His mother was rattling the stove to make the flames roar when Jody went through the kitchen. "You're up early," she said. "Where are you going?"

"Out to get a good stick. We're going to kill the mice today."

"Who is 'we'?"

"Why, Grandfather and I."

"So you've got him in it. You always like to have someone in with you in case there's blame to share."

"I'll be right back," said Jody. "I just want to have a good stick ready for after breakfast."

He closed the screen door after him and went out into the cool blue morning. The birds were noisy in the dawn, and the ranch cats came down

from the hill like blunt snakes. They had been hunting gophers in the dark, and, although the four cats were full of gopher meat, they sat in a semicircle at the back door and mewed piteously for milk. Doubletree Mutt and Smasher moved sniffing along the edge of the brush, performing the duty with rigid ceremony, but, when Jody whistled, their heads jerked up and their tails waved. They plunged down to him, wriggling their skins and yawning. Jody patted their heads seriously, and moved on to the weathered scrap pile. He selected an old broom handle and a short piece of inch-square scrap wood. From his pocket he took a shoelace and tied the ends of the sticks loosely together to make a flail. He whistled his new weapon through the air and struck the ground experimentally, while the dogs leaped aside and whined with apprehension.

Jody turned and started down past the house toward the old haystack ground to look over the field of slaughter, but Billy Buck, sitting patiently on the back steps, called to him, "You better come back. It's only a couple of minutes till breakfast."

Jody changed his course and moved toward the house. He leaned his flail against the steps. "That's to drive the mice out," he said. "I'll bet they're fat. I'll bet they don't know what's going to happen to them today."

"No, nor you either," Billy remarked philosophically, "nor me, nor anyone."

Jody was staggered by this thought. He knew it was true. His imagination twitched away from the mouse hunt. Then his mother came out on the back porch and struck the triangle, and all thoughts fell in a heap.

Grandfather hadn't appeared at the table when they sat down. Billy nodded at his empty chair. "He's all right? He ain't sick?"

"He takes a long time to dress," said Mrs. Tiflin. "He combs his whiskers and rubs up his shoes and brushes his clothes."

Carl scattered sugar on his mush. "A man that's led a wagon train across the plains has got to be pretty careful how he dresses."

Mrs. Tiflin turned on him. "Don't do that, Carl! Please don't!" There was more of threat than of request in her tone. And the threat irritated Carl.

"Well, how many times do I have to listen to the story of the iron plates, and the thirty-five horses? That time's done. Why can't he forget it, now it's done?" He grew angrier while he talked, and his voice rose. "Why does he have to tell them over and over? He came across the plains. All right! Now it's finished. Nobody wants to hear about it over and over."

The door into the kitchen closed softly. The four at the table sat frozen. Carl laid his mush spoon on the table and touched his chin with his fingers.

Then the kitchen door opened, and Grandfather walked in. His mouth smiled tightly, and his eyes were squinted. "Good morning," he said, and he sat down and looked at his mush dish.

Carl could not leave it there. "Did—did you hear what I said?"

Grandfather jerked a little nod.

"I don't know what got into me, sir. I didn't mean it. I was just being funny."

Jody glanced in shame at his mother, and he saw that she was looking at Carl, and that she wasn't breathing. It was an awful thing that he was doing. He was tearing himself to pieces to talk like that. It was a terrible thing to him to retract a word, but to retract it in shame was infinitely worse.

Grandfather looked sidewise. "I'm trying to get right side up," he said gently. "I'm not being mad. I don't mind what you said, but it might be true, and I would mind that."

"It isn't true," said Carl. "I'm not feeling well this morning. I'm sorry I said it."

"Don't be sorry, Carl. An old man doesn't see things sometimes. Maybe you're right. The crossing is finished. Maybe it should be forgotten, now it's done."

Carl got up from the table. "I've had enough to eat. I'm going to work. Take your time, Billy!" He walked quickly out of the dining room. Billy gulped the rest of his food and followed soon after. But Jody could not leave his chair.

"Won't you tell any more stories?" Jody asked.

"Why, sure I'll tell them, but only when—I'm sure people want to hear them."

"I like to hear them, sir."

"Oh! Of course you do, but you're a little boy. It was a job for men, but only little boys like to hear about it."

Jody got up from his place. "I'll wait outside for you, sir. I've got a good stick for those mice."

He waited by the gate until the old man came out on the porch. "Let's go down and kill the mice now," Jody called.

"I think I'll just sit in the sun, Jody. You go kill the mice."

"You can use my stick if you like."

"No, I'll just sit here a while."

Jody turned disconsolately away, and walked down toward the old haystack. He tried to whip up his enthusiasm with thoughts of the fat juicy mice. He beat the ground with his flail. The dogs coaxed and whined about him, but he could not go. Back at the house he could see Grandfather sitting on the porch, looking small and thin and black.

Jody gave up and went to sit on the steps at the old man's feet.

"Back already? Did you kill the mice?"

"No, sir. I'll kill them some other day."

The morning flies buzzed close to the ground, and the ants dashed about in front of the steps. The heavy smell of sage slipped down the hill. The porch boards grew warm in the sunshine.

Jody hardly knew when Grandfather started to talk. "I shouldn't stay here, feeling the way I do." He examined his strong old hands. "I feel as though the crossing wasn't worth doing." His eyes moved up the sidehill and stopped on a motionless hawk perched on a dead limb. "I tell those old stories, but they're not what I want to tell. I only know how I want people to feel when I tell them.

"It wasn't Indians that were important, nor adventures, nor even getting out here. It was a whole bunch of people made into one big crawling beast. And I was the head. It was westering and westering. Every man wanted something for himself, but the big beast that was all of them wanted only westering. I was the leader, but if I hadn't been there, someone else would have been the head. The thing had to have a head.

"Under the little bushes the shadows were black at white noonday. When we saw the mountains at last, we cried—all of us. But it wasn't getting here that mattered, it was movement and westering.

"We carried life out here and set it down the way those ants carry eggs. And I was the leader. The westering was as big as God, and the slow steps that made the movement piled up and piled up until the continent was crossed.

"Then we came down to the sea, and it was done." He stopped and wiped his eyes until the rims were red. "That's what I should be telling instead of stories."

When Jody spoke, Grandfather started and looked down at him. "Maybe I could lead the people some day," Jody said.

The old man smiled. "There's no place to go. There's the ocean to stop you. There's a line of old men along the shore hating the ocean because it stopped them."

"In boats I might, sir."

"No place to go, Jody. Every place is taken. But that's not the worst—no, not the worst. Westering has died out of the people. Westering isn't a hunger any more. It's all done. Your father is right. It is finished." He laced his fingers on his knee and looked at them.

Jody felt very sad. "If you'd like a glass of lemonade, I could make it for you."

Grandfather was about to refuse, and then he saw Jody's face. "That would be nice," he said. "Yes, it would be nice to drink a lemonade."

Jody ran into the kitchen where his mother was wiping the last of the breakfast dishes. "Can I have a lemon to make a lemonade for Grandfather?"

His mother mimicked—"And another lemon to make a lemonade for you."

"No, ma'am. I don't want one."

"Jody! You're sick!" Then she stopped suddenly. "Take a lemon out of the cooler," she said softly. "Here, I'll reach the squeezer down to you."

AUGUST DERLETH

Buck in the Bottoms *

THE KITCHEN door swung suddenly open, and a swirl of soft snowflakes billowed in. Gus Elker came after, himself almost white with snow, his sad eyes looking lugubriously from the dark shadow of his cap, his half-moon of mustard-color mustache hung with snow.

"My soul and body! if it ain't Gus Elker," exclaimed my great-aunt Lou, looking at him over her spectacles, her patching forgotten in her lap. "Ain't lost, are you, Gus?"

"No, ma'am. I come for Joe." His voice had a hollow, breathless sound, as if he had been running.

From the back porch came briefly, sharply, the barking of a fox.

My great-uncle Joe eyed the door quickly, flashed a glance at his wife, and peered at Gus, narrowing his eyes and pursing his lips to hide the grin that lay behind them. "What's up, Gus? Sheriff after you?"

"Come in and set," Great-aunt invited, not without an edge of suspicion in her voice.

"Thanks, ma'am, but I ain't the time. I got work t' do." He turned to Great-uncle and began to speak swiftly, urgently, words chasing each other from his lips, his doleful features working as if some inner torment strove to make itself manifest there. "It's that deer we seen month ago, that buck I showed you in the bottoms. You know that buck we seen, you and I, purty as a pitcher, astandin' there jest this side o' Ferry Bluff. Philander Hewitt's after him, him and his dogs. I like t' die if he ain't! I come home the Mill Road, and there sure enough I seen him start out. I don't figger he seen me, but I heard his boys callin' t' each other and talkin' about that deer. I figger he counts on the weather t' keep the warden off."

Great-uncle brought the front feet of his chair down with a bang, and his heavy face clouded up with anger. "That ornery skunk!" he exclaimed. "He knows damn' well there ain't no season in this county. We got t' do something, Gus."

My great-aunt's lips began to twitch, half in mirth, half in scorn. "Why don't you call up the warden?"

"I reckon we c'n handle this, woman," said Great-uncle stiffly.

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"Hoh!" she snorted.

Gus Elker broke in eagerly. "I got me my fox outside. You heard him. Them hounds o' Hewitt's is foxhounds. They ain't no business runnin' deer. Now, I never seen a foxhound that wasn't a foxhound first and any other kind o' hound second. I don't figger them dogs o' Hewitt's is a bit different. I figger we c'n cut into the hills and head 'em off—that deer'll run the Fair Valley way, sure—and lay fox trail across that deer's track. They'll take after the fox, and the deer'll be safe, safe leastwise till the snow comes heavy enough t' cover his tracks."

By the way my great-uncle grinned, I knew he was taken with the idea. He bent away from the lamp on the table as if to escape its small heat and asked, "Tain't cold, is it?"

Gus shook his head. "Snowin', is all."

"Joe Stoll, you ain't goin' out on a night like this!" said Great-aunt.

My great-uncle looked a picture of injury. "Don't reckon I'll sit here and let that skunk Hewitt run down that deer, do you, woman?" He got up and added, without turning, "Come on, Old Timer."

There was a moment's ominous quiet. Then Great-aunt said, "If that boy takes cold, Joe Stoll, you'll answer for it!"

Gus Elker began to look distressed; he kept glancing from her to the clock and presently said, "C'mon, c'mon—they'll git too head a start on us. Be dog if I'm goin' t' let that Philander Hewitt shoot that deer."

Great-uncle turned to me and said, "Git on your mackinaw."

I put on my mackinaw and followed them out to the porch, glancing once, quickly, towards my great-aunt, who sat without further protest, though her tight lips and snapping eyes spoke eloquently enough. Gus Elker's pet fox was sitting doglike in his awkward cage, and Gus looked at him affectionately, bending over the cage solicitously to see if he was still all right. The snow was coming thinly down, large flakes, but not heavy; a slight wind was blowing, and the earth was so far only partly covered. Great-uncle loomed large between me and the dark beyond, craning his neck and looking around. Presently he said, "It's aimin' t' snow some. Old Timer, you git your overshoes on."

I went back into the house for my overshoes.

"Aimin' to make quite a trip?" asked Great-aunt with mock pleasantry.

"I don't know," I said.

"See to it that uncle o' yours don't stop any bullets. He's big enough to get in the way, and I don't reckon I want to see him shot—not just yet, anyhow." She put her patching aside suddenly and got up to peer out of the window. "'Tis a nice night to be in the snow," she said irrelevantly. "Joe and I used to like it first we was married."

Her eyes were filled with grave concern, the half-anger of the previous moment gone, when I met them as I went out the door.

"Mind you keep your feet dry," she called after me. . . .

Gus and my great-uncle had left the porch and were already cutting across the barnyard towards the bottoms, two spectral figures in the strange half-light of the snow-filled night. Gus was talking animatedly, burdened by the fox in its wicker cage. I ran and caught up with them.

"I figger that buck'll head direc'ly for the Ferry Bluff, keep in along the ridge there, and hit out for the Fair Valley woodlots by way o' his run, circle around them hills, and come back to about here. I seen that buck time and again along them hills, and I don't misdoubt he'll do it. Good cover in them hills, too, and not too many fences—not that he'd be the one t' stop for a fence or two if they come in his way."

My great-uncle said something unintelligible in reply.

"If the snow'd come thicker, we wouldn't have t' fuss about it," said Gus. "Cover his tracks in no time. You reckon the dogs has hit the deer's trail by this time?"

There was only one answer to that, and my great-uncle made it. We had come across the road and stood on a slight rise facing into the dark south, where lay the bottoms and the Ferry Bluff to southwest. At that place we could hear the yelping and barking of dogs, the shouting of voices, clear as a bell in the winter night. They were coming from south-eastward, working towards the Ferry Bluff. Just then the train crossed the bridge at Arena, seven miles away, and whistled, as if to cinch the direction of the dogs' barking; the whistle came from due south, and the barking was off to the left.

"Headin' for the Ferry Bluff, all right," murmured Great-uncle. "I reckon we better cut in behind the Fair Valley store, follerin' the hills this side o' the bottoms. We c'n keep out o' the bottoms and have better going. That way we'll be down wind, too; won't scare that buck off to the side."

He reached over and took the cage from Gus, and began to walk, quickly as his bulk would allow, towards the west. Gus came after, and I brought up the rear. The dogs gave tongue again, one of them especially musical, and Gus said, "That's his bitch, Lady; I known her voice anywhere."

Great-uncle made for a trail he knew, and, coming upon it, began to quicken his pace, glancing from time to time into the impenetrable, snow-clouded dark towards the south, as if to reassure himself that the hounds would not get to the Fair Valley woodland before us. Trees bordered and arboresced the little-used trail, pressing ghostlike all around, first snow clinging to their old trunks and gnarled limbs, and the last tenacious leaves rattling and rustling in the occasional wind. From all sides rose the sibilant whispering of snow sifting down, the soft susurrus of flakes against leaves and twigs and grass, though by this time most of the grass was covered; the whiteness of snow lay upon everything, and the night became almost imperceptibly lighter, as if a moon were behind the wind-blown clouds and a faint light filtered through. An owl called once from an upland

pasture behind us, but, apart from this and the barks of the dogs and the ceaseless sifting of snowflakes, there was no sound, no voice from the dark December night.

Great-uncle steadily increased his gait, until at last Gus Elker, to keep up, had to make odd, comic spurts, running awkwardly and with a peculiar rolling manner, and was left breathless each time. In this way we crossed behind the Fair Valley store and cut into the woods there. My great-uncle paused to listen once or twice, and, apparently satisfied, went on. The dogs were still in the Ferry Bluff range to the south.

"His run," said Gus breathlessly, "his run jest ahead a piece. Down the side hill, Joe."

"Reckon I c'n see it," replied Great-uncle. "What'll happen to that fox?"

"Don't you worry about Alec. He's a cute one. That fox knows where he gits fed; don't you worry. He'll head straight for home, lickety split, see if he don't."

Great-uncle drew up sharply near a clump of cedars, whose pungent fragrance rose aromatically all around. "That's his run, all right. Reckon we better jest wait a bit. If he comes this way."

"He'll come," said Gus. "I know that deer."

In the silence we heard the sound of his coming, the whisper of broken snow—for it was no more than that—and the faint jarring of earth when his hoofs struck. I held my breath, and he burst out of undergrowth to the south, mounted the rise, and came down towards us, a pale ghost, fleet as a bird, and almost soundless as a whippoorwill on wing. Upwind, he caught no scent of us, came on, and passed along the side hill towards the wooded hollow northeast of us, his head erect, his antlers proud.

"Purty a sight 's you could wish t' see," whispered Gus.

The old buck was beautiful. He passed and faded into the night as if he had no body. From behind him came the dogs' baying, rising and falling, approaching the underbrush south of the Fair Valley woods.

Great-uncle moved swiftly; he crossed the deer run, opened the fox cage, and Alec came out. The fox paused a brief moment uncertainly; then he was off, crossing and recrossing the deer run, and crossing again before he melted into the shadows and vanished in a beeline towards Gus Elker's place beyond Stone's Pocket and my great-uncle's farm.

"That'll fetch 'em," said great-uncle, coming back to where we stood. "Reckon we c'n wait t' see the fun."

In a few minutes, Hewitt's dogs came up, lead by the long black and white foxhound bitch, Lady. They came down the hill, loping easily, voiceless now, intent upon the trail, now somewhat more difficult to follow because of the increasing heaviness of the snowfall. Lady was the first of them to hit the fox trail; she stopped short, ran back and forth, whining eagerly, and paused to give fierce, exultant tongue. Then she was off on the fox path.

My great-uncle turned to look inquiringly at Gus, and Gus reassured him. "Alec's got a safe place—he'll be snug as a bug. They won't git him, don't you worry."

Dog after dog followed Lady.

"It's workin', Gus," said Great-uncle.

But my great-uncle had spoken too soon. For after the foxhounds came three of Tim Leveritt's Irish wolfhounds; they started down the fox trail, came back, found the deer track, and were away towards the hollow down which the buck had fled.

Gus Elker leaned forward, his mouth twitching. "Aw, now—aw, now," he said sorrowfully, as if somehow Hewitt had played a trick on him. "I didn't know he had them wolfhounds along."

Great-uncle muttered something unintelligible to conceal his disappointment.

"What'll we do now, Joe?"

"For one thing—git outa here before Hewitt comes up. Guess then we might 's well go home and pray they don't git that buck—if you ain't forgot how t' pray."

"I like t' had him eatin' outa my hand, too," mourned Gus. "He got so he was used t' man smell, almost."

Great-uncle said nothing. He turned and led the way back, and the silence was made doubly profound by the deep baying of the hounds, now in two groups, but apparently converging. Gus dropped behind, pausing every little while to listen, his lugubrious eyes intent, his mouth working and worrying at his snow-hung mustache.

"He's swingin' 'round," he said once. "Reckon he'll come down my orchard through your corn stubble and head 'round back t' the bottoms again. That's what he's like t' do."

My great-uncle said, "I c'n hear my old woman settin' to me now," and turned to look briefly behind him. "You all right, Old Timer? No wet feet or nothin', hey?"

I shook my head.

Gus went on, talking more to himself than to us. "It should aworked, it had ought t' aworked. Didn't know he was aimin' t' git Tim Leveritt's Irish wolfhounds, too. I bet me Tim don't know Hewitt's usin' 'em like this, by Jukas! no. Tim, he obeys the law. That Philander—he's always huntin' outa season. Time somebody put the warden onto him. Time he was nicked for fifty or a hunderd dollars; that'd fetch him.—Now them dogs is like as not t' cross the fox track headin' towards my place and the whole pack take after that buck again. And the snow near blindin', too."

The snow was coming more thickly now; it had become heavier and wetter, and clung more tightly to trees and bushes, bending the slighter limbs and branches with its weight. The wind had gone down, and the clouds closed down, and snow came earthward with less sound, flakes

larger, and so many more of them that it was difficult to see my great-uncle as anything but a great, moving blur up ahead.

"But it'll hol' back them dogs, too," resumed Gus. "Seems like I c'n hear 'em now, barkin' puzzled-like."

I ran into Great-uncle, who had stopped on the path. Looking around, I saw the familiar markings of the rise just south of the farm. Gus Elker came up, brushing vaguely at the snow before his eyes.

"What is it, Joe? What you seein'?"

"Ain't seein' nothin'," replied my great-uncle shortly. "Cast your ear northwards."

Amid much excited barking of dogs rose the sound of voices, coming unmistakably from the region of my great-uncle's place.

"That there's no dog," said Gus, singling out a familiar sound. "That's your wife, Joe."

My great-uncle descended the rise, crossed the road, and went hurriedly towards the outbuildings beyond the house. . . .

Great-aunt Lou stood at the pasture end of a disused runway to a long-abandoned barn, an amazing figure clad in an old horsehide overcoat of my great-uncle's; there was a shotgun held in the crook of one arm. All around her were dogs, and beyond them, Philander Hewitt and his two grown sons trying to check the clamor of the animals. In her free hand my great-aunt held a lantern, the yellow glow of which kept them all in a magic circle, a world set apart from the darkness of night and the falling snow.

Great-uncle Joe stepped ponderously into the light. "You aimin' t' run my cows, Philander?" he asked ominously.

"Pah!" said Philander Hewitt, his red face glistening with melted snow, his small eyes snapping. "Know 's well 's you, you ain't used this old barn for years."

My great-uncle went over to the rail fence, brushed the snow away, and hoisted himself leisurely up. "What I want t' know is what in hell you're doin' with them dogs. Tim Leveritt's, too. Breakin' the law again, Philander?"

"We went after fox."

"Hoh! sounds likely. You don't see no fox this close t' my buildings."

"We lost the track hereabouts—your woman was standin' in it, best we could make out."

"Don't seem my wife could take up the whole track," said great-uncle with exasperating stolidity.

With a gruff "Good night to you all," Philander Hewitt turned angrily to his sons and said, "Heel the dogs for home."

Great-uncle and Gus watched them out of sight with stolid satisfaction. The expression on Great-aunt Lou's face was of withheld amusement, her cheeks sucked in and her mouth faintly curved. Her eyes were laughing.

"They didn't get that deer," said Gus. "And Philander sure had a mad on. He had his heart set on that deer, heart or stummick."

Great-uncle turned towards my great-aunt, his heavy brows far down upon his eyes. "What in Kingdom Come are you doin' in that get-up, woman?" he asked. "And that gun o' mine?"

"Best coat in the house to keep the snow off," she said. "I brought the gun for protection, hearin' noises." She turned from him. "I'm goin' in. Are you comin'?"

She led us up the lane, into the barnyard and to the house, where the yellow lamplight shone bright as her lantern. She blew out the lantern and hung it on a peg driven into the wall of the back porch.

"What I can't figger out," said Gus abruptly, edging towards the old woodstove in the kitchen and stretching his hands to be warmed, "is what become o' that buck. Like 's not, snow covered his tracks; it's sure thick enough. But he went mighty fast."

"Well, Hewitt didn't get him; so you needn't to worry," said Great-aunt. "'Pears to me that deer didn't take to either one of you very much; seemed anxious to get away from you just as fast as from Philander Hewitt."

"That deer all but knows my name," said Gus in mild protest.

"Hoh!" snorted my great-aunt, and began to smile. "I heard him comin'," she said, "and the dogs after; so I figured that fox hadn't put them off long. I put on Joe's coat and took his gun—no tellin' what I might run into—and went out, and my conscience! if there wasn't that deer come right smack into that old runway, the fence too high on either side, and the snow blindin' him. But he got my wind, and he went—but he went the wrong way, and got into the old barn. Quick as a flash, I seen what to do. I run down there and closed that door, and then I went over his tracks and covered 'em up. By the time the dogs got there, the snow was deep enough, and time Hewitt and you all came up, they couldn't asmelled that deer more 'n if 'twas over in the next county."

Great-uncle looked at her with profound skepticism. "You tellin' us that deer's locked in that old barn building?"

"I reckon it's the same one Gus calls by his first name," replied my great-aunt tartly.

My great-uncle began to blow himself up, but Gus said only, "I don't care where he is, long 's he's safe."

"Might be we ought t' go out and take a look at him," proposed Great-uncle.

Great-aunt Lou looked meaningly at him over her spectacles. "I'd think you'd scared that deer good plenty already, Joe Stoll. To my way of thinkin', it's time he was let out. You, boy. Just swing that door back. Reckon you two better set a spell."

I went out into the close-pressing winter night, across the barnyard to the old, abandoned barn, daring a brief glance within before I opened

the door; so I saw his dark shadow, and the antlers' danger, and the luminous soft eyes with the pale light in them. I crouched down behind the door when I opened it, and in a moment he was gone: only an instant of hesitation, then the proud, magnificent body bounded down the runway and was lost in the thick wall of snowflakes drifting steadily from the black December sky.

MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

*A Crop of Beans **

A TILLIE-HAWK swooped into the top of a dead cypress. The mockingbirds and redbirds that had scurried like wind-buffeted leaves ahead of him stirred uneasily in the live oaks and palmettos where they had concealed themselves. The sky had emptied itself for him of living things. Against the blinding blue of the Florida afternoon hung indolent masses of white cloud. The hawk shifted from one claw to the other, hitching his shoulders like a cripple. There ran a road—a fat chicken snake—a man—

The young man swung his shotgun from his waist to his shoulder in a quick semicircle. The tillie-hawk exploded into a mass of buff feathers and tumbled to the edge of the road. The girl caught her breath.

"Lige," she reproached him. "You hadn't orter wasted a shell on a ol' tillie-hawk."

A horn sounded behind them, and a truck loaded with bean hampers lurched by in the deep ruts of the sand road. Old man Tainter and his Negro driver passed without the customary "Hey!" or lift of the hand. The young woman crowded back into the dry dog fennel. The man no more than stepped aside, unbreaching his gun. He kicked a cloud of sand after the truck.

"His beans ain't a mite better'n mine. Parts of 'em is plumb sorry-lookin'."

"They're earlier, ain't they?"

"Jest a week. He ain't no more likely to miss frost than me. Any time, now it's a'most November, we're like to git us one o' them piddlin' leetle ol' frosts don't mean nothin'. Tonight, mebbe."

They turned between chinaberries into the Widow Sellers' gate. Her sharp tongue clicked at them from the porch.

"You, Lige Gentry, you, how'll I ever git my cane cut? I ain't payin' you by the week reg'lar to traipse around with your wife."

He rose to the familiar bait.

"Dog take it, ol' woman, Drenna's been a-cuttin' cane with me all evenin'. An' who'll pay for it? Not you. I'll be hornswoggled if you ain't the meanest white woman in the county."

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He stamped across the porch. Drenna dropped down on the top step, draping her gray percale skirt across her worn shoes. The widow hunched herself on the cowhide seat of her hickory rocker, drawing her shawl around her shoulders against the chill air from the northwest.

"Ain't you sick o' keepin' Drenna hangin' around where you kin look at her all the day? I ain't done laughin', the way you begun a-courtin' her, like you was huntin' a squirrel goin' across a oak thicket an' you tryin' to keep sight of it. How many years ago was it? Two, three? Anyways, long enough to git you a couple o' young uns. An' you ain't sick o' lookin' at her yit!"

Lige towered over her. He shook back the curly sun-bleached hair from his sweaty forehead like an infuriated bull. He plunged roaring into her trap.

"Dog take you! You ain't fitten to fish the same creek 'longside of her! Drenna, move offen the stoop away from her! You'd orter study on sayin', is she sick o' lookin' at me! A pore sorry thing like me, to git a woman—"

The Widow Sellers rocked violently in sheer delight. Her little black chinquapin eyes danced. She scratched her white head excitedly with a piece of the okra she was cutting. She shrilled above him.

"Now you said it! Now you and me agrees for onct, Mister Gentry! A pore sorry thing like you! Now you're talkin'!"

He stopped short.

"Oh, go to the devil," he said good-naturedly.

Drenna smiled uneasily. The ribald quarreling of this pair still disturbed her. It was scandalous for two people so dependent on each other to talk so. No other man, black or white, would work so hard for the old woman at the low wages of six dollars a week. Certainly no other employer would allow Lige time off every afternoon to work his own few acres. They threw these facts at each other at every encounter.

The Widow Sellers was admitting now, "Shore you works hard. Bless Katy, all you know is to work. You don't know nothin' else. You got you no sense."

"You wait 'til my beans gits top price next week. You'll say I got sense."

"You got Davis wax, eh? Them new-fangled ones. They're pretty, but they ain't got the good flavor. Sellers always planted Wardwell's. You won't never make you no crop," she said comfortably. "Here," she reached behind her rocker and pushed a pair of worn child's shoes in his hands. "I had me a box from Janey, in Alabamy. Git along to your sorry bean-patch."

He hurled the shoes past her head.

"Give your dogged shoes to a nigger young un."

He spat over the edge of the porch and strode off fiercely.

"Fust crop o' beans I make," he called back over his shoulder, "you've seed the last o' me, ol' woman."

"You'll be white-headed as me," she mocked after him, "an' still proud to be takin' my rations money!"

"No need to holler," he soothed from the gate. "You got you a voice like a limpkin."

"A limpkin?" she puzzled. "That brownified crane screeches like a wild-cat?"

"Now you said it!" he whooped.

His teeth flashed in his tanned face. He was off at a violent trot for his two acres of beans. The old woman grinned.

"Ain't he the biggety thing!"

"Hain't biggety," the young woman said gently. "Jest turrible prideful. . . . He shot him a tillie-hawk a ways back, jest account o' ol' man Tainter was drivin' up behind us. He figgers he's as good as ary man to shoot his shells reckless."

The old woman nodded and chuckled. She put down her pan of okra and picked up the child shoes, dusting them with her apron. Drenna put them under her arm.

"Thank you, ma'am. They'll fit one o' the chappies, shore."

They walked together to the road. The widow shivered.

"That scamp knows as good as I do we'll git heavy frost tonight. We cain't skip it. The whole State o' Texas is a-breathin' cold in on us. Floridy don't make none o' her own troubles," she grumbled. "They all comes in from some'eres else. Wind from the south an' cold from Texas. He better say good-by to them beans today whilst they're purty."

She laid a hand on the girl's arm.

"I was jest a-baitin' Lige about you. Leave me tell you, when he got you, he got him a saint."

The chinaberry cast a lacelike shadow across the translucence of the young sharp-chiseled face.

"There's no harm to neither one of you," the girl said quietly. "I don't pay no mind when either one or t'other of you gits to rarin'."

The three-room rough-pine dwelling a mile from the village was bare and shabby. Drenna's father, prospering one year in hogs, had given her a small melodeon. It was the sole ornament of the main room. When Lige was not so tired that he tumbled, sometimes in his underwear, sometimes fully dressed, into their bed in the adjoining room, he coaxed her at night to play on it. She sat stiffly upright on the seat and picked out awkward, quavering hymns.

Tonight he sat teetering in his pine-slab chair, smoking his pipe, his blue eyes staring into space. His shaggy hair curled unnoticed into them. Drenna put the drowsy children, the baby and the boy of three, between clean unbleached muslin sheets over a corn-shucks mattress on the hand-made bed opposite the fireplace. When Lige did not make the usual sign,

she went hesitantly to the melodeon. He relaxed a little as the notes of "Rock of Ages" wheezed sweetly from it.

"Dog take it, Drenna, that's purty."

His voice, with her, was gentle. Men who had grown up with him, gone their few scattered seasons with him to the village school, were still astonished at the taming of his exuberance. Passing the small house at night, they reported, through fire-lit windows, the sight of wild Lige smoking peacefully by the hearth, his eyes wide and hungry on the woman pedaling and playing. Tonight the spell did not hold. Suddenly he stood up and knocked out his pipe into the lighter'd knot fire.

"I cain't set here an' let my beans freeze," he burst out. "Tainter's firin'. He's got him smudges all over his field. I don't figger it'll do a mite o' good to burn wood, but I got to try it."

"What wood you got to use, Lige?"

He ran his big hand across her head.

"I aim to give your winter woodpile the devil, ma'am."

He went whistling to the field. The full moon had risen, coldly silver, on a night so still he heard the gray fox in the hammock on dry magnolia leaves. The young beans hung thickly on the bushes, slim and faintly yellow in the moonlight. The dark, tangled hammock pressed in on three sides of the clearing. The field was ordered and beautiful. He cursed out loud.

"Jesus! Only three days more'd o' made them beans—"

He had no hope of his fatwood fires, but, building them, he felt better. A line of them blazed along the westerly, higher end. Thick black smoke drifted across the patch to settle in the lower corner. Drenna joined him toward midnight with a paper of cornbread. The cold was tangible. In the stillness it moved in perceptibly, a chill white ghost from Texas. Under the ineffectual blanket of smoke, it closed stiff hands tight about the succulent plants.

At daybreak a breeze stirred from the southeast. The day, and the days following, would be warm. There would perhaps not be frost again until the next full moon. The frosted leaves were curling. White spots appeared on the beans. Then they turned translucent, like pale yellow icicles. By night they would be mush, the leaves black and shriveled.

Walking around the wilting field, Lige saw that he had saved the lower end. The smudge had lain across the last few rows. The east line of the hammock protected them from the sun, as deadly on the injured plants as the frost itself. He made a quick estimate. Fifteen or twenty hampers saved—

He was late at the Widow Sellers', shivering in his thin blue shirt and pin-check pants. She greeted him amiably. Her own crops of okra, squash, peanuts, corn, and sweet potatoes were safely harvested.

"Thermometer went to forty at day," she told him.

"No need to tell me," he answered wearily. "I been settin' up nussin' them forty degrees. I fired. I figger I jest about saved my seed an' fertilizer. I'm clearin' more o' the hammock. Next time I plant late, I'm goin' to have four acres instid o' two, all at the lower end. Then if frost ketches me, I got more'll come thu."

She stared at him.

"The bigger fool, you. You'd do best to leave off beans an' work for me full time. I could mebbe pay ten dollars a week," she said slyly.

"You mind your own business, ol' woman. I'll make me a crop o' beans'll git me shut o' you an' your ten dollars, an' your six."

She eyed him dubiously.

"What did you fire with?"

He walked away carelessly.

"A damn good woodpile an' a damn good woman."

When a stranger—a Georgia truck driver or a platform buyer—asked Lige his business, he answered with a mustered defiance:

"I'm a bean man!"

It was true. The long hours he gave to the Widow Sellers' rich farms had no meaning beyond their moment. In midafternoon he hurried off to his own field, sweaty and excited, to turn furrows, to plant, to cultivate, to hoe, to harvest.

The quick growth of the crop stirred him. One week the sandy loam lay golden, its expanse passive for the reception of the seed. The next week the clearing in the hammock was covered with cotyledons, pale-green and pushing, like twin sails dotting a tawny sea. In forty-eight days the first crop was ready for picking. The emerald bushes crowded one another in the straight rows. The long beans hung like pendants, butter-yellow if they were wax, jade green if Giant Stringless or Red Valentine.

The earth responded to him. When he and the soil were not interfered with, they made beans as fine as old man Tainter, who kept a wagon load of niggers and bought fertilizer by the carload.

He was betrayed constantly by elements beyond his control. He fared no worse than the other growers, but the common misfortunes struck more implacably. Men who could borrow money for seed and fertilizer and rations, who were free to do other farming or stock raising, made out more or less comfortably until the inevitable time when a good crop sold on a high market. There was a finality about his loss of a crop.

He lost beans from cold or rain or blight three seasons in succession. The fourth season, the second autumn, he made a fair crop. The market dropped so low it scarcely paid to ship. In October he quarreled violently with the Widow Sellers. The old woman, in a growing security that he would never shake free of her, taunted him.

"You jest as good to say you're done. You jest as good to say you got

no sense for bean-makin'. Drenna's like to go naked, and you piddlin' away with beans. Your young uns'd be stark if 'twan't for Janey's things from Alabamy. You know it. You take me up on steady work at ten dollars, afore I studies you ain't wuth nothin'."

If Drenna had been with him, he would not have touched her. He shook the old woman by the shoulders until she screeched for her neighbors. He shouted her down.

"Damn your gizzard! If I figgered like the niggers, I'd say you'd put a cunjur on my beanfield! 'Twon't be too long 'til you sees the last o' me. Dogged if I wouldn't ruther do without rations than take your talk."

They sputtered fiercely at each other. It did not occur to her to fire him, nor to him to quit.

He was excited when he came home to supper that night. He had forgotten his anger at the widow. He had forgotten his unprofitable season. He was eager with his plans for spring beans. His lunch bucket had contained the usual meal of soda biscuits and sirup, but he sat at the table, scarcely eating. Drenna listened with her grave smile.

"We got to make out on four dollars a week this winter an' save two. I kin make me a crop o' beans on that hammock land and I know it. I aim to have six acres ready, come spring. Does the rains come on to drown'd 'em, I'll ditch. Does frost come, I'll lay me a smudge. And dog take it, Drenna, if they ain't no rain at all, and them beans goes to swivvelin', I kin water 'em a gourdful at a time."

The three-year-old nodded gravely.

"I kin water 'em."

Drenna smiled at him.

"Tell your Daddy the whole lot of us kin tote water for him."

"Tainter don't always make a crop," he went on, "and I cain't always lose it."

"Shore cain't," she agreed placidly.

Lige and Drenna planted when the redbud came in bloom. All the signs were of warmth. Robins and bluebirds were moving north. The cautious chinaberry had put out young leaves. The last of the jasmine perfumed the roadside. Lige strode steadily up and down the long furrows, seeing nothing but the white seed dropping against the golden earth. Drenna stopped now and then to straighten her back. Her gray eyes rested on the rosy flush across the hammock. They picked out the swaying palms, precise and formal against a turquoise sky. When she bent to her work again, the half-smile habitual to her was brighter.

Lige sent her to the house when the end of the planting was in sight.

"Go git me my rations, woman," he told her. He turned her away from the field. "Git!" He took his hands from her shoulders. "Now shame to me. My hands has smuttied your clean dress."

"Soap an' water's plentiful."

His eyes followed her across the clearing and into the house.

The March night was chilly. When supper was eaten, he piled the fireplace with blocks of magnolia. The cream-colored wood gave out a sweet odor, like a mild thin spice. As the fire dulled, he threw on pine. He took off his high boots and stretched his bare sandy toes to the fire.

"Wisht I'd takened my boots off in the dark. Look at them feet. Now I got to git up an' wash 'em afore I goes to bed."

From the kitchen Drenna brought him a basin of warm water and a towel of flour sacking.

"Whooeey, ain't that finel!"

He dabbled luxuriously, drying his feet with the warm towel.

"Now you been a-waitin' on me, leave me do somethin' for you. Leave me play for you."

They both laughed. His playing was limited to two tunes on the mouth organ.

"I'll blow 'The Tall Pine Tree.'"

She sat on a three-legged stool by the fireplace, her smooth head resting against the gray clay, her eyes closed. Lige played his tunes over and over, patting his bare right foot on the pine floor. The children stirred in their low bed, sighing in deep sleep. The magnolia burned into soft gray checks. Drenna nodded.

"Go on to bed, Sugar. I'll set up a whiles. I've wore you out, plantin' them beans. But, Drenna—I got no question. We'll make us a crop, shore as dogs runs rabbits."

"Shore will," she agreed sleepily.

He sat by the fire an hour after she had gone, blowing softly into the harmonica, patting his foot.

Lige saved his beans two weeks later by a scanty margin. He had planted dangerously early, and, as the crooks came through, it was plain that heavy frost was moving in. Two nights in succession were increasingly colder. All the beans in the region were slightly nipped. The third night would bring real damage. A smudge would be useless over the young juicy plants.

In the crisp morning he said to Drenna, "Ain't a reason in the world why I cain't cover them leetle bean plants with dirt today."

But when he drove the mule and cultivator between the rows, the earth he turned did not quite cover them.

Drenna, come out to watch him, said, "Kin do it by hand, Lige."

"Six acres?"

"Well, what we kin git covered is better'n nothin'."

The work went surprisingly fast. Except for the increasing ache of their backs, it was satisfying to move rapidly down the straight lines, swinging and stooping, ape-fashion, and cup the soft yellow dirt over the tops of

the plants with their two hands. The three-year-old was fascinated. He followed like a young monkey, and in his clumsy way, throwing the sand with too great enthusiasm, imitated them on adjacent rows.

"I can rest tomorrow," Drenna thought, and after dinner went at it again.

They worked until the night blended plants and earth and hammock and sky into a nothingness as deep and black as a 'gator cave. Drenna brought out kerosene lanterns. They were toiling slowly. The extra labor of moving the lights seemed insupportable. The beans were covered down to a last half-acre at the lower end. They went, stooped, for they could not quite straighten their backs, to their cold bed. They could do nothing more.

The night's frost wiped out the entire section, including Tainter. Those who had the money were planting again. Those who did not were done for the season. Lige waited two days for the cold to pass. Under a benign March sun, with a neighbor boy hired in the light of his hopes, he carefully fingered the sandy loam away from his beans. The plants emerged a little yellowed, wilted, and leathery, but none the worse for their warm burying.

The town was aghast at news of the saving.

The Widow Sellers said to Lige, "Nobody but you'd be fool enough to scratch dirt over six acres o' beans—and then scratch 'em out again!"

He was generous in his good fortune. He pinched her wrinkled cheek and jumped away before her quick hand fell.

"Ol' woman, don't you wisht you'd had you a real man like me, to make you crops when nobody else couldn't make 'em?"

It became apparent that Lige would have almost the earliest beans in the state. Other sections had been drowned out on the first planting, and he would come in at least two weeks ahead of his neighbors. He ordered fancy hampers, with green and red bands. The small crate factory trusted him for them. His beans were perfection. The bushes were loaded.

His first picking was small. He and Drenna and the neighbor boy managed it without help. The beans ripened rapidly, inexorably. The storekeeper, interested, loaned him money to hire pickers. He brought in a truckload of hands for the second picking. Drenna culled, sorted and packed. The Widow Sellers came over. Other neighbor women dropped in to look at the big crop, and stayed to help with the packing. Drenna cooked a generous dinner of ham and grits and cornbread; made a great kettle of coffee and chicory; opened Mason jars of the past summer's blueberries and peaches and figs.

In the field, white and Negro pickers worked alternate rows. The white children squatted on their haunches, sliding along from bush to bush. The

Negroes for the most part bent to their picking, their black arms gathering the beans like swift sickles. The six acres were alive.

Lige worked desperately in and out of the field. The sorting and packing proceeded steadily under Drenna's quiet authority. The volunteer neighbor help chattered and gossiped, but the work was familiar, and they did it carefully. A Negro asked "Captain Gentry" for buckets of drinking water to take to the pickers. The Widow Sellers' tongue flashed like hail across the work. Her small black eyes watched uneasily the growing spread of finished hampers, stacked up to go to the express office. The picking totaled a hundred and thirty hampers. The neighbors divided up the cull beans and went home.

The third picking ran to nearly two hundred crates. It was the most ample yield the section had produced in seasons. The checks began to arrive. A telegram from the New York commission house preceded the first. Lige's initial shipment had brought the record price of nine dollars a hamper.

The market price dropped rapidly as other sections came in. Yet his returns were consistently good. The last three checks reached him on one mail. His net for the crop was over fifteen hundred dollars.

He went a little crazy.

Lige began his celebration at four o'clock in the afternoon. He hurled himself into the house; changed into Sunday clothes without washing or shaving. He slapped into Drenna's hands the accumulation of bean checks, keeping out one for fifty dollars. His stiff store collar was already wet with sweat. Tousled hair hung damp in his eyes.

"Drenna, if I ain't fitten tomorrow, you git the ice truck to take you to Pondland and go to the bank and put these in it. It's what they calls openin' a account."

"You don't want I should git the cash money an' fetch it back an' hide it?"

"Now, Drenna, you do like I tell you. That's the ol'-timey way. Don't nobody hide their money these days."

He was bounding down the low steps.

"Lige, what you fixin' to do?"

"Sugar, I'm fixin' to git so drunk you'll be 'shamed for me all year, but I got it to do an' you got it to put up with."

He waved a long arm and was gone at his loping trot down the road toward the village, where the Brinley boys waited in their old Ford. The earth swayed from under her. She dropped trembling on the rickety stoop. She wanted to run after him, to call him back, but numbness held her. Lige had been so good; with her, so gentle. Year after year, with his bean crops failing him, he had been patient. Yet violence simmered in him.

He had been always like a great kettle of cane juice, ready, at a little too much heat, to boil over.

With her he had been like a wild thing tamed; a 'coon or 'possum or young panther that had come to enjoy captivity. Now, in his prosperity, he had broken out of the cage and was gone, dangling his ropes behind him. For a moment he did not seem to belong to her. It was as though a stranger had gone galloping down the road to meet the Brinley boys and get drunk.

She rose from the stoop, told the children to stay in the house, and went to the Widow Sellers.

"Yes," the old woman said before she could speak, "the grand rascal's been here an' gone. Th'owed over his job an' gone to raise him some hell."

Drenna stiffened. She lifted her chin.

"If he's took the notion to git drunk, I reckon he's got the right to do it."

The widow gaped. When the young woman turned defiantly for home again, she scurried through town telling that Drenna didn't give a rap whether Lige got drunk or no. The town buzzed with it.

"I ain't surprised at Lige, but who'd a-figgered Drenna'd turn out plumb shameless!"

No one came near her that evening. The village was busy waiting for news of Lige's hilarity to come in piece by piece. Drenna sat in her low rocker, holding the baby. The older child played in and out of the house and at last gave up asking questions. Twilight came, and still she sat, rocking and staring. She put the children to bed and went back to her rocker. The kerosene lamps went unlit. She was chilly and wrapped a patchwork quilt around her. A hoot owl startled her in the pine tree by the window. In the hammock, the first whippoorwill gave his yearning cry.

"When the whippoorwill calls, it's time for the corn to be in the ground."

Would Lige bother to plant corn this spring? Would he get drunk every once and again, now he had money? They had planned to repair the leaking shingled roof; to buy hogs and raise peanuts and chufas; there was money in stock, if you could get a start; to have a real mattress for the bed, some more chairs and a new cookstove; to take a trip to Alabama to visit Drenna's folks; to be done once and for all with the Widow Sellers; and, of course, to lay by money for an increasing acreage of beans.

She listened intently at every sound. A car went by, a nigger riding a mule and singing. A pair of hounds bayed past, trailing 'coon. She was drowsing in her chair when a clatter sounded on the porch and Lige was home.

"'Lo, Sugar. I shore done the job."

She was trembling again. To keep from looking at him, she did not light a lamp. He was knocking into everything. She took his arm and led him into the bedroom.

"Lay down, Lige, an' leave me take off your shoes an' breeches."

He was asleep, puffing and moaning, before she could undress him. She got off his shoes and threw a cover over him. Lying between the babies, she dozed the two or three hours until daylight.

She roused him at breakfast time to offer a cup of coffee. He took a few swallows and was suddenly sick. He turned over on his side, groaning, and went to sleep again. She shut the door of the room when she saw two women coming up the walk.

People came all morning; women to bring her juicy bits about the drunken night, with Lige and the Brinleys and the Twillers and Tom Parker driving all over the county shouting and treating everybody. Men came to ask, grinning, if she needed any help with Lige; curious, to see how she was taking it; and men and women grabbing for the bean money.

The owner of the crate factory came for his pay. She gave him one of the checks endorsed in Lige's uneven hand. The storekeeper came for the picking money. The Widow Lykes came whining to borrow whatever she could get. Drenna was bewildered; then resentful.

She was dressed to go to Pondland to the bank when the preacher arrived. It startled her. He had never been in the house before, although she had slipped in and out of church almost every preaching Sunday. He spoke severely on the sin of drunkenness. She braced herself to it. He spoke at last of the desirability, under the shocking circumstances, of tithing the fortune they were squandering, and giving to the Lord. She caught her breath. The parson was after the bean money, too.

Fury took possession of her, like a moccasin swallowing a small gray rabbit. She hated everybody; Lige, crying out now and then behind the closed door in his drunken sickness; the town, with its intruding eyes and wagging tongues; the Widow Sellers; the parson; above everything else, the bean money. She stamped her foot.

"What's a-goin' on ain't nobody's business. I'll settle with God when I git straightened out. I got no money for you now, nor maybe never. I've give what I could for missions, an' I always will. But I need what we got now for the chappies an' things you know nothin' about. You go on now."

She drove him from the house, locked the door, and plodded furiously down the road to hail the ice truck. In Pondland she opened the account at the bank with a boldness foreign to her.

"I want fifty dollars o' that back in cash money," she said belligerently. Her lips moved.

"Jest what Lige takened," she said to herself.

On the streets of the city again, she found herself dazed. The bills were clutched in her fist. She knew only that she intended to spend them, recklessly, foolishly, wickedly. In the shop windows were dresses for summer; hats and shoes. She smoothed back her soft hair. She had come off without any hat at all. A red chiffon dress caught her eye. She walked

in a dream into the shop and pointed out the frock. The saleswomen lifted their eyebrows at one another. They helped her take off her calico dress and put on the red chiffon over her white muslin slip.

"Of course, now, with a silk slip, and nice shoes—"

In the long mirror were reflected a white frightened face with gray eyes, pale tight lips, and bare arms and throat above a flaming pile of soft fabric. She nodded. The saleswoman folded the dress in tissue paper and laid it carefully in a box.

"Forty-five dollars."

She held out the bills.

Bean money. Lige's fine crop of beans. She saw the six acres, green with gold pendants hung over them. She remembered the pickers moving in with the tall hampers on their shoulders, swaying and singing. The field was empty now, waiting for fall beans. The new bills crackled in her fingers. This was all they had to show for the crop. The rest was in Lige's tormented belly, and in the strange, impersonal bank, dropped from sight like a stone in a pond.

The bean money had been queer stuff. Checks in writing that everybody scrambled to get at . . . Lige acting scandalously . . . her impudence to the preacher . . . now a red dress tempting her to go about like a lewd woman. She shivered.

"I cain't do it."

She put the money behind her back.

"I cain't do it."

Outside the shop she stuffed the bills inside her blouse. She rode home on the loaded ice truck.

She walked from the heart of the village out to the house, running the last of the way. The children were playing with chicken feathers in the sandy yard. Lige was lying awake in bed, smoking his pipe. He put his arm over his face in mock shame.

"Say it, Drenna," he grinned. "I got it comin'. Your ol' man's disgraced you, like I tol' you. But dog take it"—she sat on the bed, and he reached out his arms for her—"it was fine! Jest to turn that ol' quart bottle top-side down an' let 'er drip!"

She had to laugh at him. They wouldn't say any more about it. She had very nearly done as wrong as he. She had been wilder, crazier.

She was cooking dinner when the ice truck lumbered up to the gate. Tim ran up the walk and into the house.

"Drenna! The Pondland bank's closed down! No more'n a good hour after you-all put your money in. Tainter jest brought the word. Ever'-body's caught."

He mopped his face and started away again.

"I got to go out back o' the Creek an' tell the Philbins."

At the gate he waved his hand to her and called:

"Tell Lige ever'body says they bet he'll wish he'd got twicet as drunk!" He rattled off.

She watched the truck out of sight. She was not astonished. She had not been brought up to consider a bank the place for money.

Her father had always said, "Nothin' ain't safe nor sartin excusin' a iron pot o' gold or siller, put deep in a place where nobody else cain't find hit."

She went into the bedroom to Lige. He was getting his wracked body into clean clothes.

"I heerd him! Oh, my God, Drenna!"

Sweat rolled into his bloodshot eyes.

"I'll kill somebody for this—"

He was unsteady on his feet. He picked up his shotgun from behind the head of the bed.

"Philbins 'll go. Buckshot's too good for that bank president."

"Lige," she said gently.

He stopped. His eyes softened.

"No need to take on so. Banks closes and you cain't blame nobody special."

She drew out the fifty dollars from her blouse. The stiff paper was warm from the skin of her breast. He stared. The money was real and tangible.

"Reckon I was jest led to keep it out in cash money. It'll git us seed for fall."

"But, Drenna—all that other gone like as if 'twas stole—"

"Don't study that-a-way. I figger, we jest lost another bean crop."

He replaced the shotgun slowly. He sat down on the side of the bed, his muscular hands closing and unclosing. He pondered. At last he nodded gravely.

"Jest done lost us another crop o' beans."

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Flint and Fire *

MY HUSBAND'S cousin had come up from the city, slightly more fagged and sardonic than usual, and, as he stretched himself out in the big porch chair, he was even more caustic than was his wont about the bareness and emotional sterility of the lives of our country people.

"Perhaps they had, a couple of centuries ago, when the Puritan hallucination was still strong, a certain fierce savor of religious intolerance; but, now that that has died out, and no material prosperity has come to let them share in the larger life of their century, there is a flatness, a mean absence of warmth or color, a deadness to all emotions but the pettiest sorts—"

I pushed the pitcher nearer him, clinking the ice invitingly, and directed his attention to our iris bed as a more cheerful object of contemplation than the degeneracy of the inhabitants of Vermont. The flowers burned on their tall stalks like yellow tongues of flame. The strong, swordlike green leaves thrust themselves boldly up into the spring air like a challenge. The plants vibrated with vigorous life.

In the field beyond them, as vigorous as they, strode Adoniram Purdon behind his team, the reins tied together behind his muscular neck, his hands grasping the plow with the masterful sureness of the successful practitioner of an art. The hot, sweet spring sunshine shone down on 'Niram's head with its thick crest of brown hair, the ineffable odor of newly turned earth steamed up about him like incense, the mountain stream beyond him leaped and shouted. His powerful body answered every call made on it with the precision of a splendid machine. But there was no elation in the grimly set face as 'Niram wrenched the plow around a big stone, or as, in a more favorable furrow, the gleaming share sped steadily along before the plowman, turning over a long, unbroken brown ribbon of earth.

My cousin-in-law waved a nervous hand toward the sternly silent figure as it stepped doggedly behind the straining team, the head bent forward, the eyes fixed on the horses' heels.

"There!" he said. "There is an example of what I mean. Is there another

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race on earth which could produce a man in such a situation who would not on such a day sing, or whistle, or at least hold up his head and look at all the earthly glories about him?"

I was silent, but not for lack of material for speech. 'Niram's reasons for austere self-control were not such as I cared to discuss with a man of my cousin's mental attitude. As we sat looking at him, the noon whistle from the village blew, and the wise old horses stopped in the middle of a furrow. 'Niram unharnessed them, led them to the shade of a tree, and put on their nosebags. Then he turned and came toward the house.

"Don't I seem to remember," murmured my cousin under his breath, "that, even though he is a New Englander, he has been known to make up errands to your kitchen to see your pretty Ev'leen Ann?"

I looked at him hard; but he was only gazing down, rather cross-eyed, on his grizzled mustache, with an obvious petulant interest in the increase of white hairs in it. Evidently his had been but a chance shot. 'Niram stepped up on the grass at the edge of the porch. He was so tall that he overtopped the railing easily, and, reaching a long arm over to where I sat, he handed me a small package done up in yellowish tissue paper. Without hat-raisings, or good mornings, or any other of the greetings usual in a more effusive civilization, he explained briefly:

"My stepmother wanted I should give you this. She said to thank you for the grape juice." As he spoke, he looked at me gravely out of deep-set blue eyes, and when he had delivered his message he held his peace.

I expressed myself with the babbling volubility of one whose manners have been corrupted by occasional sojourns in the city. "Oh, 'Niram!" I cried protestingly, as I opened the package and took out an exquisitely wrought old-fashioned collar. "Oh, 'Niram! How *could* your stepmother give such a thing away? Why, it must be one of her precious old relics. I don't *want* her to give me something every time I do some little thing for her. Can't a neighbor send her in a few bottles of grape juice without her thinking she must pay it back somehow? It's not kind of her. She has never yet let me do the least thing for her without repaying me with something that is worth ever so much more than my trifling services."

When I finished my prattling, 'Niram repeated, with an accent of finality, "She wanted I should give it to you."

The older man stirred in his chair. Without looking at him I knew that his gaze on the young rustic was quizzical and that he was recording on the tablets of his merciless memory the ungraceful abruptness of the other's action and manner.

"How is your stepmother feeling today, 'Niram?" I asked.

"Worse."

'Niram came to a full stop with the word. My cousin covered his satirical mouth with his hand.

"Can't the doctor do anything to relieve her?" I asked.

'Niram moved at last from his Indianlike immobility. He looked up under the brim of his felt hat at the skyline of the mountain, shimmering iridescent above us. "He says maybe 'lectricity would help her some. I'm goin' to git her the batteries and things soon's I git the rubber bandages paid for."

There was a long silence. My cousin stood up, yawning, and sauntered away toward the door. "Shall I send Ev'leen Ann out to get the pitcher and glasses?" he asked in an accent which he evidently thought very humorously significant.

The strong face under the felt hat turned white, the jaw muscles set hard, but for all this show of strength there was an instant when the man's eyes looked out with the sick, helpless revelation of pain they might have had when 'Niram was a little boy of ten, a third of his present age, and less than half his present stature. Occasionally it is horrifying to see how a chance shot rings the bell.

"No, no! Never mind!" I said hastily. "I'll take the tray in when I go."

Without salutation or farewell 'Niram Purdon turned and went back to his work.

The porch was an enchanted place, walled around with starlit darkness, visited by wisps of breezes shaking down from their wings the breath of lilac and syringa, flowering wild grapes, and plowed fields. Down at the foot of our sloping lawn the little river, still swollen by the melted snow from the mountains, plunged between its stony banks and shouted its brave song to the stars.

We three middle-aged people—Paul, his cousin, and I—had disposed our uncomely, useful, middle-aged bodies in the big wicker chairs and left them there while our young souls wandered abroad in the sweet, dark glory of the night. At least Paul and I were doing this, as we sat, hand in hand, thinking of a May night twenty years before. One never knows what Horace is thinking of, but apparently he was not in his usual captious vein, for after a long pause he remarked, "It is a night almost indecorously inviting to the making of love."

My answer seemed grotesquely out of key with this, but its sequence was clear in my mind. I got up, saying: "Oh, that reminds me—I must go and see Ev'leen Ann. I'd forgotten to plan tomorrow's dinner."

"Oh, everlastingly Ev'leen Ann!" mocked Horace from his corner. "Can't you think of anything but Ev'leen Ann and her affairs?"

I felt my way through the darkness of the house, toward the kitchen, both doors of which were tightly closed. When I stepped into the hot, close room, smelling of food and fire, I saw Ev'leen Ann sitting on the straight kitchen chair, the yellow light of the bracket lamp bearing down on her heavy braids and bringing out the exquisitely subtle modeling of her smooth young face. Her hands were folded in her lap. She was staring

at the blank wall, and the expression of her eyes so startled and shocked me that I stopped short and would have retreated if it had not been too late. She had seen me, roused herself, and said quietly, as though continuing a conversation interrupted the moment before:

"I had been thinking that there was enough left of the roast to make hash balls for dinner"—"hash balls" is Ev'leen Ann's decent Anglo-Saxon name for croquettes—"and maybe you'd like a rhubarb pie."

I knew well enough she had been thinking of no such thing, but I could as easily have slapped a reigning sovereign on the back as broken in on the regal reserve of Ev'leen Ann in her clean gingham.

"Well, yes, Ev'leen Ann," I answered in her own tone of reasonable consideration of the matter; "that would be nice, and your pie crust is so flaky that even Mr. Horace will have to be pleased."

"Mr. Horace" is our title for the sardonic cousin whose carping ways are half a joke and half a menace in our family.

Ev'leen Ann could not manage the smile which should have greeted this sally. She looked down soberly at the white-pine top of the kitchen table and said, "I guess there is enough sparrow grass up in the garden for a mess, too, if you'd like that."

"That would taste very good," I agreed, my heart aching for her.

"And creamed potatoes," she finished bravely, thrusting my unspoken pity from her.

"You know I like creamed potatoes better than any other kind," I concurred.

There was a silence. It seemed inhuman to go and leave the stricken young thing to fight her trouble alone in the ugly prison, her work place, though I thought I could guess why Ev'leen Ann had shut the doors so tightly. I hung near her, searching my head for something to say, but she helped me by no casual remark. 'Niram is not the only one of our people who possesses to the full the supreme gift of silence. Finally I mentioned the report of a case of measles in the village, and Ev'leen Ann responded in kind with the news that her Aunt Emma had bought a potato-planter. Ev'leen Ann is an orphan, brought up by a well-to-do spinster aunt, who is strong-minded and runs her own farm. After a time we glided by way of similar transitions to the mention of his name.

"'Niram Purdon tells me his stepmother is no better," I said. "Isn't it too bad?" I thought it well for Ev'leen Ann to be dragged out of her black cave of silence once in a while, even if it could be done only by force. As she made no answer, I went on. "Everybody who knows 'Niram thinks it splendid of him to do so much for his stepmother."

Ev'leen Ann responded with a detached air, as though speaking of a matter in China: "Well, it ain't any more than what he should. She was awful good to him when he was little and his father got so sick. I guess 'Niram wouldn't ha' had much to eat if she hadn't ha' gone out sewing to

earn it for him and Mr. Purdon." She added firmly, after a moment's pause, "No, ma'am, I don't guess it's any more than what 'Niram had ought to do."

"But it's very hard on a young man to feel that he's not able to marry," I continued. Once in a great while we came so near the matter as this. Ev'leen Ann made no answer. Her face took on a pinched look of sickness. She set her lips as though she would never speak again. But I knew that a criticism of 'Niram would always rouse her, and said: "And really, I think 'Niram makes a great mistake to act as he does. A wife would be a help to him. She could take care of Mrs. Purdon and keep the house."

Ev'leen Ann rose to the bait, speaking quickly with some heat: "I guess 'Niram knows what's right for him to do! He can't afford to marry when he can't even keep up with the doctor's bills and all. He keeps the house himself, nights and mornings, and Mrs. Purdon is awful handy about taking care of herself, for all she's bedridden. That's her way, you know. She can't bear to have folks do for her. She'd die before she'd let anybody do anything for her that she could anyways do for herself!"

I sighed acquiescingly. Mrs. Purdon's fierce independence was a rock on which every attempt at sympathy or help shattered itself to atoms. There seemed to be no other emotion left in her poor old work-worn shell of a body. As I looked at Ev'leen Ann, it seemed rather a hateful characteristic, and I remarked, "It seems to me it's asking a good deal of 'Niram to spoil his life in order that his stepmother can go on pretending she's independent."

Ev'leen Ann explained hastily: "Oh, 'Niram doesn't tell her anything about— She doesn't know he would like to—he don't want she should be worried—and, anyhow, as 'tis, he can't earn enough to keep ahead of all the doctors cost."

"But the right kind of a wife—a good, competent girl—could help out by earning something, too."

Ev'leen Ann looked at me forlornly, with no surprise. The idea was evidently not new to her. "Yes, ma'am, she could. But 'Niram says he ain't the kind of man to let his wife go out working." Even while she dropped under the killing verdict of his pride, she was loyal to his standards and uttered no complaint. She went on, "'Niram wants Aunt Em'line to have things the way she wants 'em, as near as he can give 'em to her—and it's right she should."

"Aunt Emeline?" I repeated, surprised at her absence of mind. "You mean Mrs. Purdon, don't you?"

Ev'leen Ann looked vexed at her slip, but she scorned to attempt any concealment. She explained dryly, with the shy, stiff embarrassment our country people have in speaking of private affairs: "Well, she *is* my Aunt Em'line, Mrs. Purdon is, though I don't hardly ever call her that. You see, Aunt Emma brought me up, and she and Aunt Em'line don't have anything to do with each other. They were twins, and when they were girls they got edgeways over 'Niram's father, when 'Niram was a baby and his father was

a young widower and come courting. Then Aunt Em'line married him, and Aunt Emma never spoke to her afterward."

Occasionally, in walking unsuspectingly along one of our leafy lanes, some such fiery geyser of ancient heat uprears itself in a boiling column. I never get used to it, and started back now.

"Why, I never heard of that before, and I've known your Aunt Emma and Mrs. Purdon for years!"

"Well, they're pretty old now," said Ev'leen Ann listlessly, with the natural indifference of self-centered youth to the bygone tragedies of the preceding generation. "It happened quite some time ago. And both of them were so touchy, if anybody seemed to speak about it, that folks got in the way of letting it alone. First Aunt Emma wouldn't speak to her sister because she'd married the man she'd wanted, and then when Aunt Emma made out so well farmin' and got so well off, why, then Mrs. Purdon wouldn't try to make up because she was so poor. That was after Mr. Purdon had had his stroke of paralysis and they'd lost their farm and she'd taken to goin' out sewin'—not but what she was always perfectly satisfied with her bargain. She always acted as though she'd rather have her husband's old shirt stuffed with straw than any other man's whole body. He was a real nice man, I guess, Mr. Purdon was."

There I had it—the curt, unexpanded chronicle of two passionate lives. And there I had also the key to Mrs. Purdon's fury of independence. It was the only way in which she could defend her husband against the charge, so damning to her world, of not having provided for his wife. It was the only monument she could rear to her husband's memory. And her husband had been all there was in life for her!

I stood looking at her young kinswoman's face, noting the granite under the velvet softness of its youth, and divining the flame underlying the granite. I longed to break through her wall and to put my arms about her, and on the impulse of the moment I cast aside the pretense of casualness in our talk.

"Oh, my dear!" I said. "Are you and 'Niram always to go on like this? Can't anybody help you?"

Ev'leen Ann looked at me, her face suddenly old and gray. "No, ma'am; we ain't going to go on this way. We've decided, 'Niram and I have, that it ain't no use. We've decided that we'd better not go places together any more or see each other. It's too— If 'Niram thinks we can't"—she flamed so that I knew she was burning from head to foot—"it's better for us not—" She ended in a muffled voice, hiding her face in the crook of her arm.

Ah, yes; now I knew why Ev'leen Ann had shut out the passionate breath of the spring night!

I stood near her, a lump in my throat, but I divined the anguish of her shame at her involuntary self-revelation, and respected it. I dared do no more than to touch her shoulder gently.

The door behind us rattled. Ev'leen Ann sprang up and turned her face toward the wall. Paul's cousin came in, shuffling a little, blinking his eyes in the light of the unshaded lamp, and looking very cross and tired. He glanced at us without comment as he went over to the sink. "Nobody offered me anything good to drink," he complained, "so I came in to get some water from the faucet for my nightcap."

When he had drunk with ostentation from the tin dipper, he went to the outside door and flung it open. "Don't you people know how hot and smelly it is in here?" he said, with his usual uncereceremonious abruptness.

The night wind burst in, eddying, and puffed out the lamp with a breath. In an instant the room was filled with coolness and perfumes and the rushing sound of the river. Out of the darkness came Ev'leen Ann's young voice. "It seems to me," she said, as though speaking to herself, "that I never heard the Mill Brook sound so loud as it has this spring."

I woke up that night with the start one has at a sudden call. But there had been no call. A profound silence spread itself through the sleeping house. Outdoors the wind had died down. Only the loud brawl of the river broke the stillness under the stars. But all through this silence and this vibrant song there rang a soundless menace which brought me out of bed and to my feet before I was awake. I heard Paul say, "What's the matter?" in a sleepy voice, and "Nothing," I answered, reaching for my dressing gown and slippers. I listened for a moment, my head ringing with all the frightened tales of the morbid vein of violence which runs through the character of our reticent people. There was still no sound. I went along the hall and up the stairs to Ev'leen Ann's room, and I opened the door without knocking. The room was empty.

Then how I ran! Calling loudly for Paul to join me, I ran down the two flights of stairs, out of the open door, and along the hedged path which leads down to the little river. The starlight was clear. I could see everything as plainly as though in early dawn. I saw the river, and I saw—Ev'leen Ann.

There was a dreadful moment of horror, which I shall never remember very clearly, and then Ev'leen Ann and I—both very wet—stood on the bank, shuddering in each other's arms.

Into our hysteria there dropped, like a pungent caustic, the arid voice of Horace, remarking, "Well, are you two people crazy, or are you walking in your sleep?"

I could feel Ev'leen Ann stiffen in my arms, and I fairly stepped back from her in astonished admiration as I heard her snatch at the straw thus offered, and, still shuddering horribly from head to foot, force herself to say quite connectedly: "Why—yes—of course—I've always heard about my grandfather Parkman's walking in his sleep. Folks *said* 'twould come out in the family some time."

Paul was close behind Horace—I wondered a little at his not being first—

and with many astonished and inane ejaculations, such as people always make on startling occasions, we made our way back into the house to hot blankets and toddies. But I slept no more that night.

Some time after dawn, however, I did fall into a troubled unconsciousness full of bad dreams, and only woke when the sun was quite high. I opened my eyes to see Ev'leen Ann about to close the door.

"Oh, did I wake you up?" she said. "I didn't mean to. That little Harris boy is here with a letter for you."

She spoke with a slightly defiant tone of self-possession. I tried to play up to her interpretation of her role.

"The little Harris boy?" I said, sitting up in bed. "What in the world is he bringing me a letter for?"

Ev'leen Ann, with her usual clear perception of the superfluous in conversation, vouchsafed no opinion on a matter where she had no information, but went downstairs and brought back the note. It was of four lines, and—surprisingly enough—from old Mrs. Purdon, who asked me abruptly if I would have my husband take me to see her. She specified, and underlined the specification, that I was to come "right off, and in the automobile." Wondering extremely at this mysterious bidding, I sought out Paul, who obediently cranked up our small car and carried me off. There was no sign of Horace about the house, but some distance on the other side of the village we saw his tall, stooping figure swinging along the road. He carried a cane and was characteristically occupied in violently switching off the heads from the wayside weeds as he walked. He refused our offer to take him in, alleging that he was out for exercise and to reduce his flesh—an ancient gibe at his bony frame which made him for an instant show a leathery smile.

There was, of course, no one at Mrs. Purdon's to let us into the tiny, three-roomed house, since the bedridden invalid spent her days there alone while Niram worked his team on other people's fields. Not knowing what we might find, Paul stayed outside in the car, while I stepped inside in answer to Mrs. Purdon's "Come *in*, why don't you!" which sounded quite as dry as usual. But when I saw her I knew that things were not as usual.

She lay flat on her back, the little emaciate wisp of humanity, hardly raising the piecework quilt enough to make the bed seem occupied and to account for the thin, worn old face on the pillow. But as I entered the room her eyes seized on mine, and I was aware of nothing but them and some fury of determination behind them. With a fierce heat of impatience at my first natural but quickly repressed exclamation of surprise, she explained briefly that she wanted Paul to lift her into the automobile and take her into the next township to the Hulett farm. "I'm shrunk away to nuthin', I know I can lay on the back seat if I crook myself up," she said, with a cool accent but a rather shaky voice. Seeming to realize that even her intense desire to strike the matter-of-fact note could not take the place of any and all ex-

planation of her extraordinary request, she added, holding my eyes steady with her own: "Emma Hulett's my twin sister. I guess it ain't so queer, my wanting to see her."

I thought, of course, we were to be used as the medium for some strange, sudden family reconciliation, and went out to ask Paul if he thought he could carry the old invalid to the car. He replied that, so far as that went, he could carry so thin an old body ten times around the town, but that he refused absolutely to take such a risk without authorization from her doctor. I remembered the burning eyes of resolution I had left inside, and sent him to present his objections to Mrs. Purdon.

In a few moments I saw him emerge from the house with the old woman in his arms. He had evidently taken her up just as she lay. The piecework quilt hung down in long folds, flashing its brilliant reds and greens in the sunshine, which shone so strangely upon the pallid old countenance, facing the open sky for the first time in years.

We drove in silence through the green and gold lyric of the spring day, an elderly company sadly out of key with the triumphant note of eternal youth which rang through all the visible world. Mrs. Purdon looked at nothing, said nothing, seemed to be aware of nothing but the purpose in her heart, whatever that might be. Paul and I, taking a leaf from our neighbors' book, held, with a courage like theirs, to their excellent habit of saying nothing when there is nothing to say. We arrived at the fine old Hulett place without the exchange of a single word.

"Now carry me in," said Mrs. Purdon briefly, evidently hoarding her strength.

"Wouldn't I better go and see if Miss Hulett is at home?" I asked.

Mrs. Purdon shook her head impatiently and turned her compelling eyes on my husband. I went up the path before them to knock at the door, wondering what the people in the house would possibly be thinking of us. There was no answer to my knock. "Open the door and go in," commanded Mrs. Purdon from out her quilt.

There was no one in the spacious, white-paneled hall, and no sound in all the big, many-roomed house.

"Emma's out feeding the hens," conjectured Mrs. Purdon, not, I fancied, without a faint hint of relief in her voice. "Now carry me upstairs to the first room on the right."

Half hidden by his burden, Paul rolled wildly inquiring eyes at me; but he obediently staggered up the broad old staircase, and, waiting till I had opened the first door to the right, stepped into the big bedroom.

"Put me down on the bed, and open them shutters," Mrs. Purdon commanded.

She still marshaled her forces with no lack of decision, but with a fainting voice which made me run over to her quickly as Paul laid her down on the four-poster. Her eyes were still indomitable, but her mouth hung open

slackly and her color was startling. "Oh, Paul, quick! quick! Haven't you your flask with you?"

Mrs. Purdon informed me in a barely audible whisper, "In the corner cupboard at the head of the stairs," and I flew down the hallway. I returned with a bottle, evidently of great age. There was only a little brandy in the bottom, but it whipped up a faint color into the sick woman's lips.

As I was bending over her and Paul was thrusting open the shutters, letting in a flood of sunshine and flecky leaf shadows, a firm, rapid step came down the hall, and a vigorous woman, with a tanned face and a clean, faded gingham dress, stopped short in the doorway with an expression of stupefaction.

Mrs. Purdon put me on one side, and, although she was physically incapable of moving her body by a hair's breadth, she gave the effect of having risen to meet the newcomer. "Well, Emma, here I am," she said in a queer voice, with involuntary quavers in it. As she went on, she had it more under control, although in the course of her extraordinarily succinct speech it broke and failed her occasionally. When it did, she drew in her breath with an audible, painful effort, struggling forward steadily in what she had to say. "You see, Emma, it's this way: My 'Niram and your Ev'leen Ann have been keeping company—ever since they went to school together—you know that's well as I do, for all we let on we didn't, only I didn't know till just now how hard they took it. They can't get married because 'Niram can't keep even, let alone get ahead any, because I cost so much bein' sick, and the doctor says I may live for years this way, same's Aunt Hettie did. An' 'Niram is thirty-one, an' Ev'leen Ann is twenty-eight, an' they've had 'bout's much waitin' as is good for folks that set such store by each other. I've thought of every way out of it—and there ain't any. The Lord knows I don't enjoy livin' any, not so's to notice the enjoyment, and I'd thought of cutting my throat like Uncle Lish, but that'd make 'Niram and Ev'leen Ann feel so—to think why I'd done it; they'd never take the comfort they'd ought in bein' married; so that won't do. There's only one thing to do. I guess you'll have to take care of me till the Lord calls me. Maybe I won't last so long as the doctor thinks."

When she finished, I felt my ears ringing in the silence. She had walked to the sacrificial altar with so steady a step, and laid upon it her precious all with so gallant a front of quiet resolution, that for an instant I failed to take in the sublimity of her self-immolation. Mrs. Purdon asking for charity! And asking the one woman who had most reason to refuse it to her.

Paul looked at me miserably, the craven desire to escape a scene written all over him. "Wouldn't we better be going, Mrs. Purdon?" I said uneasily. I had not ventured to look at the woman in the doorway.

Mrs. Purdon motioned me to remain, with an imperious gesture whose fierceness showed the tumult underlying her brave front. "No; I want you should stay. I want you should hear what I say, so's you can tell folks, if

you have to. Now, look here, Emma," she went on to the other, still obstinately silent; "you must look at it the way 'tis. We're neither of us any good to anybody, the way we are—and I'm dreadfully in the way of the only two folks we care a pin about—either of us. You've got plenty to do with, and nothing to spend it on. I can't get myself out of their way by dying without going against what's Scripture and proper, but—" Her steely calm broke. She burst out in a screaming, hysterical voice: "You've just *got* to! If you don't, I won't never go back to 'Niram's house! I'll lie in the ditch by the roadside till the poormaster comes to get me—and I'll tell everybody that it's because my own twin sister, with a house and a farm and money in the bank, turned me out to starve—" A fearful spasm cut her short. She lay twisted and limp, the whites of her eyes showing between the lids.

"Good God, she's gone!" cried Paul, running to the bed.

I was aware that the woman in the doorway had relaxed her frozen immobility and was between Paul and me as we rubbed the thin, icy hands and forced brandy between the placid lips. We all three thought her dead or dying, and labored over her with the frightened thankfulness for one another's living presence which always marks that dreadful moment. But even as we fanned and rubbed, and cried out to one another to open the windows and to bring water, the blue lips moved to a ghostly whisper: "Em, listen—" The old woman went back to the nickname of their common youth. "Em—your Ev'leen Ann—tried to drown herself—in the Mill Brook last night . . . That's what decided me to—" And then we were plunged into another desperate struggle with Death for the possession of the battered old habitation of the dauntless soul before us.

"Isn't there any hot water in the house?" cried Paul, and "Yes, yes; a teakettle on the stove!" answered the woman who labored with us. Paul, divining that she meant the kitchen, fled downstairs. I stole a look at Emma Hulett's face as she bent over the sister she had not seen in thirty years, and I knew that Mrs. Purdon's battle was won. It even seemed that she had won another skirmish in her never-ending war with death, for a little warmth began to come back into her hands.

When Paul returned with the teakettle, and a hot-water bottle had been filled, the owner of the house straightened herself, assumed her rightful position as mistress of the situation, and began to issue commands. "You git right in the automobile, and go git the doctor," she told Paul. "That'll be the quickest. She's better now, and your wife and I can keep her goin' till the doctor gits here."

As Paul left the room, she snatched something white from a bureau drawer, stripped the worn, patched old cotton nightgown from the skeleton-like body, and, handling the invalid with a strong, sure touch, slipped on a soft, woolly outing-flannel wrapper with a curious trimming of zigzag braid down the front. Mrs. Purdon opened her eyes very slightly, but shut

them again at her sister's quick command, "You lay still, Em'line, and drink some of this brandy." She obeyed without comment, but after a pause she opened her eyes again and looked down at the new garment which clad her. She had that moment turned back from the door of death, but her first breath was used to set the scene for a return to a decent decorum.

"You're still a great hand for rickrack work, Em, I see," she murmured in a faint whisper. "Do you remember how surprised Aunt Su was when you made up a pattern?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it for quite some time," returned Miss Hulett, in exactly the same tone of everyday remark. As she spoke she slipped her arm under the other's head and poked the pillow to a more comfortable shape. "Now you lay perfectly still," she commanded in the hectoring tone of the born nurse; "I'm goin' to run down and make you up a good hot cup of sassafras tea."

I followed her down into the kitchen and was met by the same refusal to be melodramatic which I had encountered in Ev'leen Ann. I was most anxious to know what version of my extraordinary morning I was to give out to the world, but hung silent, positively abashed by the cool casualness of the other woman as she mixed her brew. Finally, "Shall I tell 'Niram—What shall I say to Ev'leen Ann? If anybody asks me—" I brought out with clumsy hesitation.

At the realization that her reserve and family pride were wholly at the mercy of any report I might choose to give, even my iron hostess faltered. She stopped short in the middle of the floor, looked at me silently, piteously, and found no word.

I hastened to assure her that I would attempt no hateful picturesqueness of narration. "Suppose I just say that you were rather lonely here, now that Ev'leen Ann has left you, and that you thought it would be nice to have your sister come to stay with you, so that 'Niram and Ev'leen Ann can be married?"

Emma Hulett breathed again. She walked toward the stairs with the steaming cup in her hand. Over her shoulder she remarked, "Well, yes, ma'am; that would be as good a way to put it as any, I guess."

'Niram and Ev'leen Ann were standing up to be married. They looked very stiff and self-conscious, and Ev'leen Ann was very pale. 'Niram's big hands, bent in the crook of a man who handles tools, hung down by his new black trousers. Ev'leen Ann's strong fingers stood out stiffly from one another. They looked hard at the minister and repeated after him in low and meaningless tones the solemn and touching words of the marriage service. Back of them stood the wedding company, in freshly washed and ironed white dresses, new straw hats, and black suits smelling of camphor. In the background among the other elders stood Paul and Horace and I—my hus-

band and I hand in hand; Horace twiddling the black ribbon which holds his watch, and looking bored. Through the open windows into the stuffiness of the best room came an echo of the deep organ note of midsummer.

"Whom God hath joined together—" said the minister, and the epitome of humanity which filled the room held its breath—the old with a wonder upon their life-scarred faces, the young half-frightened to feel the stir of the great wings soaring so near them.

Then it was all over. Niram and Ev'leen Ann were married, and the rest of us were bustling about to serve the hot biscuit and coffee and chicken salad, and to dish up the ice cream. Afterward there were no citified refinements of cramming rice down the necks of the departing pair or tying placards to the carriage in which they went away. Some of the men went out to the barn and hitched up for Niram, and we all went down to the gate to see them drive off.

They might have been going for one of their Sunday afternoon "buggy rides" except for the wet eyes of the foolish women and girls who stood waving their hands in answer to the flutter of Ev'leen Ann's handkerchief as the carriage went down the hill.

We had nothing to say to one another after they left, and began soberly to disperse to our respective vehicles. But as I was getting into our car a new thought suddenly struck me.

"Why," I cried, "I never thought of it before! However in the world did old Mrs. Purdon know about Ev'leen Ann—that night?"

Horace was pulling at the door, which was badly adjusted, and shut hard. He closed it with a vicious slam. "*I told her,*" he said crossly.

Tom Whipple, the Acorn, and the Emperor of Russia

ON A LATE October morning in 1837, just after sunrise, a woman and a grown boy, approaching the Cortlandt Street wharf, asked a deck hand if that was the steamboat for Albany. When he said it was, the boy turned to the woman.

"See, ma. You didn't miss it anyhow."

Her voice was timid. "I was only feared the Amboy boat had made us late. I'd be feared to stay all day in a big city like this one. Washington City was big enough for me." She cast an anxious glance over her shoulder. New York was waking up, and the frosty streets echoed with the clatter of drays and water carts. "Hadh'n't we ought to get on to the boat, Tom?"

"Might as well."

Beside her small bent figure, he looked tall. He was a big boy, anyway, with the flesh on him not yet grown up to his bones. He was carrying a small satchel and a bundle rolled up in a cotton print, and his hands hung well below the cuffs of his shabby coat, showing the wrist joints.

Choosing a corner behind the stove in the main saloon, they stowed the satchel under the seat, and the woman sat down. "This here's real nice," she said, looking up at her son. "I think it's prettier than the other boat, don't you, Tom?"

"Yes, ma."

He was looking out of the window that faced south. He could see the bay beyond the river's mouth, the white gulls against the sky and a ship sailing past the Castle Garden.

She watched his face for a moment, thinking, perhaps, that it favored her own more than his father's.

Then he turned to her and fixed his eyes on a nail in the wall about two feet over her shawled head. "You ought to get home all right," he said.

"We ought to," she said sharply, as if she had been seeing into his mind for some time. "You don't mean—"

He nodded and said, "Yep."

She said then, angrily, "You know I'm feared of traveling alone. It ain't right of you to leave me here, Tom. This way. In this big boat." She saw that she was getting nowhere. "Ain't it enough for you to go see Washing-

ton City? Didn't we traipse all the way over to that Mount Vernon? And we rode on the cars. Ain't many boys done that much. Not even Supervisor Utley has rode on railroad cars. Besides, how'm I going to run the place?"

He was still looking over her head. His face was blank, as only a seventeen-year-old boy's can be, defensive and stubborn. She took the end of her shawl to put it to her eyes. "When pa moved us from New Haven way out into York State, he promised I was to have a home permanent in Westernville. And then he died, and I calculated you would grow up there and take care of me. Remember how you promised pa? What will I say to the Utleys?"

"Tell them I aim to see something of the world," Tom said. "I aim to look me around a spell. I'll come home, maybe in the spring. You'll be all right. You got your widow pension off the government, didn't you? You can hire help now."

She sniffed two or three times. "Oh, Tom," she said, "where'll you go to?"

"I don't know," he said, shuffling his feet. "Maybe Europe. Maybe I'll go to China."

"But, oh, Tom, you ain't got money. You ain't never been nowhere."

"That's it. I ain't been nowhere," he said.

Passengers were coming onto the boat, their feet cracking sharply on the deck outside. She saw that his face was set, and she looked at the freckles as if she wanted to count them over before he left her. His father had been just as stubborn; you couldn't turn him; wasn't anything more stubborn, she thought with a little twinge of pain and pride, than a Whipple man when he got dead set.

He cast a look around and saw that they were partly screened by the stove. He bent down awkwardly to kiss her.

"Good-by, ma," he said. "See you come spring, I guess."

The warning bell began to toll as he stepped off the boat.

"Well, bub," said the man with the hedge of black chin whiskers. "What do you want?"

"You're hiring help, ain't you?" asked Tom Whipple.

The man shoved the stiff-visored cap back on his head and put his feet on the box he had been writing on. He had a square face, the skin like red leather on his cheeks. His eyes were piercing, gray, and hard.

"Yep," he said. "What can you do? Milk perty good, hey? Pitch hay? Say, maybe you can make butter too?"

"I could," said Tom. "I ain't done much, but my ma makes dandy butter. We sell ourn to Supervisor Utley."

"Yew deaow, hey?" The mate got a big laugh from the men in the three-cent-gin shop where he was signing on the crew. "Now that's real handy of yeaow."

Tom Whipple stared at him. He said, "I calculate you must come from Massachusetts State."

This time he got the laugh, and the mate's eyes narrowed. But though he let it go, anybody could see he wasn't going to let Tom Whipple out of his hands after that.

His voice was even and cold. "Ever been to sea?" he asked.

"No," said Tom.

The mate turned to the saloonkeeper for sympathy. "Jeff, did you ever see a crummier lot of ditch lice?" He wheeled round again on Tom. "This is a ship, not a farm. You'll get eleven dollars a month, and you don't milk cows. But we make a ship sail, see?"

"Yes," said Tom. "That's what I want. I want to travel."

"You'll travel all right aboard the *Flora Bascom*." The mate smiled thinly. "Name?"

"Tom Whipple."

The mate's pen squeaked.

"All right," he said. "Next man."

"Just a minute," Tom said. "Where's the *Flora Bascom* sailing to?"

"It's none of your business," said the mate. He rose behind the box. "My name is Mr. Bullett," he said evenly. "I don't want remarks from you. I don't want questions. But when you speak, I'm 'Mister.' Understand?"

"All right," Tom said good-naturedly.

He didn't know what happened. The mate did not move from behind his box, but his fist hit Tom between the eyes. The next he knew, he was lying on the floor and Mr. Bullett was saying, "Mister!" and breathing gently on his knuckles. "Mr. Freel," he said, "take him aboard and see if you can pick some of the straws out of his ears."

A thick-shouldered man yanked Tom to his feet and shoved him toward the door. "Come along, hayfoot," he said. He smelled of tar and plug tobacco and gin and a peculiar kind of hair grease. Half a dozen of the other new hands came after them, but their sycophants' laughter stopped as they emerged into the rumbling clatter of South Street.

"The mate's a bully, ain't he?" one asked.

"Not too bad, if you look sharp and jump when he spits," replied the second mate. "Besides, he's found himself a toy." He nodded at Tom, who was giddily trying to avoid a cart horse.

Tom spent all that day trying to do what he was told, along with the other men. The idea seemed not so much to get work done as to keep the hands busy, and there were moments when Mr. Freel scratched the bald spot on his head and looked hopefully toward Mr. Bullett.

At noon and at four the men were allowed ashore for an hour, but Tom

was kept on board, for Mr. Freel had an idea he might clear out. He told Tom that somebody had to keep watch on the ship. Tom didn't know his rights, of course. Nobody told him that the one-armed old fellow smoking a clay pipe amidships was the shipkeeper, hired according to law. He was glad enough to stay on board and take the hour admiring the vessel. Mr. Freel brought him some scraps of food from the captain's table. Mr. Freel, it appeared, did not eat in the cabin, but, like other second mates, lived a kind of ghostly existence halfway between the forecabin and the cabin. And because Tom had proved handy with the ropes, he acted friendly.

One of the first things he asked was whether Tom had any money.

Tom said no, but he expected to have plenty when they docked across the ocean. Eleven dollars a month was good pay for an apprentice, he thought. Mr. Freel, whittling a plug into a horny palm, grunted.

"You'll need clothes," he said. "Sea boots and a pea jacket. You'll have to buy them from the slop chest. And you'll pay the master a hundred and fifty per cent profit on the transaction," he said.

Tom thought about it for a while before he said, "That don't seem honest."

"Maybe not," Mr. Freel said shortly. "But it's regular. He keeps good stuff in the slop, which is more than some do. You won't have such a hell of a big fortune, though, when you reach St. Petersburg."

Tom cleaned up his beans and said, "Where's that, Mr. Freel?"

"Russia. And a damned cold place, they say."

"Ain't you never been there?"

"No. And I ain't got much desire to go."

Tom lay on his back and looked up into the rigging. The sun and the wind put a kind of shine on the spars that was foreign to the hull.

"I'm glad we're going to Russia," he said. "I've had a fancy to see that place. Maybe I'll get to see the Emperor. Have you ever seen an emperor, Mr. Freel?"

"No," said Mr. Freel. "Captain Stath is emperor enough for me. Him and Mr. Bullett. What do you want to see the Emperor for, anyway?" he asked.

"Oh," said Tom, "I'd kind of like to talk to him. When you want to find out about something, Supervisor Utley says you want to ask the top man, as long as you ain't buying."

Tom Whipple had the bunk in the peak of the forecabin, where the air still smelled of the Dago Portuguese who had occupied it on the preceding voyage. When the crew laid aft to be chosen into watches, he was taken by Mr. Bullett. The choosing was done under the eye of Captain Stath, a clean-shaven man with a calculating face. He was short with the first mate, and he did not speak to the second except to give orders, but he took the ship down the river in fine style. By evening the brig was a lonely box on the

waves with eighteen men and a spotted cat, and America was a place on which the sun had set.

He was sick, and the cold bit as the sun went under, and Mr. Bullett, who had been driving him since the *Flora Bascom* dropped Castle Garden, ordered him aloft with a ball of marline for the boatswain.

"Stay up there till he tells you to bring it down. Maybe the wind will blow the hayseed out."

Tom took the ball in his right hand and worked himself onto the shrouds. He could hear the hiss of the water under him, and the cross ropes pushed against his chest. But he went up, and the only time he looked down he could see Mr. Bullett and Mr. Freel both looking up at him, and Captain Stath coming out of the cabin. Mr. Freel looked anxious, the captain showed nothing on his face at all, but Mr. Bullett was smiling his thin smile.

"Damn him," Tom said to himself. "I'm just as good as he is off this ship."

He didn't stop again. He felt the back wind off the sails against his face; the curve of them made dingy feather beds to lure a man to let go; but he went up.

He saw, after a while, the noncommittal face of the boatswain leaning over the yard. The boatswain's feet were like glue, and his hands were careless, and he laid a long line of tobacco spit level on the wind.

"I've see a snail go up a bush!" he shouted. "But he got there, too, bub!"

It wasn't praise, exactly, but it made Tom feel easier. He found the yard a comfortable pressure on his belly. He let it carry his weight, gingerly, then with more confidence. Then he looked down and saw the hull slitting the water like a needle that a bug might straddle.

"It's bigger than it looks!" shouted the boatswain. "But don't look at it too long, bub! You'll see plenty of it when you're down!"

So Tom looked out while the boatswain worked. He saw the night on the Atlantic; the great heaving mass of it was leveled from that height, and he felt himself swoop over it, a little like the motion of a gull. But a gull didn't fly in the squeak and crash and booming of rigging. He had feathers to silence the wind.

Out there was Russia, he thought, and back of him was Westernville. He could imagine his mother, when she got home, telling Mrs. Utley and the supervisor what had become of him. She would say he was on a ship; maybe for Europe, maybe for China. He could imagine her crying and saying, "He didn't have any money. He didn't want any. You know how Tom is. Always going round with his pocket full of nails and things he picks up, thinking he is as good as the richest man alive." She would think of him asleep in bed, possibly. She would never imagine him up alone in the wind with the yard against his belly and his feet balanced on a spider thread. And the supervisor would clear his throat and say, "Pshaw, Mrs. Whipple," and ask where his supper was.

Thinking of supper at the Utleys' made Tom hungry. For the first time since the brig had met the Atlantic swell, he felt his stomach take a rational shape. "By holy," he said to himself, "I'm all right."

Then the marline ball was slapped against his palm, and the boatswain said, "Get down, bub. And take it easy. Any man can climb."

He went down easy, and when he hit the deck, the roll met his feet squarely. He could smell pork in the galley vent. Mr. Bullett came stamping aft along the deck. His eyes had not changed, and he was still smiling thinly. But all he said was, "Take the marline back to Mr. Freel."

After a week or so, Tom was getting along well enough with the officers. But the fact that he was planning to see the Emperor was too much for Mr. Freel to keep to himself, and, once the foremast hands got wind of it, they talked about it all the way to Russia.

It didn't bother Tom a great deal, though. He didn't know, himself, how he was going to get to talk with him. He didn't even know what his name was, and nobody in the forecabin was able to tell him. They were a pretty mixed crew. Tom was the only genuine American citizen in the forecabin, except a man from New Orleans; and he wasn't hardly what Tom thought of as a Yankee. He saw they didn't mean harm; they had to have something to occupy their minds; but he thought they plain didn't understand how a man could get along. He wasn't worried, except about finding out the Emperor's name.

The bos'n told him that Russian names didn't count. You couldn't pronounce them anyway. And the carpenter said they didn't have last names in Russia at all; the names all ended in "sky," which meant "son of." The cook said, why didn't he ask the old man? So Tom said maybe he would.

But he didn't make up his mind to it till the *Flora Bascom* had worked her way across the Baltic Sea and was heading in for the gulf. At the wheel was the dim-witted Swede, but he could steer a ship like a dreaming archangel. It was Tom's turn at polishing the brass work, and he was rubbing up the binnacle when Captain Stath came up for his morning constitutional.

All the time Tom worked he could hear the smart crack of the captain's heels on the frosty deck, measuring out his exact rectangle. It was easy to tell that the captain was feeling brisk. So Tom gave the shining brass a last flourish of the rag and caught the captain on his twenty-third quarter turn.

He touched his forelock smartly with the knuckle of the hand holding the brass polish and said, "Excuse me, captain. Could you tell me the name of the Emperor of Russia?"

The captain wheeled like a speared sturgeon and roared, "What?" in a t'gallant bellow that brought the entire crew up standing.

Tom saw that he had put his foot in it, but he had to get out the question now, so he asked it again.

The captain's voice cut like the ice spray as he shouted for Mr. Bullett

The rest of the crew all grinned, for they had been waiting this minute; only the Swede didn't change face, but he wiggled his ears for a moment, as if he felt a shift coming in the wind. The sight of them didn't help the captain. By the time Mr. Bullett came up, he was in a state of frenzy.

"Do you know what's happened, mister?" he demanded, leveling his voice.

"No, sir," said Mr. Bullett.

"I've been interrupted on my own deck by one of the watch. Your watch, Mr. Bullett. And do you know what he wanted to know? He wanted to know the name of the Emperor of Russia, Mr. Bullett!... Are you going to stand there like a blasted gaping marble image, Mr. Bullett? Ain't you going to do something?"

Mr. Bullett did. He hailed Tom down amidships and had a couple of seamen hold him over a barrel, and he put a rope's end on his bare back twenty times.

When he was through, they rolled Tom over on his back and emptied buckets of sea water over him and told him to put his shirt on and get to work. Tom felt sore, inside as well as out; the captain had taken up his walk at the exact point at which he had left off, and the only times he watched the flogging was during the short space when he was coming forward and crossing to starboard. The crew thought it was a prodigious joke, discussing it in the forecabin when the watch was off. It was the carpenter's opinion that none of the officers knew the Emperor's name.

Somehow the word of that got aft, and the rest of the voyage became pretty brisk for all of them, and Tom wasn't sorry to jump the brig as soon as she berthed in Kronstadt.

But when he reached St. Petersburg, he got to feeling better. He couldn't talk to anybody. They all looked foreign and many of them had a queer fat smell that made him think of a sheep's carcass hanging in the cool room. He was immensely excited by what he saw, and spent days walking the streets. New York, he thought, or even Washington City, wasn't in it, for strange sights. He saw all sorts of different-appearing people, and they didn't all talk one language either; even a stranger could tell that. He could tell it was a big country, and the urge to find out about it got more and more intense, and he felt surer than ever that the only way to do that was to have a talk with the man at the top, the Emperor.

He tried two or three times at the palace, and he kept watch on the gates, until he began to realize that to get next to the Emperor he would have to have letters or something of that sort.

He didn't know how to get hold of letters, and he had been there two weeks and his money was about gone. He was feeling a bit low that after-

noon, standing outside a pub, when he saw a sailor ambling down the street and looking as footloose as himself.

He hadn't dared go back to the port in all this time, for fear of being picked up by Mr. Bullett. So, seeing that this sailor was a stranger, he hailed him, and they shook hands like two white men in a foreign country; fingering the few coins left in his pockets, he asked the sailor in for a drink. "It's just a pot likker," he said. "But it warms a person."

The sailor turned out to be off a British ship, and he was sympathetic. He had Tom's drink, and then he bought Tom one, and they got so friendly that Tom told him how he had been trying to get to see the Emperor, but didn't know how to go about it.

The sailor said it appeared to him like a difficult problem. "Can't your minister help you out?" he asked.

Tom said, "My minister?" and the sailor said, "Yes. The minister of the United States."

Tom said he hadn't been to see him. He hadn't thought of it; as a matter of fact, it had not even occurred to him that there could be such a job. It made him feel that the United States was a pretty fine country to send a minister all the way to St. Petersburg. He felt considerably better immediately; it was the next best thing to seeing a picture of Old Hickory himself on the wall. Well, said the sailor, why didn't Tom go to see him? Taking care of the interests of American citizens in Russia was what the American minister was paid to do. "And he's got to look after you same as the British minister has to look after me," he said. "That's what they collect the taxes off us for." Tom said he would go. The sailor offered to lend him the money to hire a sled with, but Tom declined. He didn't care to be beholden to a man he didn't know well, and a foreigner at that. So he said good-by and started off for the American embassy. He had a good idea of the direction because there turned out to be a Frenchman in the pub who said he knew.

Well, the minister lived in a mighty fine big house with the American flag flying over it, and when he saw it, Tom Whipple felt good. While he was looking at it, a man came walking from the other direction, and he was dressed in a good American coat; you could tell it a mile. He had a sealskin cap on his head, with the flaps up, pretty near exactly like the one Supervisor Utley wore when he got into the cutter behind the bays and drove down to a Sunday dinner in Rome. But even without those garments, Tom could have told he was an American by the way he walked. He was coming right along, and you could see he meant business. So Tom stepped across the roadway, dodging a couple of droshkies with their jingling bells, and touched his hat to the American, and asked whether the American minister was to home.

The man looked Tom up and down from his worn felt hat and pea

jacket to the old pants and the sea boots. He looked at Tom's freckled face and his young turkey neck and his rawboned wrists, and he gave him a smile.

"No," he said, "the minister's not home yet, but he will be in two shakes. Come in and let me see what I can do for you." He took off his hat, so Tom took his off and they went in the outer door.

"My name's Dallas," said the man. "I'm the minister."

"Whipple," said Tom. "I'm pleased to meet you."

Well, when they came to the inner door, the minister stood to one side to let Tom in first, and then a couple of Russian-dressed servants came up, and one took the minister's hat and coat and one took Tom's hat and his pea jacket. They went upstairs together to where the minister had a kind of office. There was coal burning in a tiled stove, there were books on the walls, and there was a table, something like a dresser, laid out with about every kind of bottle there was.

Mr. Dallas pointed to it and asked whether Tom would have anything to drink. But Tom declined. "There ain't nothing I'd like now except a glass of fresh buttermilk," he said. "I ain't been able to find none anywhere, Mr. Dallas. I can't figure out no Russian for it either."

Mr. Dallas smiled. He said he hadn't thought of buttermilk himself, but if there was anything that would taste good to him at that moment, buttermilk was what it would be. So he pulled a velvet rope hanging on the wall, and a servant came and went, and pretty soon he came in with two big glasses on a gold tray. Mr. Dallas took one and Tom the other; Mr. Dallas raised his and said, "Your very good health, Mr. Whipple." So Tom raised his and returned the compliment, and they took chairs and drank the buttermilk. Tom thought it wasn't near so good as what came out of his mother's churning, but he didn't like to say so. And after being so long without it, he had to admit it tasted pleasant.

The minister talked plain to him. He asked how the U. S. A. was getting along, and Tom said that money was awful tight. He told how he and his mother had been to Washington to get her pension, and how he had seen the President go by down the avenue. He said he had gone over to Mount Vernon. And then he told about putting his mother on the Albany steamboat and how he had signed on the *Flora Bascom*. He hadn't known she was coming to Russia when he did it, but he was mighty glad when he learned, for he had heard about the Russians licking Napoleon Bonaparte, so he knew it was a great country, and he had made up his mind to see the Emperor. That, as a matter of fact, was what he had called on Mr. Dallas about. He would like to get a letter from Mr. Dallas, saying who he was and that he would like a little conversation with the Emperor.

Mr. Dallas looked at him for a moment before he said, picking his words, "You know, Whipple, the Emperor's a pretty hard man to get to see." Then he tried to explain how it was in an empire as compared to

a democratic country. Tom thought it over, but he shook his head. He said he couldn't see it that way. He could see it might apply to a Russian farmer, in a manner of speaking, but he was a United States citizen. Martin Van Buren, now, he could see the Emperor, couldn't he? Mr. Dallas nodded his head; that was true. Then why couldn't Tom Whipple?

Well, they sawed away at it for a spell, and Mr. Dallas was as friendly a man as you could ask to argue with. But Tom got the best of him at every turn, and finally he agreed to write a letter to the imperial court chamberlain for Tom. But he said there was one thing: It was the custom, when you went to call on an Emperor, to take him a present. Tom hadn't thought of that, but he could see how it would be; and he stuck his hand in his pants pocket to fiddle the junk he carried, the way he always did when he was puzzled, and his fingers closed on an object he'd hardly thought of since leaving Washington City. Holding it, he thought how lucky it was he hadn't dropped it anywhere, like up on the topsail yards of the *Flora Bascom* driving off Finisterre. "All right," he said. "Tell him I got a present I'd mighty like to give the Emperor, and that I figure the Emperor is going to be mighty pleased to have."

Mr. Dallas looked at Tom's face, and he wrote the message down without asking what the present was. Then he sealed the letter inside and out, prettifying it like anything, to Tom's way of thinking. He gave it to Tom, telling him to come around in the morning and he would send a man with him to be sure he got in to see the chamberlain. Then he asked Tom if he would have supper. He had to go out himself, he explained; his family was going with him, but he couldn't offer to take Tom, as it was a formal court dinner. However, if Tom didn't mind eating alone, he could have dinner here.

So Tom ate alone in the dining room, with five men to wait on him, not one of whom could talk good English; and after dinner, to save money, he found himself a stable and slept in the hay.

It meant a good deal of picking and dusting to get clear of the hay in the morning, but he turned up at the minister's house on time and was sent off with a clerk. Mr. Dallas came down to shake hands with him and said for him to come back when he was ready; he would see that Tom got a berth on a ship to go home. Tom thanked him and said he would.

He could tell that Mr. Dallas didn't expect he would get to see the Emperor at all, but he didn't hold it against him. Mr. Dallas had been as neighborly as any man could be.

The clerk was a dapper man. Tom could tell at first glance that he wasn't the quality of man Mr. Dallas was. As soon as they got round the corner, he asked Tom whether he had the minister's letter. Tom slapped his coat pocket to show he did, and the clerk said, "Well, come on, then."

It amused Tom some to see how walking alongside of him made the

clerk uneasy. He kept pressing forward as if he was trying to leave Tom behind, but he couldn't walk worth a duck. It didn't bother Tom. He could imagine how the clerk would look setting out to pitch hay.

But the clerk knew where to go and whom to speak to. Inside the palace he kept whispering to Tom not to make such a hooraw with his boots; but you can't help making some noise with sea boots on a tile floor, so Tom went the quietest he could without tiptoeing, and let it go at that. He knew people were looking at him; they in their Russian costumes and he in his pea jacket made kind of a mixture, he could see. But it didn't bother him. They liked to wear that kind of clothes, and he liked his own. When they got to the chamberlain's room, the clerk gave his message to a flunky, and pretty soon this man came out and told them to go in through the inner door.

Tom had supposed that the clerk would go in with him to see the chamberlain, but the clerk was through. He said, "In there," to Tom, as if he was driving a pig to a sticker, and turned on his heel. Tom let him go. He didn't feel that the clerk would have been much help anyhow.

In the chamberlain's office there was a handsome, bearded, elderly man sitting at a desk. He got up and bowed, when Tom entered, and Tom handed him Mr. Dallas' letter, and the chamberlain said he was honored, in very unsteady English, but understandable. He read the letter, and then he looked at Tom for a spell.

He said, "You know the Emperor is a very busy man, Mr. Whipple."

"I calculate he must be, running a country this size, and without no congress either, so far as I know," said Tom.

The chamberlain bowed. "For instance, today he has five audiences in the morning; then an hour of state papers to sign and the imperial policies to consider. Then he has to go to a military review. Then he eats with the Empress. Then this afternoon he receives a delegation of Cossacks, and must inspect the Palace Guard and decorate a grand duke, and in the evening he has to appear at the opera. You see, he is busy."

"I expected he would be," Tom said. "But I don't aim to take a lot of his time."

"Well," said the chamberlain, "using my influence, I might be able to arrange an audience with him next April."

But that didn't suit Tom's book at all. "It's this way," he said: "I ain't got the money to stay here that long. In fact, if I don't see the Emperor in the next day or two, I'll have to just take ship without seeing him at all. I'd hate to do that. You tell him, seeing he's so all-fired busy, I won't take any of his time. I'll just give him my present and wish him luck and clear out."

"Well," said the chamberlain, "I will see. But perhaps you would give me the present to present it for you."

"I wouldn't," said Tom. He wanted to be polite, though, so he added,

"I got this present in America, mister, and I'd like to give it to the Emperor with my own hand."

Well, the chamberlain hadn't ever come up against a genuine Yankee, and he couldn't make him out. He looked baffled, biting the inside whiskers of his mustache as if he'd like to turn Tom over to a squad of Cossacks, maybe; but there was Mr. Dallas' letter in his hand, so he couldn't do that. And after a couple of minutes of thinking, he made up his mind.

"I'll take your letter in to the Emperor now," he said.

"That's fine," said Tom. "Just put it up to him. It's a fair proposition."

Well, in about ten minutes, back came the chamberlain, and along with him was a fine tall man. From the way he walked, Tom saw he was a man who didn't have to fiddle with this and that, but marked his first chip and axed right to the line. He was a good deal bigger than the chamberlain and he had a bold sharp eye. He wasn't dressed so fancy, but he didn't have to be dressed fancy to tell a person he was somebody. There wasn't any doubt he was the Emperor. And then Tom realized he didn't know the man's name.

He hesitated a moment, and then he decided, even though he was younger, the thing was up to him, so as not to embarrass the man. So he took three steps forward and held out his hand.

"My name's Tom Whipple," he said. "I'm from the U. S. A. I ain't been in your country long, but it seems like a fine country, and before I left I wanted to give you a present."

The Emperor looked at him a minute. His eyes went all over Tom in a glance and then rested on his face. Then he smiled and held out his own hand and they shook.

"Hello, Tom," he said. "My name's Nicholas. I'm glad to welcome you. I wish you'd come to see me sooner."

"Well," said Tom, "you're a mighty hard man to get to see, Emperor. I tried half a dozen times."

"That's the trouble with being an emperor," said Nicholas. "They run in all the people you don't want to talk to, and they keep out the people you do."

He had an easy way with him; he seemed neighborly.

He said, "Now you've got here, though, we'll have a talk. You come with me, Tom."

But the chamberlain interrupted in Russian, and from the way the Emperor talked back, it sounded like swearing. The chamberlain stepped back, and the two of them walked out on him. As soon as they were outside, Nicholas laughed and put his hand on Tom's shoulder.

"I told him to throw out everybody," he said, "and he don't like it much. But he's got to do it. That's one of the good things about being an emperor, even if there aren't many."

Well, he took Tom to another room, as big as a convention hall, to Tom's eyes, which, he said, was his own snug place where they wouldn't be disturbed, and the first thing he did was ask to see his present.

Tom was glad he had thought of it then. He pulled his hand out of his pocket, and then he opened it and he showed the Emperor an acorn resting in the palm of his hand.

The Emperor looked at it, and then he took it and said, "Thanks," in a friendly way, but Tom could see he was a mite puzzled. It made him grin.

"Shucks," he said. "I wouldn't bring you no ordinary acorn, Emperor. I picked that up in Mount Vernon. That was the place George Washington lived and died at. This nut's right off one of his own personal trees." Then he felt a little bashful, so he added, "I thought you'd appreciate it, being as it comes from the home of the greatest man of the U. S. A., greater even than Old Hickory."

"I do, Tom," said the Emperor. "I've studied the history of your country, and I admire General Washington more than about any man I know of."

"Well, you ought to," said Tom. "And over there we admire you folks too. The way you licked Napoleon Bonaparte. I calculate that took some doing too."

"I value this acorn a lot, Tom," said the Emperor, "and I'll tell you what I plan to do. We'll have a good talk till the day warms up some, and then we'll go out and plant this acorn. I'll have them thaw out a piece in my own palace garden, and you and I'll plant this acorn there together. An American and a Russian."

"That sounds just proper to me," Tom agreed.

"And then we'll have lunch with my wife and family," said the Emperor, just as Supervisor Utley might have said it. "But now you sit down."

Well, the Emperor put Tom right through the business. He wanted to know all about America. He was most interested in the railroads and the schools and the steamboats, and Tom was proud that he had been through grammar school and had ridden on the railroad cars. He was able to tell the Emperor a lot he didn't know.

Then they talked about tight money, and the Emperor told him about a famine he had had, and it seemed in Russia you didn't have a money panic at all, you had a famine—which was simpler, in a way, but Tom thought it amounted to much the same thing for the people who were hard up to start with.

They kept at it till noon, and Tom gave the Emperor some of Supervisor Utley's ideas about banking, which interested the Emperor a whole lot. Then they went out and planted the acorn. There was a squad of Cossacks standing round, but they kept out of the way.

The Emperor wondered whether the acorn would grow, and Tom didn't see why not. It was a sound nut from a sound tree, he said.

So then they took a turn round the palace grounds, and a couple of big, spotted, silk-haired dogs, kind of like greyhounds, joined up with the Cossacks. They looked at some horses, which, Tom could see, were dandies, and he asked where the Emperor kept his cows. He was mighty keen to see a Russian milch cow, he said, but the Emperor told him he would have to go out of the city, and he said he would send him out tomorrow. He couldn't go himself, because an Emperor might kick over the thills once in a while, but he had to keep on the road, too, by and large, to get along, just like an ordinary man.

Well, they had their food in another apartment of the palace, and the Empress turned out to be obliging. She talked English better than the Emperor did, and she wanted to know all about housekeeping in the U. S. A. Tom told her all he knew, which wasn't so much, since his mother took care of that end of their lives. But he told her how they made butter, and maple sugar, and mincemeat, and corn bread, and she called a servant and had it all written down, just as he said it. Then she said she guessed she was right in thinking that there weren't any servants in America. And Tom had to laugh at her, and said she must have been reading Mrs. Trollope's book. He hadn't read Mrs. Trollope's book himself, but he had heard Supervisor Utley talk about it enough to know the kind of nonsense that was in it.

The Empress admitted she had, so Tom told her that while poor folks did their own work—and weren't ashamed to, either—rich people in the U. S. A. were just like other folks, and had servants, and plenty of them. But the Empress said you didn't call them servants, but help, and Tom said that was so, but it always seemed to him like a good idea. The Emperor seemed pleased by the conversation, and he made one of his daughters go out for some crocheting or some kind of fancywork she had been doing, and Tom admired it. The Emperor's girls were fine girls, modest and well-mannered, but shy of him. When he praised the fancywork, the girl that had made it colored all up and made him a curtsy, and then asked him if he would take it back to his mother as a present from her.

That made Tom blush, but he said he would. He hadn't felt so much at home since he left Westernville, and he made up his mind he would have to show the crocheting to Mr. Dallas.

Well, they talked all through the afternoon, and the Emperor called in some Russian dancers to show Tom how they danced in Russia, and he tried to show them a square dance, but only the girl who had given him the fancywork and the Emperor himself seemed to catch on. The rest weren't handy at it at all. But he put that down to their being bashful and foreign, and it didn't bother him.

Then the Emperor said he would have to get back to work, but he asked Tom where he was staying, so he could send round a sleigh for him in

the morning to go see the cows. Tom told him he was getting hard up, so he was sleeping in barns, but would meet the sleigh at the palace door. The Emperor wanted him to stay at the palace, but Tom wouldn't. He said he could take care of himself, and wouldn't put anybody out, so the Emperor shook hands with him and said to see him after he had looked at the cows.

Tom looked at them next day. He went out in a sleigh with three horses, and a fine fur robe over him, and a squad of Cossacks ahead and another behind.

He saw the Emperor the next day and told him he had a nice barn, and that he had milked a couple and thought they were a fair-to-middling good breed, and there was one of the springers he downright fancied. The Emperor said he was glad of Tom's opinion; he had never been able to judge a cow himself.

Then he asked Tom whether there was anything else he wanted to see, and though Tom didn't like to ask so much, he finally admitted he would like to look at Moscow, where Napoleon was licked. So the Emperor sent him to Moscow, and this time Tom traveled with all the luxuries and stayed in the palaces and the best hotels, and the officer who went with him took him to the theater and gave him a champagne supper every night.

Tom found it hard to keep going, not being used to so much high life, and he had to admire the Russians for the way they could keep it up. But he enjoyed it, too, and he had to tell the Emperor he was sorry to think of leaving for home. "But I got to get back and get to work," he said. "Ma's expecting me." And he pointed out that even an ordinary man had to work, like an Emperor.

The Emperor said he was sorry to see him go. But if Tom had to get back he would have to go down into Europe to Germany, for the gulf was frozen over and no ships leaving. To Tom that seemed like putting the Emperor to a lot of trouble, but he told Tom to think nothing of it. If a man had to get to work, he had to. So they shook hands, and Tom said good-by to the Empress and her girls, and he called on Mr. Dallas, who was surprised and interested to hear his story. Then the Emperor's Cossacks took Tom out of Russia.

When he got to Westernville in the spring, though, he was mighty glad to be home. He had kept thinking of maple sirup and buckwheat cakes all the way across the Atlantic; and sure enough, his mother had them for him when he sat down to supper.

After supper they went up to the Utleys', and there he told them all about the trip. The women could hardly credit the wonders Tom had seen, till he pulled out the fancywork the Emperor's girl had sent to Mrs. Whipple. Then he showed them a big watch and chain with a ruby stone hang-

ing to it that the Emperor had given him in return for the acorn. It struck its own hours and half hours, and was made of gold.

But even then it seemed like a fairy story to Mrs. Whipple—the great people treating her Tom like a prince—and she remarked on it so often that Supervisor Utley was obliged to say, “Pshaw, Mrs. Whipple. Any American lad, like Tom here, can get along anywhere on earth.”

JAMES STILL

Uncle Jolly *

THE PAWPAWS got ripe while Uncle Jolly laid out a two-week spell in the county jail for roughing Les Honeycutt at a box supper on Simms Fork. Father rode over to Hardin on a borrowed mare to see him, taking the word Grandma had sent us. I went along, riding behind Father, carrying three pawpaws in a poke. They were fat ones, black and rotten-ripe, smelling sweeter than a bubbly tree. We reached the head of Little Carr Creek when the sun-ball stood overhead, and it made us hungry to smell the poke, mellow in the heat.

"How many paws you got there?" Father asked. I said, "Three," and Father said he reckoned we ought to eat one apiece, saving the greenest for Uncle Jolly. "The greenest will be the keepinest," he said.

I pulled out the smallest, and the tender skin came half off in my hand, the sticky juice oozing out of the yellow flesh. Father popped it in his mouth, blowing the big seeds over the mare's bony head.

"Hain't you eating one?" Father asked.

"I'd be nigh ashamed to take Uncle Jolly just one paw," I said. "One just calls for another. If'n I got started, it would take a bushel to dull the edge on my tongue. Anyhow, I like 'em better when they've had a touch o' frost."

"Hain't no use taking that sorry Jolly a grain o' nothing," Father said. "I figger he gets along pearter on jail cooking than anything else. He's et a-plenty. Two years he got in the state pen for dinnymiting Pate Horn's mill dam, and after he'd been shet up nine months they give him a parole. Now he's fit and cracked two o' Les Honeycutt's rib bones, and them Honeycutts might make a sight o' trouble. Hit's not beyond thinking they'll fotch him back to Frankfort."

"Uncle Jolly fit him square," I said. "I heard Les cut the saddle of his nag. No man a-living would a took that."

Father drew the reins tight in his hands, and we set off faster down the crusty road. "Jolly was sparking Les's sweetheart," Father said, his words louder and a little angry. "I don't lay a blame on Les. They's a lot o' things bigger'n eyes and ears you never seed or heard tell of."

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We went on, not speaking until the wheel-deepened road crawled over the ridge into the head of Troublesome Creek. We stopped where the waters drained out of a bog, spring-clear and cold. Father got off the mare and let her drink, and I slid to the ground. The mare drank her fill, and Father tied her to the muscled limb of a hornbeam while we scooped up water in our hats.

"You can set in the saddle a spell," Father said, when we were ready to go. He swung me up, pulling himself behind, and we went down the trace of waters into the valley. The mare swung her head nervously, crowding against the ditch growth. Father kept reaching for the reins, jerking her back into the road.

"Hit's a pity you can't hold her out o' the blackberry vines," Father said. "If this keeps up, I won't have a stitch o' britches against we reach Hardin. These-here briars are raveling them out, string at a time."

At the creek's fork we turned into Hardin, hitching the mare to a locust post before the courthouse. Uncle Jolly saw us coming and shouted out to us, his face tight between the window bars. Logg Turner opened the jail-house door. We went into a stone-damp hall, Logg fumbling through his long keys for the one to Uncle Jolly's cell.

"I could nigh open it with my eyeteeth afore you picked the key," Uncle Jolly said, twisting his mouth like Logg's.

We went into the cell, the door catching itself back on rusty hinges. Uncle Jolly grabbed me by the arms, swinging me around twice, scraping my heels on the walls. "Big enough in here to swing a fox by its tail," he said. He dropped me atop a quilt-ball on his cot and shook Father's hand until the knuckles cracked.

"Hain't no use breaking a feller's arm off," Father said.

Logg rattled his keys and grinned at us. Jolly winked at him, making a sly pass at the keys and tipping them with his fingers. Logg jerked the iron ring back, quickly though not uneasily, knowing Uncle Jolly's ways.

"Fotch some chairs for us to set on," Uncle Jolly said. "Hain't you got no manners?"

Logg showed his stumpy teeth. "Fotch 'em yourself," he said. "They's a bench setting just outside the cell." He went up the hall, leaving the door open, and Uncle Jolly dragged the whittled seat in.

"Logg's mighty feisty for election time to be so nigh," Uncle Jolly said.

"Hit's a tall risk not locking that door," Father said.

"I ain't going nowheres," Uncle Jolly said. "Next rusty I cut, it's the pen two years for shore."

"Your ma sent me to say what you've spoke," Father said. "She never reckoned you'd have sense to know."

"This is my pigeon roost," Uncle Jolly said. "I nest right natural in jail, and it's a fact. I get lonesome sometimes, though, nigh enough to start

figgering a way out. Reckon I can't trust myself to stay locked up long. Nobody here but me now. The sheriff turned everybody out to pull corn. They won't be finishing their spells till after gathering."

"You just got nine days more," Father said. "Looks to me you could nail yourself down till then, but I wouldn't trust you spitting distance. Two breaks you made out o' this jail times past."

"If I had me somebody to talk to," Uncle Jolly said, "I'd fare well."

"Logg ought to be a heap o' company."

"Ruther hear a bullfrog croaking."

"Nine days hain't long—one Sunday and eight weekdays."

"I'm liable to scratch out afore then."

"That's fool talk. They'll salt you down in Frankfort for shore."

"Wouldn't pitch a straw for the differ."

Pawpaw scent lay heavy in the room, pushing down the mullein-rank jail smells. Uncle Jolly looked at the poke in my hand. "If I was a possum," he said, "I wouldn't know better what you got."

I drew out the pawpaws, holding them toward him. "A good frosting would make them a sight better," I said.

"Take just one," Father said to Uncle Jolly. "He ain't et since we left home."

Uncle Jolly picked the least, though I held the fat one closest. He pitched it up to the ceiling and let it fall down into his open mouth. The seeds popped out, shot across the room and between the bars into the yard, touching nothing. "You couldn't do that if your life and neck was strung on it," he said. I tried with my seeds, blowing them hard, but they fell to the floor. Uncle Jolly kicked them under the bed and went out into the hall, calling to Logg, "Have you got any o' them biled shucks left?"

We spooned up the beans Logg brought, coated with grease, and as good eating as anything on this earth. They were good to bite into, tender and juicy. I could have eaten more, but I did not speak of it, thinking Logg had scraped the pot.

"I ain't got nothing agin jail victuals," Uncle Jolly said. "They come regular as clock-tick, three times a day."

"If your belly's content, hain't no cause to snake out afore your time is up," Father said. "Your ma sent on word for you to stay."

"If I had me somebody to talk to, hit wouldn't be so bran-fired eternal," Uncle Jolly said. "All I do is set and set, and then set some more."

The mare whinnied in the yard. Father got up and looked out, getting uneasy and ready to go. "Sun-ball's drapping fast," he said. "Four hours' ride twixt here and home. Ought to be a-going."

"Set yourself down," Uncle Jolly said. "I ain't got my talk out."

Father walked across the room. He looked at me and cocked his head. "Reckon you could stay here nine days?" he asked.

"This ain't no place for a chap," Uncle Jolly said.

"He'd be a sight o' company," Father said. "I figger you'd hang around yourself if he was here."

"Hit's agin the law for a chap to stay shet up in jail," Uncle Jolly said, "but Logg gets right free when he's needin' votes. He could put a cot and chair in the hall, and that wouldn't be in jail nor out."

"Gettin' late," Father complained. "I'll talk to Logg, and mosey along. I figger Logg'll let me have my way. My vote is good as the next un."

Logg said I could stay. I wanted to, though I knew first frost would come any morning now, and I would miss my fill of pawpaws. They were best after a killing frost, mushy and sweet, falling apart almost at a touch.

When Father was ready to go, I went out into the yard to see him off. He rode away, the mare walking swiftly toward the forks with her great bones sticking out hard and sharp. Uncle Jolly leaned against the window bars and called down, "First time I ever seed a feller straddling a quilting frame."

With election time near, the county seat was filled with people, their mounts chocking stiff heels in the courthouse yard. Before daylight, horses came sloshing through the creek, setting hoofs carefully into dark waters, feeling out the quicksands.

"Candidates thicker'n groundhogs in a roast-ear patch," Logg told us. "Got where a feller can't go down the road peaceable."

"Bet you argue as many votes as the next un," Uncle Jolly said.

"I don't worry a man's years off."

"You'd vote your ol' nag and jinny if they was registered."

"I get a vote any way can be got, buy or swap, hogback or straddle-pole, but when they're drapped in the ballot box, I allus say, 'Boys, count 'em square and honest.'"

Two days before Uncle Jolly's time was up, Logg came hurrying down from the courthouse. He came with his keys jingling on his belt, and we heard him coming afar off.

"I seen Les Honeycutt talking to Judge Mauldin," Logg said. "I figger he's trying to get you sent back to Frankfort. Les's folks can swing nigh every vote on Jones Fork, and the judge knows it. He can't be re-elected with the Honeycutts agin him."

"I never pushed Les's ribs in fur enough," Uncle Jolly said. "I reckon the judge hain't going to give plumb over. He'll be needin' a few Baldridge votes on Little Carr and Defeated Creek."

It was dark inside the jail when Judge Mauldin rattled the iron door, though light held outside. Night chill had settled into the wall stones, and there was a hint of frost in the air. He came in, rubbing his fat hands. Logg opened Uncle Jolly's cell, and I followed, going close behind Logg. Judge Mauldin sat down heavily on the cot, twisting his watch chain

around a thick finger. There was a bush-tail squirrel carved from a peach seed hanging on the chain's end, real as life.

"Reckon you heard the Honeycutts are trying to hog-tie me into sending you back to Frankfort," the judge said.

"I heard a little sketch," Uncle Jolly said, threading his arms through the bars.

"I can't spare a vote," the judge said.

"You'll lose a mess either way," Uncle Jolly said. "I got no notion o' going back to the pen anyhow. A log team couldn't drag me there agin. Hit's like pulling eyeteeth just to stay in this jailhouse."

Logg brought in a smoky-chimneyed lantern, holding a match to the oily wick.

The judge cracked heavy knuckles against his palms. "I'm not a-going to send you back," he said. "I got it figgered this way. You stay in jail till election time—then it won't matter who rows up. I just want me one more term. Logg'll let you out the minute the Honeycutts get voted on Jones Fork."

"That's eight days a-coming," Uncle Jolly said. "Hit'll keep me here plumb till hog-killing time. Like setting on a frog-gig staying, and me knowing I could snake out anytime the notion struck."

"You've gone nowhere yet, as I see," Logg said.

Uncle Jolly looked at the ring of keys hung on Logg's belt. "Never took a strong idea," he said. "I ain't safe in here long as there's a key walking around. I can't trust myself to stay shet up."

"If you don't stay, I'll be bound to send you back to Frankfort," Judge Mauldin said.

The judge stood to go. I went out behind him, Logg following and locking the door, and hooking the ring on his belt. Uncle Jolly thrust his arms through the bars as Logg turned, lifting the ring with a finger, quick as an eye-bat. I glimpsed it all and waited, holding my breath, fearing for Uncle Jolly. The judge and Logg walked up the hall, not looking back nor knowing. When they had gone, Uncle Jolly took one key off, handing the rest to me. "Go take the others back," he said. "This one won't be missed for a spell."

I went to bed early, for there was no heat in the cold hallway. In the night I waked, thinking someone had spoken. Uncle Jolly had called, speaking my name into pitch-dark. His words were barely louder than the straw ticking rustling in my ears. I stepped out on the stone floor, feeling my way to the cell. Uncle Jolly was there, though I couldn't see him. He reached through the bars and found my hand, putting the stolen key into it.

"You go home at the crack o' day and get a wad o' dirt betwixt us afore Logg misses it," he said. "Give it to your grandma and tell her to keep it eight days, then have your poppy fotch it back—eight days and

not a minute yon side. Tell her I said hit." I felt my way along the wall, crawling back into the warm spot in my bed, and slept until the slosh of horses' feet in the creek came up the rise.

Logg opened the jailhouse door for me when light broke. The steps were moldy-white. The season's first frost lay heavily on the ground. "Hit's a killer," Logg said. "This-here one ought to make the shoats squeal." I set off, walking fast over the frosted road, knowing the pawpaws were fat and winter-ripe on the Little Carr ridge.

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